

THE
LETTERS AND WORKS
OF
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU

EDITED BY HER GREAT-GRANDSON
LORD WHARNCLIFFE

WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS DERIVED FROM THE ORIGINAL
MANUSCRIPTS, ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES
AND A MEMOIR

By W. MOY THOMAS

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P R E F A C E.

THE present edition of the works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu comprises the contents of the edition in three volumes published by Lord Wharncliffe in 1837, including the Introductory Anecdotes contributed by the late Lady Louisa Stuart, a granddaughter of Lady Mary. In prefixing to that edition the Memoir written by Mr. Dallaway, Lord Wharncliffe adopted the plan of printing it entire, with notes correcting such errors and misstatements as he had observed. But to these would now have to be added many others, and it appeared to be of little avail to attempt to remedy the misconceptions and defects of Mr. Dallaway's narrative. It is therefore now omitted. A far abler pen has furnished a large amount of interesting particulars concerning Lady Mary and her family: the Introductory Anecdotes fill, indeed, so large a space in the preliminary matter, and approach so nearly to the character of a biography, that it would be hardly necessary to substitute any memoir for that of Mr. Dallaway; but for

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less minute alterations were introduced apparently with no object but to improve the language of the letters in conformity with the editor's taste.

With regard to the letters written during Mr. Wortley's embassy, and generally known as the Turkish Letters, examination has proved the curious circumstance that they have hitherto never been published either from the manuscript in Lady Mary's handwriting, given to Mr. Sowden, which varies in numberless instances from the published version, or from the copy in another handwriting, which appears to have been prepared for private circulation by Mrs. Astell; but have been reproduced from time to time from the unauthorised edition of 1763, no manuscript of which has ever been discovered. To this Mr. Dallaway, besides other trifling alterations, added addresses and inserted names in the text, which in some cases were clearly erroneous, and in no instance had any authority. The mechanical exactness with which these letters had in other respects been reprinted from the edition of 1763, appears in the fact that mere errors of transcription or printing, in the dates in that edition, though palpable, from the very position of the letters, have been copied in every subsequent publication. The letters written during Mr. Wortley's embassy are now printed exactly from the Sowden manuscript, such information as could be supplied respecting the parties addressed, or other circumstances, being given in notes. An account of these letters will be found in the Memoir. Some letters and poems not included in previous editions, are added, and in every section it has been endeavoured to ascertain from internal evidence the exact periods at which the undated letters were written, and to arrange them accordingly; a labour which,

the fact that some questions of interest in the Life of Lady Mary are only lightly touched, or are at least left unsettled by Lady Louisa Stuart's remarks. It seemed desirable to investigate more closely than previous editors have done the charges preferred against Lady Mary by Pope and Horace Walpole, and those who have since adopted their statements or imbibed their spirit, and to test them by the better information which I have been so fortunate as to obtain. In preparing the Memoir I have therefore confined myself principally to these points, and have also endeavoured to avoid repeating information which the reader will find conveyed with so much vivacity and good sense in Lady Louisa Stuart's contribution.

The writings of Lady Mary, of which the manuscripts are still existing among the Wortley papers, are now for the first time printed faithfully from the originals. Collation has led to the discovery that Mr. Dallaway, in preparing them for publication, had ventured to tamper with them in a way which no editor would now think justifiable, and that these tamperings, though almost universal in Mr. Dallaway's volumes, were, except in one or two letters, unfortunately reproduced in Lord Wharnccliffe's edition. Lord Wharnccliffe, indeed, appears from his Preface to have been aware of these defects, but to have been under the impression that they had been remedied. In numerous instances single letters were found to be composed of several letters, or made up from passages of letters written at different periods. Exact dates were affixed, which were manifestly incorrect, or, if correct, were not found in the originals, and therefore could not properly be given as parts of the text. Passages were continually omitted, and names inserted, without warning to the reader; and number-

is now unfortunately not to be found among the manuscripts, and the poems are therefore given on the authority mentioned.

The letters in the appendix to Lord Wharncliffe's edition, are now incorporated with the letters to Lady Mar, and such portions of Lord Wharncliffe's arguments as are not now superseded are quoted in the notes and Memoir.

With regard to the freedom of expression in which Lady Mary indulged, particularly in the familiar letters to her sister Lady Mar, Lord Wharncliffe justly remarks that she wrote "at a period when the feeling upon such subjects was by no means so nice as it now is; and that expressions, with which we now find great fault, might then be used by persons of the greatest propriety of conduct, and would only be considered as painting freely, and more keenly ridiculing, the vices and follies of the society in which the writer found herself, and not as used for the purpose of indulging in grossness of language." It requires but small familiarity with the originals of the private correspondence of those days, to perceive that Lady Mary's standards of delicacy and propriety were simply those of her time. Even in the present day considerable differences on these points are observable among nations equally civilised; and wonderment at the unconsciousness betrayed by the one of the feeling of the other, is frequently to be found on both sides. In the gradual change of manners the English people of Lady Mary's time have become to us, in some degree, as aliens and objects of curious observation, whose points of divergence from our standards it is in like manner hard to forgive. It is not of course pretended that good morals are dependent upon

though less productive of visible results, no one who has had experience of such duties will be inclined to rate lightly.

Of other portions of Lady Mary's writings, not derived from the Wortley manuscripts, some account is required. The letters to Mrs. Hewet were appended by Mr. Dallaway to his fifth edition of 1805, from a source explained in the note to the first letter of the series. The letters to the Countess of Oxford, though not alluded to in Lord Wharnccliffe's Preface among the novelties in his edition, were I believe published by him from the originals for the first time; as were also the letters to Lady Pomfret and to Sir James and Lady Steuart, to which his Lordship alluded in the following passage.

"Of the authenticity of these letters there can be no doubt. Those to Lady Pomfret have been copied from the originals in Lady Mary's handwriting, and kindly communicated to the Editor by Lieutenant-General Sir Henry Campbell, who received them from his mother, a descendant of the Pierrepont family. Those to Sir James Steuart and Lady Frances, have been carefully preserved by the present Sir James. They were some years since printed at Glasgow for private circulation, and the Editor has to thank Sir James for their having been placed at his disposal for the purpose of this publication."

The poems, with exceptions explained in each case, were published by Mr. Dallaway and Lord Wharnccliffe from a manuscript volume which appears, from a fac-simile published by the former, to have borne the following memorandum in Lady Mary's own handwriting. "All the verses and prose in this book were wrote by me, without the assistance of one line from any other. Mary Wortley Montagu." The volume

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time or place; but we may learn at least from these analogies that it is unwise to expect that any men or women should in these matters be far above the spirit of the society in which it is their lot to live.

I cannot omit to acknowledge the obligations I am under to the Earl of Harrowby, for his great liberality and kindness in affording me the opportunity of publishing a corrected text of Lady Mary's writings, no less than for the facilities accorded me for examining the large mass of the Wortley papers at Sandon for the objects of this edition. To the Right Honourable James Stuart Wortley I am also greatly indebted for similar favours.

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MEMOIR
OF
LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

By W. MOY THOMAS.

LADY LOUISA STUART has given, in the Introductory Anecdotes prefixed to this edition, a sketch of the family history of Lady Mary, to which it will not be necessary to add many particulars. The "Wiltshire heiress" there alluded to, the paternal grandmother of Lady Mary, is however worthy of something more than a passing allusion. She was the daughter of Sir John Evelyn, of West Dean, in Wiltshire, a branch of the family rendered illustrious by including the author of "Sylva." Evelyn has, indeed, an allusion to her in his "Diary," which becomes interesting from the glimpse that it affords of her remarkable mental powers. Under the date of 2nd of July, 1649, he records a day spent at Godstone, where Sir John was on a visit with this daughter, and he adds: "Mem.—The prodigious memory of Sir John of Wilts's daughter, since married to Mr. W.¹ Pierrepont." We may, at least, assume that she was in some way an extraordinary person. Among the old monuments in the church at West Dean is one to Sir John, set up by this daughter, with a long

¹ Evelyn is here in error. Sir John of Wilts's daughter married the Honourable Robert Pierrepont, son of "Wise William," alluded to in the "Introductory Anecdotes."

inscription in prose and verse, probably from the lady's own pen. The few traces she has left behind, point to an intelligent and worthy woman. Her father left her his large property, in confidence that if her younger son, Evelyn, afterwards the father of Lady Mary, should prove a dutiful son, she would settle the whole of the estates upon him. Elizabeth Pierrepont survived her husband many years, no doubt bringing up her family in the noble old manor-house at West Dean. She had three sons, all of whom were successively Earls of Kingston. Her daughter married William Lord Cheyne, and is the "Aunt Cheyne" frequently mentioned in the letters. Evelyn, the younger, and the favourite of his grandfather, survived his two brothers; and when his wife died in 1692, Lady Mary, then a child of three years old, would probably go to West Dean to be under the care of this grandmother, now left alone. Lady Mary tells us that she quitted West Dean at eight years old, which was about two years before her grandmother's death; and she did not return there till her time of womanhood. She must have remembered her grandmother, who could not fail to take delight in the growing intelligence of the child of her favourite son. That Mrs. Elizabeth Pierrepont communicated to her granddaughter something of the vivacity and shrewdness of her earlier days, and that in her remote solitude at West Dean, where within the present century the solemn house, its ancient avenues of trees, its dismantled terraces and bowling-green, were still objects of admiration, she taught her to read the old books in the library of the Evelyns, is a fancy which can hardly be altogether wide of the truth. The grandmother, on her mother's side, with whom Lady Mary tells us she maintained a "regular commerce" when a girl, appears to have been a no less remarkable person. She died at ninety-six, after Lady Mary's return from the East.

When Evelyn Pierrepont married he had one elder brother, then Earl of Kingston, still living, and he had not yet inherited the property which his grandfather had designed for him. He appears, when Lady Mary was born, to have had lodgings

in Covent Garden, London, then a fashionable quarter; for although Lady Mary, who was his eldest child, was baptised at the church there, I do not find the name of her father among the occupiers of houses mentioned in the parish rate books of the period, which are still existing. The baptism of Lady Mary is entered in the registry under the date of 26 May, 1689, "Mary, daughter of Evelyn Peirpoint, Esq., by the Lady Mary, his wife." Evelyn succeeded to the earldom in 1690; and eight years afterwards, upon the death of his mother, he inherited the Evelyn estates. As the transmission of the property to him was left to the discretion of his mother, it may be assumed that he proved a good son. He appears, from every account, to have had no vices beyond a thoughtlessness and love of pleasure. He took a busy part in the politics of the stirring times in which he lived, and was a conspicuous man in the reigns of Queen Anne and George the First. He was created Marquis of Dorchester in 1706, and Duke of Kingston in 1715. Lady Mary's complaint was, that he entrusted the training of his children too much to subordinates. She herself was left, she tells us, "to the care of an old governess, who, though perfectly good and pious, wanted capacity" for her task. It does not appear that her father determined to give her an education beyond what was generally thought sufficient for the daughter of a nobleman in those days; but her love of reading, and the "well furnished library" in her father's house, quickly supplied the defects of her instructor. As with most persons whose learning is self-acquired, she appears to have begun with reading greedily works of fiction and entertainment, the old courtly romances then in fashion; and among the Wortley papers are some fragments of romantic stories in her own neat handwriting, which appear to have been early attempts to imitate her favourite writers. Graver studies succeeded. By the "help of an uncommon memory and indefatigable labour" she taught herself the Latin language, and soon became known among her friends for her acquirements and attachment to learning. From the account in her own handwriting, from which I am now quoting, we learn that it was

— 2 —

her critical observations on a new play which, at their first meeting, struck Mr. Wortley with surprise. They met at a party given by a friend of Lady Mary's, a young lady much older than herself, to whom he was supposed to be paying his addresses. Lady Mary records with triumph the attraction which he found in her conversation, though then a girl of "only fourteen." Mr. Wortley was considerably older; but the interest which he took in her soon ripened into friendship, and finally led to that strange courtship and marriage recorded in their letters.

Mr. Wortley had two sisters, who became friends and correspondents of Lady Mary. Of these Anne appears to have been the favourite, and some of the letters which passed between them have been preserved, and are among the published letters. Miss Anne Wortley's letters were, however, generally composed by her brother, and the drafts of them are still existing. This fact could not have been unknown to Lady Mary; for she occasionally received a note from her friend which, in style and matter, was ludicrously unlike the more laboured compositions of the brother's dictation. It is evident that Lady Mary, in her answers, strove to do her best, and to display as much of her wit and accomplishments as the occasion would allow; but the girl had grown to full womanhood before any distinct traces of love-making can be found in the letters. In the prosecution of her studies, Mr. Wortley, through his sister, was her frequent guide. In one letter, Miss Wortley says, "If you have any more queries about Latin, you must send them quick, for a week hence I shall be alone." Lady Mary, however, affected to see nothing in all this, or in all the compliments to her wit and beauty, but female friendship. By-and-by came jealous allusions to somebody who had escorted Lady Mary to the races at Nottingham; of which she affects to be equally unable to perceive the drift. After "giving me imaginary passions," she writes, "you tell me I'm in love; if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance; for I don't so much as know the man's name;" then she adds, "pray tell me the name of

him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echoes." Such a challenge was not likely to be long unaccepted; the reply, whatever it may have been, seems at once to have brought matters to a point. "To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley," she writes, "is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf; . . . my tenderness is always built upon my esteem, and when the foundation perishes, it falls." This, however, was, of course, to be a secret. Miss Wortley was the only creature she ever made a confidante in such a case—it was, in fact, "the greatest secret of her life." But can we be wrong in supposing that the confidante betrayed her trust, and that the very man from whose eyes this important confession should have been kept, was once more permitted to read the young lady's letter and dictate the reply?

Mr. Wortley, doubtless, had peculiar attractions in Lady Mary's eyes. He was a man of learning, a friend and associate of the most eminent literary men of his day; he had travelled in company with his friend Addison in countries whose manners and customs were very early the subject of her dreams. For a knowledge of those classic authors, which at this time were her passion, he enjoyed a reputation among the best scholars. It is probable that he contributed papers to the *Tatler* or *Spectator*. It is certain that both Addison and Steele, his most intimate friends, were in the habit of asking him for hints and heads for papers; and there are among the Wortley Manuscripts original sketches of essays, which may be found in the *Tatler*. The second volume of the *Tatler* is dedicated to him in an epistle, which has so much more of heart and freshness than the ordinary dedications of that time, that we may safely attribute it to Steele's own hand. "The images which you will meet with here," says the epistle, "will be very faint, after the perusal of the Greeks and Romans, who are your ordinary companions. I must confess I am obliged to you for the taste of

many of their excellencies, which I had not observed till you pointed them to me. I am very proud that there are some things in these papers which I know you pardon, and it is no small pleasure to have one's labours suffered by the judgment of a man who so well understands the true charms of eloquence and poesy." The writer then adds, "May you enjoy a long continuance of the true relish of the happiness Heaven has bestowed upon you. I know not how to say a more affectionate thing to you, than to wish that you may be always what you are." The kind-hearted Steele was the friend and confidant of the lovers throughout their courtship.

Even the fact of his being considerably older than Lady Mary, did not, I suspect, detract from Mr. Wortley's merits in her estimation; his common sense, knowledge of life, and firm and settled character, inspired her with a respect, which was never lessened to the last, and is remarkably conspicuous in all her letters. He represented at various times Huntingdon, Westminster, and Peterborough in Parliament, and appears to have been a member of that class who win respectful attention by sober earnestness and business qualities. He was, moreover—an indispensable point in those times of party animosity—a firm Whig, who maintained his principles through the latter part of Queen Anne's reign, when the Whigs had fallen upon evil days; the principles which Lady Mary had learnt to believe were the only professions of true patriots and honest men. Of his personal appearance the reader may judge from the engraving of the only portrait known to exist, which accompanies this edition.

Miss Anne Wortley died about the end of the year 1709, and soon afterwards the correspondence began directly between the lovers. Among the published letters will be found what is evidently the first of the series written by Lady Mary, which Mr. Wortley has indorsed with the date "28 March," and which was probably written in 1710. The curious intermixture of plain speaking and sober discussion of their position and prospects, has struck most readers. The early letters are, indeed, altogether unlike what a young lady of that time

be expected to write to her lover; but the writer is manifestly anxious to remove by her style and remarks some preconceived notions in the mind of her correspondent. Mr. Wortley had seen her surrounded by flatterers and admirers at "the drawing room," at the ball, and in the park; he fancied that her beauty and accomplishments, her romantic reading, and natural love of approbation, were all calculated to draw her away from her studies, and he charged her indeed with a growing levity and love of pleasure. Lady Mary protested in vain, and could only hope, by the plain sense of her style, by frequent protestations of contempt for romantic notions, and for the vanities of court life, to persuade him that she had exactly that sort of character which suited best with his ideal of a perfect young lady. But her sense—her wit as they then called it—alarmed him more. Such talents could paint their owner in any colours she was pleased to wear. She had once unfortunately told his sister that it was "as easy to write kindly to a hobby-horse as to a woman, nay, or a man;" and in truth, when a young and beautiful lady took to discoursing of human life, of marriage, its obligations and duties, with the calm sagacity of a grey-headed matron, it wanted even less than her lover's natural suspicion to suggest that such letters were a mere exercise of her literary skill.

Of her love for him, nevertheless, Mr. Wortley could have had no doubt. He had confessions of it under her own hand; but he had a hundred indirect proofs far more convincing. After reading the whole of that correspondence, of which the letters given in this volume are a specimen, I cannot acquit him of having pursued a course which was in some degree ungenerous. He resorted to an infinite variety of artifices, generally deemed more or less pardonable on such occasions, for obtaining a direct avowal of her love for him; but when he had succeeded he was never tired of extorting from her new confessions. At first, with a transparent gaiety, she banters him upon the common-sense side generally discoverable in lovers' despair, and strives hard to fortify herself in her citadel of womanly modesty and

prudent reserve. She bids him expect all that is complaisant, but never what is fond; and calmly assures him that if he can live with a companion who will have all the deference due to his superior good sense, and if his proposals should be agreeable to her friends, she has nothing to say against them. Her correspondent, however, was an older and a better tactician. He gradually led her into admissions upon which she occasionally looks back with alarm, and yet gets farther and farther from the standard of strict propriety which she had originally set up. Sometimes he is full of humility, and ready to submit to anything for a word of kindness; sometimes jealous and angry; sometimes in ill-health, and about to go abroad he knows not for how long; occasionally so indifferent about her letters that he allows them to accumulate in town until he finds four or five awaiting his perusal. Poor Lady Mary had no weapon against these stratagems; but occasionally a show of anger and a determination to see him no more, which, upon a kinder letter from him, soon melted away.

The reader will find in the Introductory Anecdotes an account of the differences which arose between Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary's father as to the settlement. Mr. Wortley objected to settle his property upon a future son, and the Marquis of Dorchester, like an English nobleman, declared that he would never run the risk of seeing his grandchildren beggars. The negotiations were broken off, and afterwards renewed; but the lover maintained his point. It appears that there was no other objection to his suit: her father had acknowledged him to be worthy of being the husband of his daughter; from her girlhood he had been her friend and adviser—the guide of her studies and sympathiser in her literary tastes. Their acquaintance had ripened into an affection that on her part was full of respect and tenderness, and on his was scarcely less deep and sincere. Young readers will, I fear, never be brought to regard their stealthy continuance of the correspondence as a crime. There were at least members of Lady Mary's own family who secretly aided them. Her uncle,

Mr. William Fielding, was the friend and advocate of their cause; her brother, Lord Kingston, was entrusted with their secrets. Outside that circle, numerous were the friends and agents employed, from good-natured Steele and his wife, whose strict propriety appears to have been suspended for the occasion, to Betty Laskey, or Lascue, who lived at the Bunch of Grapes and Queen's Head, at Knightsbridge, and who carried letters between Mr. Wortley's lodgings, in Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn-fields, or at Kensington, and the Marquis of Dorchester's houses at Acton and Arlington-street, where Lady Mary passed the gay season, after the solitudes of Thoresby and West Dean. Still more various were the stratagems for meeting and whispering unobserved at the Opera, or at a morning visit at Corticelli the singer's house, or a chance call at Lady Jekyll's, or at Dr. Garth's ball, the Queen's drawing-room, Mrs. Steele's, in Bloomsbury-square; or, coming down the stairs, after service, at the Chapel of St. James's; though oftentimes her jealous lover had to content himself with a glance at her as she sat talking with a fancied rival at the play, or swept by him in her father's carriage in the Ring in Hyde Park.

Lady Mary was now in her twenty-fourth year, and the formal negotiations with Mr. Wortley being at an end, her father, after a fashion which was less often questioned than now, proceeded to choose a husband for his daughter, regardless of her sentiments. Who was this intended husband does not appear. He is mentioned, however, as a "Mr. K.," and his estates appear from some allusions to have been in Ireland. He offered to make such settlements and provisions as were demanded, and had liberal ideas upon the important subject of pin money. Nevertheless, Lady Mary speaks of him as a man she "hated." The progress of the affair will be found detailed in one of her letters to Mr. Wortley. The father determined the marriage should proceed; and now came the critical moment when her lover must find some solution of the difficulty, or renounce all hope. Mr. Wortley was obstinate upon his point; Lady Mary declared that she would not herself "make such ridiculous settlements," and

that she could not blame him "for being in the right." Their resolution was now taken: when the latest moment had arrived, it was determined to fly. Provided with a wedding license and a clergyman, Mr. Wortley was to await her in a coach near her father's house. There is some obscurity as to the scene of the elopement. I believe it was intended to be from Acton, but that the plan was interrupted by her father determining to send her to the house at West Dean; and that it was shortly before the time fixed for her return from thence that Mr. Wortley, who had followed her, at length succeeded in carrying her away. Her brother, who had accompanied her into Wiltshire, appears to have shrunk from the responsibility of actually aiding their flight; but they had a firm friend in Mrs. Anne Thistlethwayte, of Winterslow, close by, the lady to whom some of the letters from the East were addressed, and in Grace, Lady Mary's attendant, who, no doubt, fled with her mistress, and was the "Grace," her serving-woman, mentioned in the letters written in the early years of their wedded life.

Mr. Wortley's final determination to sacrifice her portion to maintain his principle, appears to have been regarded by Lady Mary with sincere admiration. It was in her eyes a high proof of his love for her; and it is evident that it increased her fondness and respect for him. It seems to have been considered by his own family as, in a worldly sense, an imprudent step; and that it was so, in some degree, may be assumed. Nevertheless, it must not, for the sake of the romance, be concealed from the reader, that Mr. Wortley's objection to settling an estate appears to have been partly based upon his belief, that in most such contracts the gain to the husband, if any, was heavily counterbalanced. The essay in the *Tatler* on this subject alluded to in the *Introductory Anecdotes*, was really founded upon a copious paper of topics and hints furnished by him; and among his papers are some curious calculations in his handwriting of the value of property so settled, as compared with its value when at the husband's free disposal. In the letter to Addison which accom-

panied these "loose hints," he says, "What made me think so much of it, was a discourse with Sir P. King, who says that a man that settles his estate does not know that 2 and 2 make 4. His wife has 4000*l.* down, and has had 4000*l.* since; and though he loved her better than he did anybody, he rather chose to venture losing her than settle anything out of his own, but to make up a jointure for her life." A lover who has so steady a perception that "2 and 2 make 4," will not, perhaps, find favour with romantic readers; but of the sincerity of his passion for Lady Mary, no one reading the letters can doubt. After all, and even in their love matters, men are more influenced by the custom and habit of the age in which they live, than even philosophic historians are apt to remember. The ladies and gentlemen of that time were accustomed to handle delicate subjects with a bluntness which shocks modern eyes, but which has in it a sort of robust sincerity, not always unpleasing to the indulgent student of old manners. Lady Mary herself does not shrink from details in which no modern young lady would venture to interfere. The girlish admiration with which she regarded her lover, the passionate regard which betrays itself, sometimes directly, sometimes unconsciously, in numberless expressions in her letters, did not appear to her inconsistent with a direct request that he would put her beyond the possibility of scorn and insult from the friends whom she was about to offend, for his sake, by settling upon her an annuity in the event of her widowhood. A modern writer of fiction, who should put such a stipulation into the mouth of his heroine, would commit a fatal error; but no reader can come to a just judgment upon the acts of our forefathers who does not remember many more important differences between the customs of their age and ours.

The marriage license of Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary Pierrepont, is dated the 16th of August, 1712, and their elopement no doubt took place soon afterwards. In her letters before marriage Lady Mary had repeatedly expressed her desire to live plainly in the country, and her letters written in the early years of her married life, some of which are pub-

lished, fully evidence the sincerity of her wish for retirement. The gay world in which she had moved is never mentioned in the large mass of her letters to her husband, to whom, during his absence, she wrote by every post from Walling Wells, or from her solitude at Huntingdon, at Hinchinbrook, or at Middlethorpe. Mr. Wortley was no less regular or affectionate in his replies; nor do the occasional complaints of his neglect appear to have had any other foundation than in the fond anxiety of his young wife. She was evidently a thrifty housewife, and wrote frequent details of her domestic economy, homely accounts of the price of butcher's meat, sensible reports of her bargains for the hire of kitchen utensils, and her prudent arrangements for saving the keep of a horse. Their son Edward Wortley was born in the year following their marriage; and thenceforth her child is the constant subject of her letters. It does not seem that she came to London during this period for more than one brief visit, although she wrote an epilogue for Addison's *Cato*, which was not adopted, and a criticism upon the manuscript play, which was begun at the suggestion of her husband, but suppressed by Addison's desire. When Queen Anne died, 1st of August, 1714, she was at York. Mr. Wortley, she says, "who had at that time that sort of passion for me, that would have made me invisible to all but myself, had it been in his power, had sent me thither. He staid in town on account of some business, and the Queen's death detained him." He had then no seat in Parliament, but he was elected for Westminster in the January following. The accession of George the First brought sudden prosperity to the Whigs, who had been long depressed by the ascendancy of the rival party; and Mr. Wortley, by the influence of his relative Lord Halifax, who was placed at the head of the Treasury, was named as one of the Commissioners. The reader will find in Lady Mary's account of the Court of George the First, an amusing sketch of that period. The busy part now taken by her husband in public affairs compelled them to return to London; and for a short time Lady Mary, though

she accepted no place, appears to have again become one of the most conspicuous of the ladies about the Court.

Early in 1716, Mr. Wortley obtained the important appointment of Ambassador to the Porte, the special object of his mission being to mediate, in conjunction with the other powers, between the Turks and the Imperialists, then at war. Lady Mary decided to accompany him, taking her child with her. Their original intention was to proceed by ship from Leghorn, after first visiting Vienna to confer with the Imperial government. The plan, however, was changed; some delay took place, during which they paid a visit to Hanover, whither the king had for a time returned. They finally set forward from Vienna, in January, 1717, and remained at Adrianople and Constantinople until May in the following year. Mr. Wortley about that time received letters of recal, and at the same time a private letter from his friend Addison, then secretary of state, explanatory of the circumstances. They returned on board the Preston man-of-war, touching at Tunis, and arrived at Genoa on their way to England in August. The history of their journey will be found in the celebrated letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, written during the embassy, and which were first published soon after her death in 1763.

The circumstances of that publication have been the subject of much discussion, and they are detailed at considerable length by Lady Louisa Stuart. The facts, however, require further elucidation.

Though the statement has been questioned, there can be no doubt that Lady Mary did present the manuscript volumes containing her letters written during the embassy, to Mr. Benjamin Sowden, a clergyman at Rotterdam. They appear to have been copied by her soon after her return, the first preface, written by Mary Astell, bearing date, as will be seen, December 18, 1724; but they were never published by her; and, except to friends, the books of travels remained unknown. It was when returning from Italy in 1761, after her long residence abroad, that she gave them to Mr. Sowden, with

the following memorandum, written within the cover of the first volume: "These 2 Vol^{ms} are given to the R^d Benjamin Sowden, minister at Rotterdam, to be disposed of as he thinks proper. This is the will and design of M. WORTLEY MONTAGU. Dec. 11, 1761." The circumstances of that gift—Mr. Sowden appearing to have been previously a stranger to Lady Mary—are indeed, at first sight, highly improbable, and subsequent facts did not seem calculated to remove the doubts that have been suggested of Mr. Sowden's honesty; but the inscription appears to be in Lady Mary's handwriting, and the letters, with one or two exceptions, were beyond doubt copied entirely by her. Even the exceptions have headings in her writing, and could hardly have been interpolated; though they appear to have been entered by an amanuensis in spaces left for the purpose. Mr. Dallaway's account of the subsequent transactions is, that the Earl of Bute, after her death, having heard of the existence of the volumes at Rotterdam, commissioned a gentleman to offer Mr. Sowden a considerable remuneration for giving them up, which he accepted; and he adds: "Much to the surprise of that nobleman and Lady Bute, the manuscripts were scarcely safe in England when three volumes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's Letters were published by Beckett." Some of the friends and relatives of Sowden denied these statements, and maintained that he had given the volumes without any recompense, and the insinuation of Mr. Dallaway as to the complicity of Sowden in the subsequent publication is at all events unfounded, as appears by comparison of the Sowden manuscript with the printed edition: for the Sowden copy does not include the preface by Mary Astell, which appears in the printed edition; and there was at the same time at least one manuscript copy extant which *did* contain that preface. This was the copy which Mr. Dallaway himself informs us was given by Lady Mary to Mr. Molesworth; and which also came into the possession of Lord Bute. On further examination, many other variations appear between the Sowden manuscript and the edition of 1763: in a few cases passages in the letters themselves, though found in the printed edition,

are not in the Sowden copy ; but these again are found in the Molesworth manuscript. The copy really used by the original publishers cannot now be ascertained. It does not seem to have been the Molesworth copy ; but that it was not the copy given to Mr. Sowden is beyond dispute. The writer of the preface to the original edition asserts that he was "honoured with the esteem and friendship of their ingenious and elegant author," and that his "select collection," as he calls it, "was faithfully transcribed from the original manuscript of her ladyship at Venice." The editor is stated to have been Mr. John Cleland, the son of Pope's friend, Major Cleland, and a man notorious for his literary delinquencies. He is said, indeed, not to have discouraged the idea that the latter were a literary fiction of his own. There is in this, however, probably some confusion between the three volumes of 1763 and an additional volume published in 1767. Cleland is believed to have forged the two volumes of the letters of Pope Clement XIV., which the English publishers added to their translation of the French edition ; and it is not improbable that the great success of the three volumes of Lady Mary's letters induced him to fabricate additional letters. No manuscript authority for the letters in this fourth volume has ever been produced ; and with the exception of a letter and poem, which had found their way into print many years before, and an essay which had also probably been somewhere already printed, there is the strongest reason to suspect that the whole volume was a forgery. The disrespectful manner in which Lady Mary is made to allude to Addison in one of the pretended letters, is altogether inconsistent with the reverence with which she always regarded him ; and the allusion to Pope's residence at Twickenham could not have been made at the period when the letter purports to have been written, September 1, 1717, as Pope did not remove thither till at least twelve months later. Nor can this anachronism be explained by supposing an error in copying the figures ; because the allusions to public events, in the same letter, clearly relate to a period about the date

affixed. These letters were included in Lord Wharncliffe's edition, and are here reproduced (though with notes explaining their history) in deference to the opinion of Lady Bute, who was convinced of the genuineness of the letters (see *Introductory Anecdotes*); but the present editor has not any doubt of the incorrectness of Lady Bute's opinion.

The letters written during the embassy are, in the present edition, for the first time printed from the Sowden manuscript, the only authority existing, for no part of the copy said to have been given by Lady Mary to Mr. Molesworth is in her hand, and its history is not clearly ascertained. It appears from the preface of Mary Astell to have been prepared by her in 1724, probably from the Sowden original, for private circulation, and with a view to publication at some future period. Except this preface, which is not in the Sowden copy, the variations between the two manuscripts are unimportant. Neither copy gives the addresses "To the Countess of Mar," "To Mrs. Skerrett," &c., prefixed by Mr. Dallaway, which appear to have been inserted by him upon mere conjecture, and are certainly in some cases incorrect. Where initials are given in the manuscript, and occasionally from internal evidence, the parties addressed may be inferred; but the whole must be considered as a book of travels, and not as a collection of genuine correspondence. That some of the letters at least were founded upon actual letters is certain; but it is remarkable that the only letter written during the period to a friend in England, of which the original has been discovered, is not to be found in the Sowden volume. A paper in Lady Mary's own handwriting enables me to throw some light upon this question. It is a list and *précis* of the letters written by her during the embassy, between April 1, 1717, and March 1, 1718, which she appears to have kept at the time as a memorandum for her own use, and it is indorsed by Mr. Wortley "Heads of L. M.'s Letters from Turkey." It is as follows:

¹ See note on letter to Mrs. Hewet, dated Adrianople, April 1, 1717, among Letters during the Embassy.

AP. 1, 1717.

COUNTESS OF WACKERBARTH. I shan't forget her, though
I can't hope to see her.

MISS GRIFF. [Miss Griffin]. Desire to continue to hear from
her. No news. Fine country.

S. G. [Sister Gower]. Hope she will be glad to hear we [are]
all well. Compliments.

AB. C. [Abbé Conti]. New world. Journey by land. De-
scription of Phil. [Philipopolis]. Hebrus. Paulines.
Women's ignorance. Arnaouts. Poetry Arab. Courts.
Tranquillity. Truth. Secrecy.

MA^{ME} KI. [Kilmansegg]. I won't tell how oft I have writ.
I will think she remembers me. Balm of Mecca.
Polargo. Greek no slaves. Magnificence and dress
of Turks. Bagnio civility. French ambassadress.
Ceremony. Pomp. Court to me. Weather. One
letter to serve for many. Nothing to recompense.
My picture.

L. B^E. [Lady Bristol]. Stuffs. Absolute government here.
Army. Malice and censure of wⁿ. [women].

L. R^E. [Lady Rich]. She won't forget me. L. Gn. De-
sire her to write. Mine will be dull. G. S. [Grand
Signor] handsome. Sultana married to the F. [fa-
vourite]. Turkish verses. Women not locked up.
French emb. [ambassadress] and me in several hms.
[harems].

L. C^N. [Lord Cadogan?]. Not heard from him. Horse.
Gratitude. Better f^t. [fortune] than expected.

M. P. [Mr. Pope]. A journey not passed since the G. E.
[Greek Emperors]. Like to be overturned in the
Hebrus. Companion to Orpheus. Romantic situation.
The fashion. T. [Turkish] women have intrigues.
Write to Mr. C. [Congreve] very oft. Hear very
seldom.

MRS. S^H. [Smith]. Never heard from her. Don't suspect
her fsp. [friendship]. Hope she'll be glad to hear I
am well.

- MY F. [Father]. Letters miscarry. Places alike. Small-pox. Duties.
- S. M^r. [Sister Mar]. Hope she'll be glad to hear I am well. F. [French] amb^s. and ambassador. Pomp. Cavalcade through the town. Court to me. Description of dress. Jew ladies.
- P. of W. [Princess of Wales]. Descriptⁿ. Sophia. Phill. [Philipopolis]. Country fine. Oppression. Liberty. In h^r. hand to read or throw away.
- M. C^s. [Mr. Congreve]. Forget all things but E^d. [England]. Cir.[cassian] slaves not to be depended on. Ladies free. Healthy climate. Fond of hearing. Omit no occasion. Remember my f^s. [friends?]. Where Orp. [Orpheus], &c.
- L. H. V. [Lady Henrietta Vernon]. Answered hers soon. Never fail doing it. S^r R. V. [Sir Richard Vernon]. D^a. pretty. Desire to hear from her. L. Bly. Dress becoming.
- D. B. W. [Duchess of Brunswick Wolfenbittel]. Com-manded me to write. Descⁿ. Ad. [Description of Adrianople]. Serv. [Servian] Desart. G. S. [Grand Signor] handsome. His d. [daughter] married. Verses on her. Magnificence of ladies. Not less sinners for not being Christians. Hope A. D. [the Archduke] bⁿ. [been] in victory. Empress reign.
- M. B^s. [M. Bothmar]. 3 letters since I heard. Importunity. Projects. Very weary. Ladies free.

AP. 18, 1717.

- M. H^r. [Mrs. Hewet]. I like travelling. Hurried up and down. Long journeys. New scenes every day. Desire her to write. A charity beneficial to her own soul.
- M. T^r. [Mrs. Thistlethwayte]. Hope she judges too rightly of my heart to believe my silence can proceed from neglect. Hurry. All my family safe and well. Tenderly concerned for her. Mrs. J. hard fortune. No distance can make me less hers.

- MRS. W^T. [West]. All well. Country much better than I expected. Compliments.
- MRS. C—L. [Chiswell]. Pomp. Country agreeable. No particulars. Homage.
- L. D. D. [Lady Dowager Denbigh]. Hope her goodness will make her glad to hear I am well. Family safe. Wish her her health and life.
- MR. W. F. [William Fielding]. Hope he'll be pleased to hear we're all well. About my money.
- M. SCH. [Mademoiselle Schulemberg]. I don't know where she is. If she has a mind to have long letters from me, always at her service.

AUG. 1, 1717.

- MR. P. [Pope]. Copied at length.
- MR. C. [Congreve]. Predestination.

JAN. 8, 1718.

- MR. C. [Congreve]. Why he lets P. [Pope] make lampoons. Bps. [Bishops?] facetious.
- MR. P. [Pope]. Thanks for his works. Reception of my last letter.
- MRS. T. [Thistlethwayte]. Copied at length.

MARCH 1.

- MRS. W. [West]. Compliments.
- S. M^r. [Sister Mar]. A short letter.
- MR. C. [Congreve]. A note.
- MR. P. [Pope]. The world here romantic. Women differ from ours. Unaffected. Lazy life.

On comparing this list and *précis* of letters actually written with the published letters, it will be found that there are but one or two that can be even partially identified, and that these appear as published to have had passages inserted or omitted. The abstracts of contents are brief and obscure; and the parties indicated by the initials sometimes doubtful; but the list affords ample proof that the volumes prepared by Lady Mary did not contain transcripts of her actual correspondence.

In two cases only there is a memorandum that the letter has been "copied at length," and it may therefore be inferred that, except in rare instances, no copies were kept. Lady Louisa Stuart's recollection that the diary kept by Lady Mary during her journey contained "the whole substance" of the Turkish letters, "meaning of those printed in 1763," indicates what were really the materials from which the "letters" of the manuscript book were fabricated. Lady Louisa conjectures that it was her custom, "when she wrote a letter, to transcribe from the journal the passages she thought fittest to be communicated to her friends;" but there can be little doubt that the true explanation of the resemblance observed between the Diary and the Letters is, that the published "letters" were, in fact, merely portions of her Diary, to which, by a fiction in literary art, she thought fit to give the form of an actual correspondence.

The names which I have ventured to affix to the initials afford, if correct, some idea of Lady Mary's circle of friends and connexions at that time. The Countess of Wackerbarth was a German lady whom she had met at Vienna shortly before, and whose name is mentioned both in the letters during the embassy and in the correspondence during her last residence abroad. Her "sister Gower" was her younger sister, Evelyn, who married John, Lord Gower, in 1712: she died in 1727. Her "sister F." was Frances, who married the Earl of Mar in 1714. The Abbé Conti—the abbé or "abbot"—to whom some of the published letters are addressed, was an Italian savant of some note, who resided for a long period in Paris. He had visited England, and formed a friendship with Sir Isaac Newton, and it was doubtless on that occasion that he had met Lady Mary. He will be found frequently alluded to in the later letters from Italy, and is the person to whom her story of "Carabosse," written in French, is addressed. We learn from the letters of Addison and Pope that Lady Rich, Miss Griffin, Congreve, and Madame Kilmansegg, were correspondents of Lady Mary during her journey. Mrs. Thistlethwayte is already known to the reader; and an account

of Mrs. Hewet will be found prefixed to the correspondence with her. The characters of Madame Kilmansegg and Made-moiselle Schulemberg are sketched by Lady Mary's own hand in her "Account of the Court of George the First." Miss Sarah Chiswell, believed to be designated as "Mrs. C——l," was one of the earliest friends of Lady Mary. She appears to have lived at Nottingham, and was a visitor at Thoresby, and a confidante of her friend's attempts at romance writing as early as 1705; for her signature with that date is still legible upon the faded cover of a manuscript romance. Her death is alluded to in the letters to Lady Mar about 1726. Lady Dowager Denbigh, to whom Lady Mary wishes "health and life," was her grandmother by her mother's side, already mentioned. She was now upwards of ninety years of age, and her granddaughter informs us that she retained to the last her vivacity and uncommon clearness of understanding. On some of these, and on the other persons alluded to, notes will be found where their names occur in the correspondence.

The friendship with Pope, conspicuous in the letters written during the embassy, is an unfortunate episode in the life of Lady Mary. All the stories which have gained credence, to the injury of her reputation, are probably due to his subsequent quarrel with her, the hatred and unscrupulousness with which he pursued her, and his fatal power of circulating scandalous insinuations. It is certain that the tenor of her life up to the period of her quarrel with Pope, was wholly unlike that career of profligacy which has been popularly attributed to her since the publication of Pope's Satires and the Letters of Horace Walpole—who, it must be remembered, wrote after Pope's celebrated attacks; and it is no less certain that, on a careful investigation, not one of the charges brought against her will be found to rest on any evidence. Her childhood was passed in a patient and industrious course of self-culture, which was rare, indeed, in that age of female frivolity and ignorance. Notwithstanding the temptations of remarkable beauty, her inclination appears at all times to have been

towards a life of study and retirement rather than to one of gaiety or idleness. Although her father occupied a position of the highest influence in the political world, and her husband's importance among his party was very considerable, she does not appear ever to have sought one of those places about the Court which were the object of the hopes and ambition of young ladies of her age and station. As a wife and mother, her letters show her homely, frugal, cheerful, and affectionate. When her husband accepted his post of ambassador to Turkey, she decided to accompany him, taking with her her child, with whom she traversed the uncivilised countries of Eastern Europe, in the midst of a sanguinary war. When abroad, her active mind found employment in a large correspondence with her friends, in recording in her Diary the customs of the countries through which she passed, in the study of the Turkish language and literature, or in obtaining information as to the practice of inoculation, which she afterwards introduced into England with so great success—pursuits in which the frivolous and the luxurious take no delight. It is not easy to believe that this woman dropped suddenly into a degraded and shameless way of life as Pope and Walpole, and those who have adopted their statements, have asserted. But we are not left to infer the truth from such considerations. Where the charges against her are distinct, the means of testing them are not wanting.

Some obscurity attends the history of Pope's acquaintance with Lady Mary. There is no mention of him in her letters written before her departure for Constantinople, though Garth, Addison, Steele, Congreve, and Vanbrugh, are spoken of in terms of familiar friendship. There is, indeed, an allusion, believed to be to Pope, in a poem written apparently in 1713 or 1714, the time when

"Oxford has the wand, and Anna reigns."

In this Pope is mentioned in terms of contempt; but, if really written at that period, it is most likely that she knew him only by name as the protégé and friend of Lord Lansdowne, Boling-

proke, Swift, and other members of that party, against whom her poem was directed, and whose ascendancy was at that time destructive of her husband's prospects of advancement. Except for a very brief period, it is doubtful whether she was in London, or had any means of meeting him, for some years previous to January, 1715. Although to subscribe to Pope's *Iliad* was then almost a fashion, and a friend, or even acquaintance of the poet, could hardly have neglected to do so, neither the name of Mr. Wortley nor of Lady Mary is to be found in the list prefixed to the first volume, published in June, 1715, though they both subscribed for copies of the *Odyssey*, Mr. Wortley for "5 sets." Of the letters of Pope to Lady Mary which have been preserved, the earliest was written immediately before her departure for Constantinople, and it is evident, from the circumstances mentioned, that their acquaintance must have been very recent; and notwithstanding the extravagant expressions with which he begins at once to address her, could not have had time to ripen into intimacy. Whatever fascination the wit and genius of Pope may have possessed, she could hardly be supposed to have been so bewitched as to fall in love with him at first sight. To believe in any mutual and acknowledged attachment during their infrequent meetings before she left England, would be to assume, without evidence, a degree of profligacy hardly to be imagined. She was young, beautiful, and accomplished, married by her own choice less than four years. Yet, if we do not believe this, the letters prove that his passion and professions to Lady Mary, as to others, were mere words, and were so understood by his correspondent.

Lady Louisa Stuart has written some remarks upon the character of Pope's letters to Lady Mary, to which it would not be necessary to add anything if it were possible for readers in these days to bear steadily in mind the true spirit of the epistles of "love and gallantry" with which the "wits" of that age were accustomed to entertain their lady correspondents. It is hard to conceive the degree of passionate declaration, extravagant compliment, and licentious allusion, which a fine

lady of that time might receive without damage to her reputation, or any supposition that the writer intended more than to exhibit his own wit and talent for constructing phrases. It was not even necessary that the parties should have seen each other, for the gentleman to declare his inability to sleep for the thought of his correspondent, or to compare her to the stars, or the angels, or the goddess of beauty; and even old age was no disqualification for a "scribbling treaty" for carrying on such a correspondence. The fashion was a French importation, which the hostile tariffs of the Whigs were unfortunately unable to prevent. It bore no more resemblance to the genuine love letters of their day than to those of ours, and the two things were probably never confounded in the mind of either party. Pope, though wholly unfitted by nature for the part of a gallant, habitually wrote such letters to his women acquaintance. His letters to Miss Judith Cowper, afterwards Mrs. Madan, the grave and respectable aunt of the poet Cowper, will serve as an instance. Their acquaintance appears to have been of the briefest and slightest kind; to have had, indeed, no foundation but the fact of her having sent him some verses to correct through Mrs. Howard. Pope was then still friendly with Lady Mary, and supposed to be in love with Martha Blount, and he sends copies of his verses addressed to both of those ladies. But, notwithstanding this, and the fact that Miss Judith Cowper was about to be married to a respectable gentleman, Pope assures her that she "has put him into such a condition that he thinks of nothing and inquires of nothing" but her, that he has been "so mad with the idea of her as to steal her picture," and that he "passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself." For Miss Cowper was a wit—that is, a lady of literary talent—and of course would understand the language of wits. The indelicacy with which the spirit of the time permitted him to address even unmarried ladies, is exemplified in his letters to the Miss Blounts and to the daughter of his acquaintance Mrs. Marriott, of Sturston, to whom he transmitted, apparently through his friend Broome, then rector of Sturston,

compositions whose ribaldry and grossness no wit or art could now render tolerable.

That Lady Mary corresponded with Pope while on her journey was no secret from Mr. Wortley, for he has indorsed the list already given, in which she made memoranda of her replies. The letters were sent through Mr. Methuen, Lord James Hay, or Mr. Stanyan, all friends of her husband. They contained compliments to be conveyed to him, and one of them, at least, no less rapturous than the rest, was sent through her husband's own hands. Lady Louisa Stuart informs us that they were regularly entered with the letters of Congreve into her Diary, and both Diary and originals were certainly preserved by Lady Mary, and left to her daughter and descendants. It is, therefore, scarcely possible that she could herself have been aware that the letters were of a nature to cast discredit upon a married lady who permitted them to be addressed to her; and it can hardly be doubted that Mr. Wortley himself, who was certainly not insensible to points of honour, read them, and if so, surely without feeling that they afforded any ground of offence, for he addressed Pope after his return in friendly terms. The first letter of the correspondence, indeed, furnishes the key to its spirit. Pope assures her that whatever he writes "will be the real thought of that hour;" but adds, "I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn;" and there are frequent indications throughout the letters that they were intended to be understood as written in the mock-heroic spirit.

That long after their quarrel Pope was willing that a more serious interpretation should be given to them is certain. They furnished a means of annoyance well suited to his mischievous and malignant spirit. Some of them were subsequently published by him, which, though given anonymously, were at once understood, from their contents, to be addressed to her; and as their quarrel had then long been matter of

notoriety, Pope well knew they would attract attention, and be read with interest. It becomes, therefore, significant that, on collation with the originals, it appears that in preparing them for publication he omitted passages, interpolated passages, and made other alterations, with the manifest object of heightening the appearance of familiarity between them, some instances of which will be found mentioned in notes on the letters; and in the *Grub-street Journal*, to which Pope was a secret contributor, the same insinuation of familiarity is conveyed in a passage, too gross to be repeated here, in a paper which can be traced by good evidence to Pope's own hand.

It is stated by Mr. Dallaway that "Pope, during his intimacy with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, made her a request to sit for her portrait to Sir Godfrey Kneller, with which she complied." Lady Mary certainly did sit to Kneller about 1720, and, during the progress of the painting, Pope, who was then living at Twickenham, and was a neighbour of Kneller's, conveyed messages between them, writing in the old vein. The unfinished picture, he informs her, dwells really at his heart; he begs her to allow him "as much of her person" as Sir Godfrey can help him to. He does not assure her, as he soon after assured Miss Cowper, that he has been tempted to "steal" it, or that he is so "mad with the idea" of her that he "passes whole days in sitting before it, talking to himself;" but hardly less has been inferred from the exalted language in which he writes about it. But these were words only, and Pope's words. Facts are altogether opposed to the supposition that he had addressed to Lady Mary a request so absurd, or that she had been induced to comply with it; or that "Sir Godfrey" was ever supposed to "help" him to anything but the liberty to see the picture while it remained upon the painter's easel. Mr. Wortley's complaisance had, we must assume, some limit; and from subsequent events, developed in the correspondence with Lady Mar, it would appear that his wife was inclined to put little trust in it. But Mr. Wortley

himself corresponded with Pope, evidently upon this subject. A portion of the manuscript of the translation of Homer, written about this period, is upon the back of a letter from him to Pope, as follows :

“ Wednesday evening.

“ SIR,—I am hindered by business from being at Twickenham either to-morrow or Friday, so that Saturday will be the first day we can be there. I desire you will give yourself the trouble of excusing us to Sir Godfrey for not coming sooner. I believe we shall accept of the kind offer of your house.

“ I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble servant,

“ ED. WORTLEY.”

There is no evidence of Pope ever having possessed a portrait of Lady Mary; and that this particular one was painted for herself and her husband, and remained in their possession, may be inferred from its having regularly passed to her daughter's family. An engraving of it, with the date “ 1720,” was prefixed to Mr. Dallaway's edition of the works of Lady M. W. Montagu, published in 1803; and it is there stated to be “ from a picture by Sir Godfrey Kneller, in the collection of the Marquis of Bute.” Pope had acted as a friendly agent for Mr. Wortley during a negotiation with Sir Godfrey Kneller for the hire of a house at Twickenham; and this was, at all events, a sober matter of business, as appears by the following letter from Pope, addressed “ To the Honourable Mr. Wortley Montagu, in the Piazza, Covent Garden :”

“ Tuesday noon [1719].

“ SIR,—I write this from Sir Godfrey's own mouth, who says that Austin, his surveyor (who lives in St. Alban's-street), assures him all that is wanting to the house may be done in two days, and that he has already ordered it to be accordingly mended. But that he is engaged to another to treat for selling it outright, or at least for a long lease; so that he cannot

treat further about it, and absolutely refuses to let it till Christmas. These are his words. I can add no more, but that I am, with true esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"A. POPE.

"Sir Godfrey thinks your surveyor's account very untrue, and says he is well assured that his house is as strong as any whatsoever."

There are but few letters from Pope to Lady Mary written after her return from the East; but that they continued on terms not unfriendly for several years later appears from some circumstances. It was about the spring of 1722 that Lady Mary sent to her sister, Lady Mar, in Paris, a copy of Pope's gallant verses on his garden, with the lines :

"Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where W. [Wortley] casts her eyes."

But his epistolary fervour had already abated. The latest letter found is dated 15th September, 1721; and this contains a rather awkward excuse for not lending a harpsichord as promised. In the letter to Lady Mar referred to, Lady Mary says, "I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope;" and it appears that, though residing in the same village, she had not even seen his famous grotto.

From this it may be inferred that, although there may have been a gradual estrangement, there was then no hostility between them. It is not difficult to conceive what were the causes which led to this position of affairs. When Lady Mary first knew Pope, he was indifferent about politics, and suspected of Whig tendencies, only, perhaps, because he wrote in conjunction with Steele and Addison, and associated with them; but, in the interval of her absence, he had become an avowed Tory, intimately allied with extreme Tories—Swift, Arbuthnot, Oxford, Atterbury, Bathurst. He had openly quarrelled with and libelled their old and dear friend Addison, and separated himself from Steele and other Whigs; he had be-

come a hater of Whigs in the abstract, although he held on with his neighbour, young Craggs, and others. Lady Mary and her husband were always Whigs, but now they were Whigs of influence. Their daily associates were Whigs, their intimates were Whigs. They had become, as most political people do, less tolerant than in their literary days of political differences; and Pope must have felt ill at ease when he visited his neighbour—perhaps not always welcome to the host, looked on with positive dislike by many, with suspicion by all. From the letters to Lady Mar concerning M. Rémond, we may infer that in 1721-1722 she had little time to spare to the mere poet, nor a mind sufficiently quiet or disengaged either to enjoy his company, or be herself good company.

This accounts for the estrangement; but the active cause of Pope's hostility and brutal attacks, a question which has given rise to much speculation, is still unexplained. The accounts hitherto given are somewhat contradictory. Pope says, in his letter to Lord Hervey, that he had not the least misunderstanding with that lady till after he was the author of his own misfortune in discontinuing her acquaintance; and this agrees with one of Lady Mary's reported statements: "I got a common friend to ask Mr. Pope why he left off visiting me? He answered negligently, that he went as often as he used to do;" and again, with her remark to Spence concerning Pope's letters: "You shall see what a goddess he makes me in some of them, though he makes such a devil of me in his writings afterwards, *without any reason that I know of*;" but these statements are wholly inconsistent with the account given by Lady Louisa Stuart as Lady Mary's "own statement," and which appears to have been merely a traditional version of the old scandal on the subject. (See Introductory Anecdotes.) The statement said to have been made by Pope to Arbuthnot, "that she and Lord Hervey had pressed him to write a satire, and that his refusal had occasioned the breach," was denied by Lady Mary, and may have been an attempt to evade a confession of the true reason; but the result of these accounts appears to be that there was no cause of

quarrel avowed between them, and no exact moment of time when a rupture took place.

Another account, given at second hand by Spence from the Countess of Pomfret, who professes to have had it from Lady Mary, is, that "when she became acquainted with the Duke of Wharton, Mr. Pope grew jealous; and that occasioned the breach between them." This could, of course, be only a surmise. It may have been one of the causes to which Lady Mary assigned his ill-will, and the statement is, therefore, not inconsistent with the spirit of her accounts at other times. The allusions to the Duke of Wharton in Lady Mary's correspondence, occur only in letters written during the years 1724 and 1725, which appears to have been the only period of their intimacy. This was after her estrangement from Pope; but the witty and profligate young duke attacked Pope in a satire, of which he gave Lady Mary a copy, and of which he was far too imprudent to conceal the authorship. This may account for Pope's elaborate satire upon him under the name of Clodio; for the duke, in the last years of his life, was an ardent supporter of the Tory and Jacobite party, to which Pope belonged:

"Clodio the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise;
Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
Women and fools must like him or he dies."

But it was, I suspect, at this exact point of time that a ground of offence arose, which Pope would be little likely to acknowledge, but which was far more calculated to wound his pride and turn what was before a mere coolness into bitter animosity. The preface of Mary Astell, affixed to the copy of the letters written during the embassy, bears date December 18, 1724; the second preface, May 31, 1725; and the last letter in that compilation is addressed to Pope, and contains, besides more prosaic banter, her clever parody upon his well-known epigram on the Lovers struck by Lightning. It has been already shown, by an ample test, that, except in a few doubtful

instances, the letters in these volumes did not consist of any real correspondence, but were, in fact, subsequent compilations; and there are strong reasons for believing that the letter to Pope referred to was no more genuine than any of the others. It will not escape the reader's observation that its contents, both in verse and prose, are more ingenious and elaborate than they were likely to have been if really written in an inn at Dover, after a sea passage in November, and in answer to a letter "this minute received." If, indeed, the report in the newspapers were correct, none of the letters which close the pretended correspondence could have been written at the dates which they bear in Lady Mary's handwriting; for the *Weekly Journal* of the 11th of October, 1718, announces that "On Thursday sevensight last the Honourable Wortley Montagu, Esq., late ambassador at the Ottoman Court, and his lady, arrived in town;" and it is very improbable that this particular letter could have been written on the 1st of November; for the letter of Pope "this minute received" "from Paris," to which it professes to be an answer, is dated "September 1," and was evidently written after news had reached England of her arrival at Genoa. The letter is, indeed, one which, if written at the date affixed, would probably have served to abate those raptures with which the poet continued to address her. But if it would have been offensive to write it at the moment, to fabricate it afterwards, and to insert it in the copy of the collection which Lady Louisa Stuart informs us was circulated among her friends, was an offence still more unpardonable. The piquancy of the poem could not have failed to attract attention, or the whole matter to come quickly to the ears of Pope. His letter containing the story of the Lovers struck by Lightning, with his epitaph upon them, was a composition which he appears to have regarded with a peculiar pride, for he addressed copies of it only slightly varied to several of his friends. He was, therefore, little likely to relish the ridicule cast upon his somewhat exaggerated sentiment, or the amusement which the friends of Lady Mary derived from the spectacle of his supposed humiliation. Pope revelled

in the vulgar attacks made upon him by small critics and poor poets, and dexterously turned them to the advantage of his own renown. But to be beaten by a woman with his own weapons, and with no more expenditure of labour or pains than might be bestowed in a chance minute snatched during a journey at an inn; to be represented as laughed out of countenance, and out of all his fine sentimentalism and artificial moralisings, in the presence of an audience who enjoyed his discomfiture, was an offence which Pope's sensitive and spiteful nature could not easily forgive. It was with Lady Mary too common a practice to exercise her wit at the expense of friends, and to be afterwards surprised at their resentment, for us to wonder at the simplicity with which, if these suppositions be correct, she induced persons to inquire what was the cause of his ill-will. Pope would naturally avoid the confession that her satire had wounded him; but the offence appears to reveal itself in his allusions to her as "that dangerous thing, a female wit," as one who had "too much wit" for him; and particularly in his note to the *Dunciad*, declaring that the offensive passage which had been supposed to refer to Lady Mary, was intended to apply to all "bragging travellers." Of the existence of his ill feeling she had soon convincing proof. The *Capon's Tale*, written by Pope or Swift, or both, and published in their *Miscellany*, appears to have been the first attack. Then followed the allusion to "Lady Marys" in the *Dunciad*, 1728, which was at once fixed upon her by Curll, and to which Pope subsequently appended an insulting note. Pope accused her of retaliating in "A Pop upon Pope," and appears to have suspected her of having had a hand in a libel called "One Epistle to Mr. A. Pope," published in 1730; which explains the appearance of a still more savage attack in his *Imitation of the first Satire of the Second Book of Horace*, under the name of Sappho. Pope, indeed, denied that the satire referred to her: but his readers so applied it, which served his purpose: and there can now be little doubt of the insincerity of his denial. After this, attacks, or what were understood by the public as attacks, both upon herself and her husband

were frequent; and the popularity of Pope's Satires at length rendered her so conspicuous, that she may well have become disgusted with that scene from which she soon afterwards finally retired.

Two obscure allusions in Pope's writings, to a "debt denied" by Lady Mary, and a "French wit" whom he charges her with having "cheated" of "5000*l.* in the South Sea year," have since been to some extent elucidated by the statements of Horace Walpole, and the publication of the letters to Lady Mar. The facts, however, are still imperfectly known, and they require further explanation than can be obtained from those letters.

The statement of Horace Walpole, who had been permitted to read the letters to Lady Mar in manuscript, is, that—

"Ten of the letters indeed are dismal lamentations and frights, on a scene of villany of Lady Mary's, who, having persuaded one Ruremonde, a Frenchman and her lover, to entrust her with a large sum of money to buy stock for him, frightened him out of England by persuading him that Mr. Wortley had discovered the intrigue, and would murder him, and then would have sunk the trust."

That this is an untruthful representation of the case upon the authority of the letters, the reader may himself ascertain; but the terror which Lady Mary displays lest her persecutor should fulfil his threat of acquainting Mr. Wortley with the facts, or publishing her letters to the world, is not calculated to relieve her from the supposition of great impropriety of conduct; and it is not surprising that writers who have possessed no other evidence upon the subject, should have come to a conclusion unfavourable to her. The name of the person referred to in the letters by the initial R., is only once mentioned in the correspondence with Lady Mar, and as Walpole had no other source of information, he must have noted it incorrectly, the real name being, not Ruremonde, but Rémond. He was, as Pope says, "a French wit, though in a small way. If, as may be assumed, the poem re-

ferred to as "Rémond's Alexias," which Broome professes to imitate in some verses in Pope's Miscellany in 1712, was by him, Pope knew him at least by name. He was of a good family in France, son of a gentleman well known in his day by the sobriquet of "Rémond le Diable," of whom and his family some account will be found in the *Armorial General*. Another son of Rémond le Diable was better known as a mathematician and philosopher, and was a correspondent of Sir Isaac Newton and other English savants, whom he visited in England. As a friend of the Abbé Conti, he was probably also known to Lady Mary. His brother the "French wit," who more immediately concerns us, appears, from the account in the *Armorial*, to have been in his forty-fifth year at the time of his supposed intimacy with Lady Mary. He is described by St. Simon as a little, stunted, or unfinished man, with a large nose, big round staring eyes, coarse ugly features, and a hoarse voice. "He had," says his portrayer, "a great deal of wit, some reading, and taste for letters, and was a maker of verses: but he had still more of impudence, self-conceit, and contempt for others. He piqued himself upon being an adept in everything—prose, poetry, philosophy, history, even gallantry: a circumstance which involved him in many ridiculous adventures, and made him the object of many jeers."¹ Such was the supposed lover of Lady Mary. What was the nature of those letters which she had written, and the threat to expose which to the world filled her with so much alarm, can only now be inferred; but the letters from Rémond to Lady Mary are still existing. The whole series evidently passed, at some time, into the hands of her husband, who has indorsed each one in his own handwriting, with a synopsis of its contents. It may be inferred, therefore, that,

¹ The passage in St. Simon is as follows: "Ce fils était un petit homme qui n'était pas artéré de faire . . . avec un gros nez, de gros yeux ronds sortant, de gros vilains traits, et une voix enrouée comme un homme réveillé en pleine nuit en dormant. Il avait beaucoup d'esprit, il avait aussi de la lecture, et des lettres, et tout de ses vers. Il avait encore plus d'effronterie, d'opinion de soi, et de mépris des autres. Il se piquait de tout savoir, prose, poésie, philosophie, histoire, même astronomie, ce qui lui procura force ridicules aventures et brocards."—Edit. Paris, 1729, t. viii. p. 205.

exasperated by Lady Mary's refusal to comply with his demands for money, Rémond, whose first letter to Mr. Wortley she had succeeded in intercepting, finally found means of executing his threat, and that Lady Mary thereupon placed in her husband's hands the letters referred to, in her own justification. They reveal with unmistakable clearness the true character of their relations. It appears from them that M. Rémond began his correspondence, and reached a very high pitch in that style of exalted gallantry in which "French wits" and English wits were then so accomplished, many months before he had ever seen the object of his compliments. The first of his letters is dated "Paris, April 20, 1718," a time when she was at Constantinople, and begins as follows :

"I have never had, and in all probability never shall have, the honour of seeing you. I am, however, unable to restrain myself from writing to you. The Abbé C. [Conti], who is a particular friend of mine, has confided to me a letter written to him by you from Constantinople. I have read it, and read it again, a hundred times. I have made a copy of it, and leave it neither day nor night. Observe my vanity. In that letter alone I have fancied myself capable of perceiving the singularity of your character and the infinite charms of your mind."¹

Other letters follow, in which M. Rémond intermingles expressions no less fervid with dissertations upon the ancients, and copious allusions to Plato, Terence, Sir Isaac Newton, the Island of Calypso, Horace, and Homer. After a while prosaic allusions to money affairs and worldly hankerings after prospective gains in South Sea stocks, then at their height, are permitted to adulterate the pure stream of French gallantry

¹ "Je n'ai jamais eu l'honneur de vous voir, et vraisemblablement je ne l'aurai jamais. Cependant je vous écris sans pouvoir m'en empêcher. Monsieur l'Abbé C. [Conti], qui est particulièrement de mes amis, m'a confié une lettre que vous lui avez écrite de Constantinople. Je l'ai lue, je l'ai relue cent fois. Je l'ai copiée, et je ne la quitte ni jour ni nuit. Voyez ma vanité. Sur cette seule lettre j'ai cru connaître la singularité de votre caractère et les agréments infinis de votre esprit."

and "wit." The lady's influence and supposed good information, which appear to have induced her to speculate herself to a considerable degree, are invoked, in the hope of their proving fruitful of shares at enormous premiums. Then follow thanks for "that friendship which induces you to condescend to the details of my domestic affairs; and for the advice which you give me for retrieving my little tottering fortune."¹ It is, fortunately for the reader, not necessary to quote largely from M. Rémond's letters. It may be supposed that Lady Mary, in her brief sojourn in Paris, on her way home from Constantinople, met her admirer, who was an acquaintance of her sister Lady Mar, and of her friends Lord Stair and the Abbé Conti: there is evidence in the letters of that visit to England of which Lady Mary speaks, and which was immediately followed by the rupture between them; but the only letter necessary to clear her of the inferences of Pope and Walpole is the last of the series, written after Rémond had finally quitted her and returned to France. It is dated "4th September," and is indorsed by Mr. Wortley: "Mr. Rémond, after his return to Paris. His loss by the Mississippi, and his small gain in England. Advises to realise." It begins as follows:

"At last I am in Paris. . . . I do not regret the climate or the society of England, but the conversation of a few persons—particularly yours, which I enjoyed but rarely. . . . If you ever come to France (it is indeed a beautiful country), you will be more satisfied with me than I have reason to be with you. All this is not by way of complaint. I know that English ladies are incapable of friendship and of love. I care little about the folly of the one, but I was very sensible of the pleasure of the other. I shall love you without exacting a return," &c.²

¹ "Cette amitié qui vous fait descendre jusqu'au détail de mes affaires domestiques, ces conseils que vous me donnez pour assurer ma petite fortune chancelante."

² "Enfin me voici à Paris. . . . Je ne regrette point le climat ni la société d'Angleterre, mais bien la conversation de quelques personnes, surtout la vôtre, dont je n'ai joui que rarement. . . . Si vous venez jamais en France (en vérité

After reading these letters in the handwriting of her accuser, there is no reason, notwithstanding Lady Mary's natural alarm at his threats, to doubt the truth of her account of the matter, which will be found in the earlier letters of the section addressed to Lady Mar, or the correctness of Lord Wharncliffe's suggestion that her dread of exposure arose from the fact that her letters would have revealed to her husband, whose strict principles on money matters are conspicuous in his letters, the extent of her secret and imprudent ventures in the disastrous South Sea bubble. To this must of course be added a dread of the ridicule—the sarcasms and the ballads—which would inevitably have followed the public exposure of her letters, however innocent, and to which none are more sensitive than those who are themselves prone to indulge in such amusements.

No one of the charges which have been made against Lady Mary had less foundation than that of her having behaved ill to her sister Lady Mar. It appeared, like nearly all of these accusations, first in Pope's writings, and is believed to be alluded to in the line,

“Who starved a sister or denied a debt.”

It seems to have originated in disputes between Lady Mary and the family of Lady Mar as to the custody of Lady Mar during her lunacy. Lady Mary appears always to have regarded her sister's husband with aversion. His marriage took place at a time when the Tory party, with whom Lord Mar had finally connected himself, were in the height of their power; and it must have been distasteful to all Lady Mary's family and connexions. Mar was a man of a peculiarly artful and designing character. He played through all his life something more than a double part, and met the

c'est un beau pays) vous serez plus contente de moi que je n'ai dû être content de vous. Tout cela n'est pas pour me plaindre. Je sais que les dames anglaises sont incapables d'amitié et d'amour. Je ne me soucie guère de la folie de l'un mais je suis fort sensible à la douceur de l'autre. Je vous aimerai sans exiger de retour.”

common fate of such a policy. By the Jacobites, whose cause he was accused, sometimes unjustly, sometimes justly, of having betrayed, he was distrusted. The Whigs, whom he secretly served in his adversity, set him to the basest tasks, and cheated him of his reward. Lady Mar, from her being a daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and the facility with which she was permitted by the government to go to and fro between England and the Continent, was always regarded by her husband's friends with extreme suspicion, and she could have had little sympathy with them. During the period embraced by the section of Lady Mary's correspondence with her—1721-1727—she resided with her husband in Paris. The only letter from her which I have found, dwells much upon domestic trouble, and is written in a melancholy and desponding tone. She appears to have lived unhappily with her husband, and, "in the beginning of her illness," is said by Lord Grange, the brother of the Earl of Mar, to have declared "loudly and oftener than once," that "her husband's bad usage had turned her mad." A ruse was probably resorted to by her family in England, through the influence which they had with the government, for removing her from her husband's custody in Paris after her madness was declared: for when he permitted her to be taken to England, he was evidently under the impression that he would be allowed to follow her. The permission, however, was withheld. He had, in fact, by his treachery, altogether lost his influence with the Jacobite party, and having now nothing more to betray, was no longer valued by King George's government. He died a few years afterwards at Aix-la-Chapelle.

It is hardly to be wondered at that the efforts made by Lord Grange to obtain the custody of his brother's wife, in preference to her sister Lady Mary, met with the most strenuous resistance from the latter. Grange was a man of determined character, who did not scruple at an act of lawless violence. His forcible detention of his wife, Lady Grange, for many years in lonely confinement in the island of St. Kilda, is a well-known romance in real life. His letters and

diary exhibit a curious mixture of theological cant, whining complaints, and unscrupulous designs. For Lady Mar, of whom he knew but little, he did not pretend to have, and could not have, any particular regard. The motives for his conduct in the matter are, indeed, fully betrayed in his private letters to his relative, Thomas Erskine of Pittodry, published in the third volume of the Miscellany of the Spalding Club; from which it clearly appears that it was not the continuance of Lady Mar's madness, so much as the consequences of her recovery, which he regarded with dread. "If Lady M—r continue in her confinement," he writes, "and matters as they are, it is bad enough; but they may be worse." "Supposing the sister find her well," he adds, "then may not an artful woman impose on one in such circumstances, and whose mind cannot yet be very firm?" What this means is explained by other passages in the same letter, in which he shows, by elaborate statements, the importance to his brother and his family of obtaining a command over her actions, particularly as to an arrangement already made concerning her property. "Were Lady M—r, on her freedom, *in right hands*," he remarks, "she would ratify the bargain; but if in her sister's, probably she will not. If while she is that way Lord M. [Mar] comes to die, it is too probable that his daughter will fall into the same hands, which would go near to finish the ruin of the family. I shall add little more on this head. The expense is uneasy at any rate. If the lady be got to freedom, and then to the settlement we wish, it will cost money; but it is worth it; and if it make not a return in profit, yet it prevents worse."

It may be supposed that Lord Grange, though he made a journey to London on this business, failed to persuade the Lord Chancellor of the justice of his claim to take charge of Lady Mar. All the schemes to which he resorted for obtaining his object proved unavailing; and he at length adopted the characteristic measure of forcibly seizing the unhappy lady, and carrying her to Scotland. On the road, he informs us, she was arrested by the Lord Chief Justice's war-

rant, "procured on false affidavit of her sister Lady Mary, &c., and brought back to London, declared lunatic, and by Lord Chancellor (whose crony is Mr. Wortley, Lady Mary's husband) delivered into the custody of Lady Mary." It was but in the preceding year that Grange had, in like manner, conveyed away his wife. She was seized in the night by a party of Highlanders, and thenceforth devoted to a secret and dreary imprisonment, from which she only escaped by her death, more than thirteen years afterwards. What might have been the fate of Lady Mar in the hands of this man, he has himself sketched in a curious passage which he puts into Lady Mary's mouth, in an imaginary conversation between herself and her sister. "Quite separated from your father's and mother's friends and from your country," he supposes Lady Mary to say, "locked up in Scotland, or foreign parts, and wholly in their [Lord Grange and his adherents'] power, what can you expect? Your friends here could give you no relief, and you should be wholly at the barbarous mercy of those whose sense get [gets?] not sufficiently the better of their hatred or contempt as to make them carry with seeming respect to you till they get you in their power. What will they not do when they have you?"

It is a striking instance of the recklessness of Pope's satire, that he appears to have had no authority for his accusation but the statements of this man. That Lady Mary ill-used or "starved" her favourite sister, was a charge not likely to be conceived in the mind of any one else but Grange, and which no one else had any interest in making; and the fact that he appears to have induced Pope's friend, Dr. Arbuthnot, on one occasion to enter into his plans, would certainly point to a channel through which Pope might have received this strange statement. Among the papers is a letter from Mr. Wortley to Lady Mary, written some time later, in which he recommends her, for her own ease, to relinquish her charge, and urges upon her that she has "done all that any one can think reasonable" for her sister's sake—that Lady Frances Erskine, the daughter of Lady Mar, being now "almost a

mother's life;" and that, "if she had not the prudence to choose proper persons," Lady Mary "could not be blamed." Lady Mary appears to have yielded to these arguments, and Lady Frances Erskine thenceforth took charge of her mother. Lady Frances subsequently married her cousin, the son of Lord Grange, and naturally adopted the spirit of her husband's family: but Lady Mar appears to have had no share in their hostility. To the last, Lady Mary continued to write to her occasional letters from Italy, in the hope of their finding her in one of those intervals of recovered reason in which she, on one occasion at least, replied in a letter of kindness and sisterly affection.

The reader is probably sufficiently wearied of these discussions, but there is one more such story to the examination of which some space is devoted in the appendix to the edition of 1837, and which cannot be passed over here. The following is Lord Wharncliffe's statement of the matter:

"In the 'Letters from Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann,' lately published, and which were edited by the late Lord Dover, there are two passages¹ relating to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu which require some notice, in order that the real state of the facts to which they refer may be known, as far as possible.

"The first of these is to be found in Letter 231, dated Mistley, August 31, 1751, and is in these words: 'Pray, tell me if you know anything of Lady Mary Wortley: we have an obscure story here of her being in durance in the Brescian or the Bergamesco; *that a young fellow whom she set out with keeping* has taken it into his head to keep her close prisoner, not permitting her to write or receive any letters but what he sees: he seems determined, if her husband should die, not to lose her as the Count — [Richcourt] lost my Lady O.' [Orford]. And in the next letter he again alludes to this report.

"Among Lady Mary's papers there is a long paper, written

¹ One of these passages is in the 'Mistley' letter, and the other in the 'Orford' letter.

in Italian, not by herself, giving an account of her having been detained for some time against her will in a country-house belonging to an Italian count, and inhabited by him and his mother. This paper seems to be drawn up either as a case to be submitted to a lawyer for his opinion, or to be produced in a court of law. There is nothing else to be found in Lady Mary's papers referring in the least degree to this circumstance. It would appear, however, that some such forcible detention as is alluded to did take place, probably for some pecuniary or interested object; but, like many of Horace Walpole's stories, he took care not to let this lose anything that might give it zest, and he therefore makes the person by whom Lady Mary was detained, 'a young fellow whom she set out with keeping.' Now, at the time of this transaction taking place, Lady Mary was sixty-one years old. The reader, therefore, may judge for himself, how far such an imputation upon her is likely to be founded in truth, and will bear in mind that there was no indisposition upon the part of Horace Walpole to make insinuations of that sort against Lady Mary."

The hatred of Horace Walpole towards Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary, which exhibits itself in the bitter and malignant spirit of all his allusions to them, had other grounds than those to which the writer of the *Biographical Anecdotes* alludes. In his judgments upon those who had walked the political stage somewhat earlier than the commencement of his own career, Horace Walpole had frequently but one standard of vice and virtue. The opponents of his father, Sir Robert, rarely found favour in his writings. In moments of calm reflection he was himself not unconscious of this bias; but he was probably unaware of the extent to which his veneration for the memory of a father, certainly not over fond or indulgent towards him, gave colour to his opinions. But Mr. Wortley had rendered himself particularly odious to Walpole; and that Lady Mary, though once friendly with him, had imbibed her husband's spirit, is manifest in allusions to Walpole

in her poems, no less than in her fragmentary sketch of the Court of George the First, which she appears to have written late in life. In the latter period of Sir Robert Walpole's career, when that power so long maintained was tottering, this antagonism was still more conspicuous. The few of Mr. Wortley's speeches delivered at this period which have been preserved, are all attacks upon Sir Robert; but it was in the hour of Walpole's disgrace, when an insult would be more keenly felt than ever, and when young Horace, just entered upon the scene, found his father's popularity and influence at an end, that Mr. Wortley assailed the falling minister in an invective which could never have been forgiven. The occasion was Mr. Sandys' motion for the removal of Walpole, and Mr. Wortley concluded his speech by moving "that while this question is debated, Sir Robert Walpole be ordered to withdraw;" one of the objects of this which he urged being "to suppress that awe which may be raised in part of this assembly by a powerful offender, whose looks may upbraid some with the benefits which they have formerly received from him, and whose eyes may dart menaces upon those who are dependent on his favour."

I have unfortunately not been able to find the "paper in Italian," giving an account of Lady Mary's "forcible detention," to which Lord Wharncliffe refers; but it appears, by a letter from General Graham, that the Italian count was the Count Palazzo, and the reader will find in the letters from Lady Mary to her husband, dated Brescia, Aug. 23, N.S. [1746], and Nov. 24, N.S. [1746], a full account, from Lady Mary herself, of the origin of her acquaintance with the count and his mother. The count was of an ancient family who had their seat, as I find from the Italian books of genealogy, near Brescia. He visited Lady Mary at Avignon, with a letter of introduction from her friend the Countess of Wackerbarth. Lady Mary had then been long wanting an opportunity to leave Avignon for Northern Italy, which having become, after the unsuccessful rebellion of 1745, more than ever a place of refuge for English Jacobites, was for her, whom they suspected to be a spy, an inconvenient residence. The war

then carried on between the Spaniards and the Germans in Italy, made the journey extremely dangerous, and the count, as she informs Mr. Wortley, offered her the escort of himself and his attendants to Brescia. At Brescia, she was received by the count's mother, who invited her to her house till she could find a lodging to her liking. Here Lady Mary fell ill of a dangerous fever, which confined her to her bed two months, and left her in a state of great weakness. "The Countess Palazzo," she writes, on the 24th of November, "has taken as much care of me as if I had been her sister, and omitted no expense or trouble to serve me. I am still with her, and, indeed, in no condition of moving at present." On the 18th of January she writes again, in an unpublished letter, that she is "still very weak." The "detention" referred to must have been of short duration, for in another letter, dated 17th March, N.S., 1746-7, she informs her husband that her health is much mended, and that she is "at present in a little house" she has "taken some miles from Brescia for the sake of the air." What had been the grounds of difference between her and the count and his mother in the mean time, does not appear. It is possible that they may have considered that her illness—her "terrible fit of sickness," as Lady Mary, in one of her letters, calls it—made it necessary to impose upon her some temporary restraint; and that Lady Mary may have resented their interference so much as to have contemplated legal proceedings. This would account for the affair being noised abroad, with the exaggerations usual in such cases, until it reached the willing ears of Horace Walpole in the form of the "obscure story" which he has perpetuated. In any case, the reader will observe that Lady Mary did not shrink from employing another hand to draw up a formal statement of the facts, and that this statement was preserved by her among the papers transmitted to her daughter.

On the curious question of why Lady Mary, in the year 1739, left her husband and connexions to reside on the Continent, and did not return to England for more than twenty years, a careful perusal of all the papers, both published and unpublished, does not enable me to add much to the remarks of

Lady Louisa Stuart. Down to within a short period before her departure, there are expressions in the letters of Mr. Wortley to her, which are inconsistent with the supposition of such a separation being then contemplated. Throughout the correspondence, maintained to the end of Mr. Wortley's long life with a regularity that is remarkable, expressions of respect and affection are frequent on both sides. It is possible that the publicity which the attacks of Pope and others, whom she had offended by her unfortunate talent for satire and "ballads," had brought upon them both, induced her to withdraw; and that after a few years' absence a return to that society, by which she was almost forgotten, became more and more distasteful to her. This supposition is in some degree strengthened by one of the later letters to her daughter, in which, after detailing the annoyances she had been subjected to by the English Resident at Venice, she adds: "Do not tell your father these foolish squabbles. It is *the only thing I would keep from his knowledge*. I am apprehensive he should imagine some misplaced raillery or vivacity of mine has drawn on me these ridiculous persecutions." Though Mr. Wortley twice visited the Continent during her long exile, on one occasion—in 1751—going as far as Vienna, he did not visit her; but I find in all the letters only one passage which could even be construed into a complaint. It occurs in a letter to Mr. Wortley, dated 6th April [1742], in which, after referring to her daughter, Lady Bute, she concludes: "I hope her obedience and affection to you will make your life agreeable to you. She cannot have more than I have had. I wish the success may be greater."

But whatever may have been the cause of their separation, there is abundant evidence in the correspondence that it was one which she might have openly avowed without shame. Besides repeated censures upon the ill conduct of others, which it would be impossible to imagine could be written to a husband by a woman whose own wrong-doing had condemned her, as has been insinuated, to a lifelong banishment, there are

frequently direct references to her own propriety of conduct and faithful discharge of her duties as a mother and a wife. In one letter to Mr. Wortley she writes, with reference to Lady Bute, "I may say with truth that, as even from her infancy I have made her a companion and witness of my actions, she owes me not only the regard due to a parent, but the esteem that ought to be paid to a blameless conduct." That their separation was never regarded by Lady Mary as necessarily final, is equally evident. On one occasion, among the later letters, she writes to her husband :

"Having had no opportunity of writing by a private hand, I have delayed some time answering your last letter, which touched me more than I am either able or willing to express. I hope your apprehensions of blindness are not confirmed by any fresh symptoms of that terrible misfortune. If I could be of any service to you, on that or any other occasion, I shall think my last remains of life well employed."

Again, to her daughter, about the same time :

"My life is so near a conclusion, that where or how I pass it, if innocently, is almost become indifferent to me. I have outlived the greatest part of my acquaintance, and, to say the truth, a return to crowd and bustle after my long retirement would be disagreeable to me. Yet, if I could be of use, either to your father or your family, I would venture shortening the insignificant days of your affectionate mother."

The history of her life in Italy will be read in her letters written thence. The greater part of it was spent at Lovere, where she seems to have found content and occupation in daily attention to her garden, her dairy, her needlework, and the small farm, on which she produced so much silk as to require formal negotiations for its sale with an English merchant. The books which were continually sent to her by Lady Bute were chiefly the novels of the day, which "trash" and "lum-

ber," as her daughter pronounced them, afforded the best pictures that could be got of that English life to which she must still have looked back with some regret; and even their wretched framework and coarse attempts at character furnished a theme for discourse to her active mind, where a better one was wanting.

Her life, however, appears to have been always embittered by the misconduct of her son, whose persecutions followed her even in her distant retirement. There has been found among his mother's papers a letter from him, written in a spirit of contrition so profound, and containing admissions of misconduct towards his parents so abject and complete, as to make the acts which they refer to hard to be conceived. "The deep sense I have of my past ill conduct," he writes, "for which I have long felt, and ever shall feel, the most painful self-abhorrence, deterred me from sending a letter;" and, he continues, "I had long reflected, with anguish of soul, that I was in a manner cut off as an alien and an outcast from my parents, and what pierced still more deeply was the consciousness that the blame lay wholly upon myself, and that I had nothing to plead in mitigation of what I had been guilty of. Judge then, madam, of the joy I must feel on the receipt of your letter. It was a joy too big for utterance."

It is difficult to believe that such regrets were feigned, or to imagine the writer plunging immediately afterwards into new excesses and acts of insult. A hundred times forgiven, and regarded by his mother with new hopes, he appears to have followed his career of profligacy and wickedness to the last. A letter, which is probably the latest, from his mother to him, contains the passage, "Son, I know not how to write to you, and scarcely what to say. Your present conduct is far more infamous than the past. It is small sign of reform of manners when you durst disturb an indulgent (too indulgent) father's dying pangs. . . . You have shortened your father's days, and will, perhaps, have the glory to break your mother's heart. I will not curse you. God give you a real, not affected repentance." A charge in the same letter of his having "de-

famed a too fond mother by a most impudent forgery," is darkly alluded to again in the following terrible words in a letter without address, but in Lady Mary's handwriting: "I beg your pardon for this liberty I take. I really feel my head light. I swear to you (so may my soul find peace with God) I know nothing of these infamous libels my son has produced in my name." The reader will find elsewhere a sketch of this man's strange career.

Lady Mary was in Venice in 1761, when the news reached her of her husband's death, and she writes upon the subject in terms of sorrow too deep to have been feigned. She was now upwards of seventy years of age, and was in ill health; but her daughter pressed her, for reasons connected with the disposition of Mr. Wortley's estate, to return. "I think it my duty," she writes, "to risk my life if I can contribute to the due execution of your honoured father's last will and testament;" and again, in another letter, "You need not doubt I shall make all the haste I can to embrace you, which has been long the desire of my life, as you very well know."

She started in the midst of a severe winter, soon after the date of this letter, and arrived in England, by way of Rotterdam, in January, 1762. Some uncharitable pictures of her after her return will be found in the letters of Horace Walpole; a kindlier account in the letters of Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu. She died at her house in George-street, Hanover-square, on the 21st of August, 1762, in her seventy-fourth year.

INTRODUCTORY ANECDOTES.

BY LADY LOUISA STUART.

[WRITTEN IN 1837.]

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, we must remember, was born a hundred and forty-seven years ago,¹ and has now been dead more than seventy. Considering this, and also that the incidents of her life were in no respect linked to those historical or political facts which fix in men's memories even trifles if connected with them, it cannot be expected that her descendants themselves should possess very ample means of giving or gaining information upon a subject borne almost beyond their reach by the lapse of time. The multitude of stories circulated about her—as about all people who were objects of note in their day—increase, instead of lessening the difficulty. Some of these may be confidently pronounced inventions, simply and purely false; some, if true, concerned a different person; some were grounded upon egregious blunders; and not a few upon jests, mistaken by the dull and literal for earnest. Others, again, where a little truth and a great deal of falsehood were probably intermingled, nobody now living can pretend to confirm, or contradict, or unravel. Nothing is so readily believed, yet nothing is usually so unworthy of credit, as tales learned from report, or caught up in casual conversation. A circumstance carelessly told, carelessly listened to, half comprehended, and imperfectly remembered,

¹ Lady Louisa Stuart supposed Lady Mary to have been born in 1690, as stated by Mr. Dallaway.—See *Memoir, ante*, p. 3.—T.

has a poor chance of being repeated accurately by the first hearer; but when, after passing through the moulding of countless hands, it comes, with time, place, and person, gloriously confounded, into those of a book-maker ignorant of all its bearings, it will be lucky indeed if any trace of the original groundwork remain distinguishable.

To give a sample or two of the metamorphoses which this process can effect.—Pinkerton, in his *Walpoliana*, mentions that Horace Walpole told him he had known Lady Mary Wortley from the very beginning of her life, having been her playfellow in his childhood.¹ Mr. Pinkerton could have no motive for inventing this, so doubtless he thought, or dreamt he had heard it; yet it is impossible that Lord Orford should ever have said anything so ridiculous, since Lady Mary was the contemporary of his mother and his aunt, and at least seven-and-twenty when the former brought him into the world.²

Another pretty striking instance is furnished by a Review,³ which informed us some years ago that “the greater part of Lady Mary’s epistolary correspondence was destroyed by—*her mother!*”⁴ that good and gothic lady,” as the reviewer sarcastically calls her for having thus dared to infringe upon property in his opinion rightfully belonging to the public—the unconscious public, whose grandfathers and grandmothers were for the most part yet unborn. Now, the good (and very possible gothic) lady in question departed this life before her daughter could either write or read;⁵ therefore the nineteenth century and its public may let her memory sleep in peace.

¹ “Lady Wortley Montagu was a playfellow of mine when both were children. She was always a dirty little thing. This habit continued with her.”—*Walpoliana*, i. 3.—T.

² Walpole was born in 1717, Lady Mary in 1689.—T.

³ Quarterly Review, vol. xxiii. p. 414.—W. The initial W. will be used in this edition to signify that the note first appeared in the edition of 1837. Lord Wharncliffe informs us in his preface that “a great part of the explanatory notes” in his edition were written by Lady Louisa Stuart.—T.

⁴ The same absurd story may be found, with some curious comments, in Disraeli’s “Curiosities of Literature.”—W.

⁵ She died in 1692, and not in 1694, as stated by Mr. Dallaway. Her death is mentioned in Luttrell’s Diary, v. 220.—T.

For the reasons stated above, the particulars offered here cannot be otherwise than scanty, and may appear uninteresting and frivolous; but authentic they must be, because either received directly from the late Countess of Bute, or else gathered from documents formerly seen in Lady Mary Wortley's own handwriting.

A tale of pedigree would be little to the purpose; yet, as Lady Mary's letters allude more than once to her family history, it may throw some light upon passages of this kind to say that, in the great Civil War, the second Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester by Charles the First, espoused the royal cause; while his next brother, William Pierrepont of Thoresby, surnamed *Wise William*, Lady Mary Wortley's great-grandfather, adhered to the Parliament. The currency of such an epithet speaks his reputation for sagacity and prudence; he had considerable weight with his own party, and, according to tradition, was much courted and consulted by Cromwell. His eldest son died in his lifetime, having married a Wiltshire heiress, whose maiden name, Evelyn, has ever since been a favourite christian name, for both men and women, in most of the families descended from her.¹ Lord Dorchester, leaving no male issue, the earldom of Kingston devolved successively upon the three sons of this marriage, grandsons of *Wise William*. The third, Evelyn, fifth Earl of Kingston, created Marquis of Dorchester by Queen Anne in 1706, and Duke of Kingston by George the First in 1715, had by his wife, Lady Mary Fielding, three daughters, Mary, born in 1690 [1689], Frances, and Evelyn, and one son, William, whose birth she did not long survive. Her mother, Mary, Countess Dowager of Denbigh and Desmond, was the grandmother of whom Lady Mary Wortley speaks so highly as having had a superior understanding, and retained it unimpaired at an extraordinary age.

¹ See account of this grandmother of Lady Mary in the Memoir prefixed to this edition, p. 1.—T.

Lady Kingston dying thus early, her husband continued a widower till all his children were grown up and married;¹ though, if Lady Mary may be believed, not through any over-anxious concern for their welfare. Richardson, she affirms, drew his picture without knowing it in Sir Thomas Grandison, the gay father of his hero Sir Charles, which says a great deal to those who have read the book and observed the character—that of a man of pleasure, far too fine a gentleman to be a tender or even a considerate parent.² Such men, always selfish and commonly vain, begin to view their offspring as rivals the moment they are old enough to put beholders in mind that those to whom they owe their birth can hardly be much less than a score of years older. But playthings are cherished while new, seldom flung aside in the first hour of acquisition; and, besides being an admirable plaything, a sprightly beautiful child, while it is a child, reflects lustre upon a young father, from whom it may be presumed to have partly inherited its charms. Accordingly, a trifling incident, which Lady Mary loved to recal, will prove how much she was the object of Lord Kingston's pride and fondness in her childhood. As a leader of the fashionable world, and a strenuous Whig in party, he of course belonged to the Kit-Cat Club. One day, at a meeting to choose toasts for the year, a whim seized him to nominate her, then not eight years old, a candidate; alleging that she was far prettier than any lady on their list. The other members demurred, because the rules of the club forbade them to elect a beauty whom they had never seen. "Then you shall see her," cried he; and in the gaiety of the moment sent orders home to have her finely dressed and brought to him at the tavern, where she was received with acclamations, her claim unanimously allowed, her health

¹ "My Lord Mar is married to Lady Frances Pierrepont, and my Lord Dorchester her father is to be married next week to Lady Belle Bentinck."—*Charles Ford to Swift*, 22 July, 1714. Lady Frances was the last married of the three sisters.—T.

² "*Au bout du compte*, I don't know why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness."—*Lady Mary to her sister Lady Mar*, on the death of their father in 1726.—T.

drunk by every one present, and her name engraved in due form upon a drinking-glass. The company consisting of some of the most eminent men in England, she went from the lap of one poet, or patriot, or statesman, to the arms of another, was feasted with sweetmeats, overwhelmed with caresses, and, what perhaps already pleased her better than either, heard her wit and beauty loudly extolled on every side. Pleasure, she said, was too poor a word to express her sensations; they amounted to ecstasy: never again, throughout her whole future life, did she pass so happy a day. Nor, indeed, could she; for the love of admiration, which this scene was calculated to excite or increase, could never again be so fully gratified; there is always some allaying ingredient in the cup, some drawback upon the triumphs of grown people. Her father carried on the frolic, and, we may conclude, confirmed the taste, by having her picture painted for the club-room, that she might be enrolled a regular toast.

There can be no dispute that Lady Mary showed early signs of more than ordinary abilities; but whether they induced Lord Kingston to have her bred up with her brother and taught Latin and Greek by his tutor,¹ is not so well ascertained. The boy was two or three years younger than the girl, which makes against it. Lady Bute expressly said that her mother understood little or no Greek, and by her own account had taught herself Latin.² And besides, would she, while so earnestly recommending a learned education for women, have complained of her own as "one of the worst in the world," if it had had this classical foundation? Most likely not; most likely her father, whose amusement in her

¹ This is Mr. Dallaway's statement. It is certainly erroneous.—T.

² This is corroborated by Lady Mary's early correspondence with Miss Anne Wortley (see letter, 8 August, 1709); and still further by Lady Mary's own account to Spence when he met her in Rome in 1741. "When I was young I was a great admirer of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and that was one of the chief reasons that set me upon the thoughts of stealing the Latin language. Mr. Wortley was the only person to whom I communicated my design, and he encouraged me in it. I used to study five or six hours a day for two years in my father's library; and so got that language, whilst everybody else thought I was reading nothing but novels and romances."—*Spence's Anecdotes by Singer*. Second edit. p. 175.—T.

ceased when she grew past the age of sitting on a knee and playing with a doll, consigned all his daughters alike to the care and custody of such a good homespun governess as her letters describe; and, having thus done his supposed duty towards them, held himself at liberty to pursue his own pleasures, which lay elsewhere than at home. One remnant of his illegitimate progeny, an old General Armytage, was still living long after the accession of George the Third.

But, admitting that Lady Mary's talents were only self-cultivated, her literary progress might not be the less considerable. Where industry, inspirited by genius, toils from free choice, and there exists unchecked that eager devouring appetite for reading, seldom felt but in the first freshness of intelligent youth, it will take in more nourishment, and faster, than the most assiduous tuition can cram down. It is true, the habit of idly turning over an unconnected variety of books, forgotten as soon as read, may be prejudicial to the mind; but a bee wanders to better purpose than a butterfly, although the one will sometimes seem just to touch the flower-bed and flit away as lightly as the other. Lady Mary read everything, but it was without forgetting anything; and the mass of matter, whencesoever collected, gradually formed its own arrangement in her head. She probably had some assistance from Mr. William Fielding, her mother's brother, a man¹ of parts, who perceived her capacity, corresponded with her, and encouraged her pursuit of information. And she herself acknowledges her obligations to Bishop Burnet for "condescending to direct the studies of a girl."² Nevertheless, though labouring to acquire what may be termed masculine knowledge, and translating under the bishop's eye the Latin version of Epictetus, she was by no means disposed to neglect works of fancy and fiction, but got by heart all the poetry that came in her way, and indulged herself in the luxury of reading every romance as yet invented. For she possessed,

¹ She corresponded with him when in Turkey.—See *Memoir, ante*, p. 19.—T.

² See her letter to Bishop Burnet, 10 July, 1710, among Miscellaneous Letters.—T.

and left after her, the whole library of Mrs. Lennox's Female Quixote—Cleopatra, Cassandra, Clelia, Cyrus, Pharamond, Ibrahim, &c. &c.—all, like the Lady Arabella's collection, "*Englised*," mostly "*by persons of honour*." The chief favourite appeared to have been a translation of Monsieur Honoré d'Urfé's *Astrea*, once the delight of Henri Quatre and his court, and still admired and quoted by the *savans* who flourished under Louis XIV. In a blank page of this massive volume (which might have counterbalanced a pig of lead of the same size), Lady Mary had written in her fairest youthful hand the names and characteristic qualities of the chief personages thus:—the beautiful Diana, the volatile Climene, the melancholy Doris, Celadon the faithful, Adamas the wise, and so on; forming two long columns.

These ponderous books, once hers, black in outward hue, and marked with the wear and tear of almost a century, might have been disrespectfully treated by her junior grandchildren and their nursery-maids—put to any use except reading them—but for the protection of an excellent person, who, when young, had been Lady Bute's own attendant before her marriage, and ever after made part of her family. Her spectacles were always to be found in Clelia or Cassandra, which she studied unceasingly six days of the week, prizing them next to the Bible and Tillotson's Sermons; because, to give her own words, "they were all about good and virtuous people, not like the wicked trash she now saw young folks get from circulating libraries." To her latest hour she used to regret having lost sight of another romance, beautiful beyond them all—the History of Hiempisal, King of Numidia. This, she said, she had read only once, and by no pains or search could ever meet with or hear of again.

The modern world will smile, but should, however, beware of too hastily despising works that charmed Lady Mary Wortley in her youth, and were courageously defended by Madame de Sévigné even when hers was past, and they began to be sliding out of fashion. She, it seems, thought, with the old woman just now mentioned, that they had a tendency to elevate

the mind, and to instil honourable and generous sentiments. At any rate, they must have fostered application and perseverance, by accustoming their readers to what the French term *des ouvrages de longue haleine*. After resolutely mastering Clelia, nobody could pretend to quail at the aspect of Mezeray, or even at that of Holinshed's Chronicle printed in black letter. Clarendon, Burnet, and Rapin, had not yet issued into daylight.

Some particulars, in themselves too insignificant to be worth recording, may yet interest the curious, by setting before them the manners of our ancestors. Lord Dorchester, having no wife to do the honours of his table at Thoresby, imposed that task upon his eldest daughter, as soon as she had bodily strength for the office: which in those days required no small share. For the mistress of a country mansion was not only to invite—that is, urge and tease—her company to eat more than human throats could conveniently swallow, but to carve every dish, when chosen, with her own hands. The greater the lady, the more indispensable the duty. Each joint was carried up in its turn, to be operated upon by her, and her alone;—since the peers and knights on either hand were so far from being bound to offer their assistance, that the very master of the house, posted opposite to her, might not act as her croupier; his department was to push the bottle after dinner. As for the crowd of guests, the most inconsiderable among them—the curate, or subaltern, or squire's younger brother—if suffered through her neglect to help himself to a slice of the mutton placed before him, would have chewed it in bitterness, and gone home an affronted man, half inclined to give a wrong vote at the next election. There were then professed carving-masters, who taught young ladies the art scientifically; from one of whom Lady Mary said she took lessons three times a week, that she might be perfect on her father's public days; when, in order to perform her functions without interruption, she was forced to eat her own dinner alone an hour or two beforehand.

Most of the intimacies formed by Lady Mary in her youth having died away before her daughter began to know what was passing, only a few of her early companions can be mentioned: viz. Mrs. Smith, maid of honour to Queen Anne, and daughter of the Whig Speaker Smith;¹ the beautiful Dolly Walpole, Sir Robert's sister, afterwards the second wife of Lord Townshend; Lady Anne Vaughan, only child of Lord Carberry,² the last of a family noted for having given Jeremy Taylor an asylum at Golden Grove. This young lady was precisely in the situation which Lady Mary always maintained to be the most perilous and pitiable incident to womankind; that of a great heiress at her own free disposal. And truly her fate justified the paradox. She bestowed herself and her wealth upon Lord Winchester (third Duke of Bolton),³ a handsome agreeable libertine, who, much worse than indifferent to the first half of the gift, cast her off without any long delay, and, when her melancholy life at last came to an end, married the famous actress, Miss Fenton, best known by her stage-title of Polly Peachem.⁴

The name of another young friend will excite more attention—Mrs. Anne Wortley. *Mrs.* Anne has a most mature sound to our modern ears; but, in the phraseology of those days, *Miss*, which had hardly yet ceased to be a term of reproach, still denoted childishness, flippancy, or some other contemptible quality, and was rarely applied to young ladies of a respectable class. In Steele's *Guardian*, the youngest of Nestor Ironside's wards, aged fifteen, is Mrs. Mary Lizard. Nay, Lady Bute herself could remember having been styled Mrs. Wortley, when a child, by two or three elderly visitors, as tenacious of their ancient modes of speech as of other old fashions. Mrs. Anne, then, was the second daughter of Mr.

¹ Whig Speaker Smith had several daughters. This was, we suppose, the lady who signs "A. Smith," and dates from "Bond-street" about 1710. She appears to have been a friend and confidante of Lady Mary, and to have assisted her to communicate with her lover, Mr. Wortley.—T.

² John Vaughan, third Earl of Carberry, of the Irish peerage. The title became extinct on his death in 1713.—T.

³ See Lady Mary's remarks on the Duchess of Bolton's death, in a letter to the

Sidney¹ Wortley Montagu, and the favourite sister of his son Edward. She died in the bloom of youth, unmarried. Lady Mary, in common with others who had known her, represented her as eminently pretty and agreeable;² and her brother so cherished her memory, that, in after times, his little girl knew it to be the highest mark of his favour, when, pointing at herself, he said to her mother, "Don't you think she grows like my poor sister Anne?"

Mrs. Wortley, the mother of the family, from whom it derived both estate and name, died before Lady Mary Pierrepont became acquainted with any branch of it: therefore all she could tell concerning her was, that she had been forced to demand a separation from her husband, and that her son always spoke of his father's conduct towards her with resentment and indignation. For Mr. Sidney Montagu had not breathed in the atmosphere of Charles the Second's reign during his best years without inhaling some of its poison. This old gentleman, and the scene surrounding him, were distinctly recollected by his granddaughter. She described him as a large rough-looking man with a huge flapped hat, seated magisterially in his elbow-chair, talking very loud, and swearing boisterously at his servants. While beside him sate a venerable figure, meek and benign in aspect, with silver locks overshadowed by a black velvet cap. This was his brother, the pious Dean Montagu,³ who every now and then fetched a deep sigh, and cast his eyes upwards, as if silently beseeching Heaven to pardon the profane language which he condemned, but durst not reprove. Unlike as they were in their habits and their morals, the two brothers commonly lived together.

It is hard to divine why, or on what authority, Mr. Edward

¹ Second son of Admiral Montagu, first Earl of Sandwich. Upon marrying the daughter and heiress of Sir Francis Wortley, he was obliged, by the tenor of Sir Francis's will, to assume his name.—W.

² Her name appears in the list of "the most celebrated Beauties of St. James's, the Park, and the Mall," described in "the British Court, a poem," published about 1797.—T.

³ The Honourable John Montagu, Dean of Durham, fourth son of the first Lord Sandwich.—W.

Wortley has been represented by late writers as a dull phlegmatic country gentleman—"of a tame genius and moderate capacity," or "of parts more solid than brilliant,"—which in common parlance is a civil way of saying the same thing. He had, on the contrary, one of those strong characters that are little influenced by the world's opinion, and for that reason little understood by the unthinking part of it. All who really knew him while living held him a man distinguished for soundness of judgment and clearness of understanding, qualities nowise akin to dulness; they allowed him also to be a first-rate scholar; and as he had travelled more than most young men of his time, a proof will presently appear that he surpassed them in the knowledge of modern languages. Polite literature was his passion; and though our having a taste for wit and talents may not certainly imply that we are gifted with them ourselves, yet it would be strange if the alderman-like mortal depicted above had sought out such companions as Steele, Garth, Congreve, Mainwaring, &c., or chosen Addison for his bosom friend. The only picture of Mr. Wortley in existence belonged to Addison,¹ from whose daughter Lady Bute obtained it through her (Miss Addison's) half-sister, Lady Charlotte Rich. It is now in the possession of Lord Wharncliffe. The face seems very young, and, in spite of wig, cravat, and other deforming appendages, very handsome.

Miss, or Mrs. Addison, Addison's daughter by Lady Warwick, and his only child, far from having sufficient endowments to keep up the credit of her great name, was one of those singular beings in whom nature seems to have left the mind half finished; not raised to the average height of human intellect, yet not absolutely imbecile, nor so devoid of judgment in common every-day concerns as to need the guardianship of the law. With this imperfect understanding she possessed a gift, which, it is said, may sometimes be found where there is no great power of thinking,—such an astonishing memory that she could repeat the longest sermon word for word after hearing it once, or get by heart the contents of a

¹ An engraving of this portrait will be found in this edition.—T.

whole dictionary. As she inherited all her father had to leave, her circumstances were affluent; but, by the advice of her friends, she lived in retirement at a country-seat, and never attempted to enter the world.

Mr. Wortley's chief intimates have been already named. His society was principally male; the wits and politicians of that day forming a class quite distinct from the "white-gloved beaux" attendant upon ladies. Indeed, as the education of women had then reached its very lowest ebb, and if not coquettes, or gossips, or diligent card-players, their best praise was to be notable housewives; Mr. Wortley, however fond of his sister, could have no particular motive to seek the acquaintance of her companions. His surprise and delight were the greater, when one afternoon, having by chance loitered in her apartment till visitors arrived, he saw Lady Mary Pierrepont for the first time,¹ and, on entering into conversation with her, found, in addition to beauty that charmed him, not only brilliant wit, but a thinking and cultivated mind. He was especially struck with the discovery that she understood Latin, and could relish his beloved classics. Something that passed led to the mention of Quintus Curtius, which she said she had never read. This was a fair handle for a piece of gallantry; in a few days she received a superb edition of the author, with these lines facing the title-page:

"Beauty like this had vanquished Persia shown,
The Macedon had laid his empire down,
And polished Greece obeyed a barb'rous throne.
Had wit so bright adorned a Grecian dame,
The am'rous youth had lost his thirst of fame,
Nor distant Indus sought through Syria's plain;
But to the Muses' stream with her had run,
And thought her lover more than Ammon's son."²

How soon this declaration of love in verse was followed by one in prose, does not appear; but Mrs. Anne Wortley grew more eloquent in Lady Mary's praise, and more eagerly desirous

¹ This differs from the account of herself under the name of "Lætitia," daughter of "the Duke of Regiavilla," left by Lady Mary in her own handwriting.—See *Memoir, ante*, p. 3.—T.

² Corrected from a copy in Lady Mary's handwriting.

of her correspondence. No wonder; since the rough draught of a letter in her brother's hand, indorsed "For my sister to Lady M. P.," betrays that he was the writer, and she only the transcriber of professions and encomiums that sound extravagant as addressed by one woman to another.¹ But she did not live to be long the medium through which they passed; a more direct correspondence soon began, and was continued after her decease. When married, Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary agreed to put by and preserve as memorials of the days of courtship all their letters; a curious collection, and very different from what a romance writer would have framed; on his side, no longer complimentary, but strikingly expressive of a real strong passion, combated in vain by a mind equally strong, which yielded to it against its conviction and against its will. "*Celui qui aime plus qu'il ne voudrait*," as a French author somewhere says, is, after all, the person on whom love has taken the fastest hold. They were perpetually on the point of breaking altogether: he felt and knew that they suited each other very ill; he saw, or thought he saw, his rivals encouraged if not preferred; he was more affronted than satisfied with her assurances of a *sober* esteem and regard; and yet every struggle to get free did but end where it set out, leaving him still a captive, galled by his chain, but unable to sever one link of it effectually.²

After some time thus spent in fluctuations, disputes, and lovers' quarrels, he at length made his proposals to Lord Dorchester, who received them favourably, and was very gracious to him, till the *Grim-gribber* part of the business—the portion and settlements—came under consideration; but then broke off the match in great anger, on account of a disagreement which subsequent events have rendered memorable. We see how the practice of a man's entailing his estate upon his eldest son while as yet an unborn child and unknown being, is ridiculed in the Tatler and Spectator; whose authors, it may be

¹ See Memoir.—T.

Lady Louisa Stuart had, I suspect, read only a small portion of their letters before marriage. I cannot otherwise account for her taking this view.—T.

observed, had not estates to entail.¹ Mr. Wortley, who *had*, entertained the same opinions. Possibly they were originally his own, and promulgated by Addison and Steele at his suggestion, for, as he always liked to think for himself, many of his notions were singular and speculative. However this might be, he upheld the system, and acted upon it, offering to make the best provision in his power for Lady Mary, but steadily refusing to settle his landed property upon a son who, for aught he knew, might prove unworthy to possess it—might be a spendthrift, an idiot, or a villain.

Lord Dorchester, on the other hand, said that these philosophic theories were very fine, but *his* grandchildren should not run the risk of being left beggars; and, as he had to do with a person of no common firmness, the treaty ended there.²

The secret correspondence and intercourse went on as before; and shortly Lady Mary acquainted her lover that she was peremptorily commanded to accept the offers of another suitor ready to close with all her father's terms, to settle handsome pin-money, jointure, provision for heirs, and so forth; and, moreover, concede the point most agreeable to herself, that of giving her a fixed establishment in London, which, by-the-by, Mr. Wortley had always protested against. Lord Dorchester seems to have asked no questions touching her inclination in either instance. A man who is now about to sell an estate, seldom thinks of inquiring whether it will please or displease his tenantry to be transferred to a new landlord; and just as little then did parents in disposing of a daughter conceive it necessary to consult her will and pleasure. For a young lady to interfere, or claim a right of choice, was almost thought, as it is in France, a species of indelicacy. Lady Mary nevertheless declared, though timidly, her utter antipathy to the person proposed to her. Upon this, her father summoned her to his awful presence, and, after expressing

¹ The essay in the Tatler referred to was entirely founded on Mr. Wortley's notes, and is frequently in his own words. It was probably intended as an indirect means of influencing Lady Mary's father.—T.

² See Lady Mary's correspondence with Mr. Wortley before marriage.—T.

surprise at her presumption in questioning his judgment, assured her he would not give her a single sixpence if she married anybody else. She sought the usual resource of poor damsels in the like case, begging permission to split the difference (if we may so say) by not marrying at all; but he answered that then she should be immediately sent to a remote place in the country, reside there during his life, and at his death have no portion save a moderate annuity. Relying upon the effect of these threats, he proceeded as if she had given her fullest and freest consent; settlements were drawn, wedding-clothes bought, the day was appointed, and everything made ready, when she left the house to marry Mr. Wortley.

The father's rage may be imagined;¹ Lady Frances Pierrepont, afraid it should lead him to examine her sister's papers, and apprehending that he might there find matter to exasperate him still further, hastily burned all she could find, and amongst them a diary which Lady Mary had already kept for some years, and was not very well pleased to lose.

Soon after her marriage she resumed the practice of writing a journal, and persisted in it as long as she lived; communicating what she wrote to no person whatever. The diary of course became voluminous. Lady Bute, who knew nothing of it till it came into her possession a few days before her mother's death, always kept it under lock and key; and though she often looked over it herself, and would sometimes read passages from it aloud to her daughters and friends, yet she never trusted any part out of her own hands, excepting the five or six first copy-books, which, at a late period, she permitted one of her family to peruse alone,² upon condition that nothing should be transcribed. All that she thus in any way imparted related to distant days, to transactions long since

¹ It is doubtful whether the father ever entirely forgave her for this elopement. On his death, in 1726, Lady Mary wrote to Lady Mar: "My father expressed a great deal of kindness to me at last, and even a desire of talking with me."—See the letter. He, however, left her, by his will, she having married without a settlement, 6000*l.* for her separate use during her life, with reversion to her daughter.—T.

² This must refer to Lady L. Stuart herself, the writer of these Anecdotes.—T.

past, and people of a former generation. Meanwhile she constantly declared it was her determined resolution to destroy the whole, as a sacred duty owing to the deceased, whose having forgotten or neglected to leave express orders for the purpose, made it only the more incumbent upon her survivors. The journal was accordingly burned, although with evident reluctance, and not till Lady Bute felt the close of her life drawing near;¹ when the act itself sounded too solemn a note of preparation for those who loved her as she deserved to think of opposing it, or indeed to care at all about a matter which would then have seemed totally indifferent had it concerned the finest work in the world.

Lady Bute so admired her mother's writings, and took such pleasure in reading her letters to persons whom she thought endowed with taste enough to relish them, that it might have been held sufficiently certain she had the most cogent reasons for making what clearly appeared a sacrifice. Yet, as youth is inconsiderate, and the fragments she did allow to be seen or heard were not a little amusing, she was very often assailed with entreaties to forego her design. When pressed on this head, she would ask whether, supposing the case one's own, one could bear the thought of having every crude opinion, every transient wish, every angry feeling that had flitted across one's mind, exposed to the world after one was no more? And though she always spoke of Lady Mary with great respect, yet it might be perceived that she knew it had been too much her custom to note down and enlarge upon all the scandalous rumours of the day, without weighing their truth or even their probability;² to record as certain facts stories that perhaps sprang up like mushrooms from the dirt, and had as brief an existence, but tended to defame persons of the most spotless character. In this age, she said, everything got into print sooner or later; the name of Lady Mary Wortley would be sure to attract curiosity; and, were such details ever made public, they would neither edify the world, nor do honour to

¹ Lady Bute died 13 November, 1794.—T.

² See notes on the letters to Lady Mar.—T.

her memory. These were Lady Bute's arguments; and what could any one who had a sense of rectitude urge in reply? especially since it must be acknowledged, that in the volumes which she did communicate, the earliest written, and (one may be confident) the least exceptionable, there occasionally appeared traits of satire that showed what might ensue when the vexations and cares of advancing life should have soured the mind, given objects a darker shade of colour, and made further demands upon a Christian charity not at all likely to have increased in the mean time.

These volumes comprise the years immediately succeeding Lady Mary's marriage, 1713, 1714, 1715; and also the time of Mr. Wortley's embassy. What passed every day was set down; often only in a line, or half a line, as thus: "Stayed at home alone—went to such a place—saw such a person:" so that frequently three or four weeks took up but a single page. Sometimes, again, an occurrence or a conversation would be given at very great length; sometimes despatched with one sharp sentence, like the following humorous application of a speech in Dryden's *Spanish Friar*: "Lady Hinchinbroke¹ has a dead daughter—it were unchristian not to be sorry for my cousin's misfortune; but if she has no live son, Mr. Wortley is heir—so there's comfort for a Christian."

The three years previous to the embassy were passed by Lady Mary in various abodes, and occasionally apart from Mr. Wortley, while he attended parliament. She was sometimes, however, though seldom, in London; sometimes at Hinchinbroke, the seat of Lord Sandwich; sometimes near it, in the town of Huntingdon, for which Mr. Wortley was member; but more often at hired houses in Yorkshire. About the time of Queen Anne's death, she dates her letters from Middlethorpe, in the neighbourhood of Bishopthorpe and of

¹ Wife of Edward Viscount Hinchinbroke. He was the only son of Edward Earl of Sandwich, first cousin of Mr. Wortley. If Lord Hinchinbroke had left no son, Mr. Wortley would have succeeded to the earldom. Lady Mary, however, was deprived of this prospective "comfort for a Christian" by the birth of two sons subsequently to the date of her note.—T.

York. It is a mistake that she ever resided permanently at Wharnccliffe Lodge.¹ Mr. Sidney Wortley Montagu chiefly inhabited that himself; and with him his daughter Mrs. Katherine Wortley, his youngest son Mr. John Montagu, his brother the Dean of Durham, and the dean's chaplain. How so many people, together with their servants, could be packed into so small a space, will appear sufficiently wonderful to those who have seen the little dwelling; but a couple more could hardly have been stowed in by any human contrivance.

The first mention of Wharnccliffe in Lady Mary's journal, after calling there to visit her father-in-law when on her road to some other place, was very remarkable; considering that she had hitherto known only the midland counties and the environs of London, and probably had never before seen anything like picturesque or romantic scenery. One would have supposed the first sight of so wild and beautiful a prospect as that eagle's nest commands, very sure to occasion surprise, if not excite transport, in a mind gifted with the least imagination. But no; nothing could be colder or more slight than the notice she took of it, almost making an excuse for saying thus much in its favour—"that it was a sequestered rural spot, quite of a rude nature; yet had something in it which she owned she did not dislike, odd as her fancy might appear." In after days, her letters to Mr. Wortley do it more justice; possibly to please him; but the journal gave the original impression, and how may that be accounted for? Can it be that the tastes and pleasures which we now esteem most peculiarly natural, are in fact artificial? what we have merely read, and talked, and rhymed, and sketched ourselves into? plants that require manure and culture, instead of sprouting freely from the soil? Certainly our forefathers were little more alive to them than the American settler, who sees in a wood a nuisance he must clear away, and in a waterfall only the means of turning a mill. Burnet, of the Charter-house, lived and wrote but a few years before Lady Mary Wortley: it may be remembered that his

¹ A statement in Dallaway's Memoir of Lady Mary.—T.

theory of the antediluvian globe supposes it to have had a surface perfectly flat, smooth, and level: and for this reason amongst others, because the earth in its goodly pristine state, the fair work of an Almighty Creator, could not have been deformed by such unsightly protuberances as rocks and mountains. These were the tokens of Divine wrath, vestiges of that awful convulsion which tore the old world to pieces; therefore we naturally regarded them with horror. His hypothesis might have been the same, how contrary soever the opinion of his contemporaries; but he never would have brought this argument to support it, if the majority of the postdiluvians he was writing to, had, like ourselves, considered Earth's protuberances as her finest features. How far were they from suspecting that a future generation would delight in viewing the lakes and climbing the fells of Cumberland!

To resume the journal. In the year 1713,¹ Lady Frances Pierrepont married the Earl of Mar, then Secretary of State for Scotland:—a match of which Lady Mary seems to have augured ill, having but an indifferent opinion of him, detesting the party he belonged to, and believing that her sister was drawn in by the persuasion of an officious female friend,—his relation. These sentiments, however, were expressed without any great warmth, and not as if the event interested her deeply. But the death of her brother, Lord Kingston, which soon followed it,² does seem to have really touched her heart. It gave her the greater shock, because she knew nothing of the poor young man's illness until he was past all hope of recovery; for, as Lord Dorchester had not yet entirely forgiven her stolen marriage, he did not allow her to have much intercourse with the rest of his family. Lord Kingston, who died of the small-pox under age, though already a husband and a father, was of a most amiable disposition, and so affectionate to her, that he would have taken her part openly, and have

¹ Should be 1714. See note, *antè*, p. 52.—T.

² Lord Kingston died on the 1st of July, 1713.—T.

done everything in his power to facilitate her marriage, if the temper of Lord Dorchester had not been such as to render his endeavouring to oppose him more dangerous to himself than useful to his sister. Her reflections on his fate were consequently very bitter as well as very sorrowful; accusing her father of having blighted his youth, and destroyed all the peace and happiness of his short life, by marrying him to a silly, childish girl, for the sake of securing her fortune, before he could judge for himself or make a choice of his own.¹ In him she appeared to think she had lost her best, if not her only, natural friend.

Whenever Lady Mary's attention was much attracted by any report spread concerning one of her acquaintance, or any incident that happened in her society, a piece of good or ill fortune, a death or a marriage, her journal would often branch off into a kind of memoir while the subject was fresh in her mind. She certainly dwelt with most complacency upon whatever afforded the groundwork of a love-story, and as certainly did not spare her censures where the occasion called for them. The composition cost her no pains; she had the gift of writing freely in the first words that presented themselves; so that the fair pages of the diary seldom betrayed a blot or an erasure. Both her daughter and the old servant, who had often seen her at her writing-desk, bore witness to this extraordinary facility.

The most interesting of the narratives was a history of her early companion, Dolly Walpole (as she always called her)—according to her description a beautiful, innocent, well-meaning girl, but endowed with only a moderate portion of sense;² giddy, thoughtless, vain, open to flattery, utterly ignorant of the world; in short, though not capable of acting wrong designedly, just the person, if we may use the vulgar tongue, to *get often into scrapes*. Her eldest brother, then Mr. Walpole,

¹ Lord Kingston married Rachel, daughter of Thomas Baynton, Esq., and by her, although he died before attaining twenty-one, left two children.—T.

² See Lady Mary's account of the Court of George the First.—T.

had brought her to London in hopes that her beauty, the pride of his county, might captivate something superior to a Norfolk squire. But being immersed in politics, and careless of what passed at home, he left her to the guidance of his wife,¹ an empty, coquettish, affected woman, anything rather than correct in her own conduct, or spotless in her fame; greedy of admiration, and extremely dissatisfied at having to share it with this younger fairer inmate. In spite of her envious machinations, lovers soon crowded round Dolly, and one of the number presently obtained the preference he languished for. He had all manner of good qualities, was handsome, pleasing, as passionately in love as romance could have required, and heir to a competent fortune; but not altogether his own master: he depended upon his friends. A young man's *friends*, in this sense, meaning parents, guardians, old uncles, and the like, are rarely propitious to love. As no second sight revealed to them the long glories of Sir Robert Walpole's reign, they looked solely to a matter nearer at hand—Dolly's portion; and finding that *null*, entered their protest in a determined manner. Mrs. Walpole triumphed; she told tales, made mischief, incited Dolly to flirt with other admirers, and then lamented her fickleness and coquetry to the very people who, she knew, would be sure to speed the lament onward with no favourable comments. Lady Mary took to herself the credit of having been all this while her simple friend's protecting genius; of having often counteracted Mrs. Walpole, and sometimes unmasked her; given Dolly the best advice, and cleared up the misunderstandings between her and her lover that continually arose from jealousy on one side and indiscretion on the other. The story proceeded like its fellows in the Scudery folios, with *ins and outs* and *ups and downs*, more than can be remembered; but the sequel was, that the suitor, either inconstant or disgusted, finally withdrew from the chase, and the nymph remained disappointed and forsaken. Just at this unlucky moment, Lady Mary Pierrepont being absent at Thoresby, poor Dolly's evil star prevailed,

¹ Catherine Shorter, his first wife.—T.

and, while her mind was in that depressed, mortified state which makes us thankful to anybody who will give us so much as a kind look, led her into acquaintance with Lady Wharton, the very worst protectress she could acquire—a woman equally unfeeling and unprincipled: flattering, fawning, canting, affecting prudery and even sanctity, yet in reality as abandoned and unscrupulous as her husband himself.¹—So said the journal.

It is worth noting that Lady Mary Wortley, who abhorred the very name of Dean Swift, should yet have spoken of both Lord and Lady Wharton precisely as he did. The portraits were so alike that one might have been believed a copy of the other. To be sure, she was (in Doctor Johnson's phrase) almost as "good a hater" as the dean himself, and the diary proved it by certain passages relating to Queen Anne, Mrs. Masham, and also to persons obnoxious to her for private reasons: but neither private nor public operated against Lord Wharton, with whom she had had no quarrel, who was intimate with her family, and on the same side with her in party; therefore she probably only echoed the general voice in pronouncing him "the most profligate, impious, and shameless of men." Dolly Walpole, however, knowing nothing of any one's character, felt elated at being caressed and courted by so great and good a lady as the Countess of Wharton, told her all her secrets, and complained to her of all her grievances. The result was, that after one of these confidential conversations, when Mrs. Walpole had done something particularly spiteful, and Mr. Walpole happened to be out of town, Lady Wharton pressed the poor girl to leave his house for a few days and pass them in hers, where she should enjoy comfort and tranquillity. Dolly consented with joy, not in the least aware that there could be any objection; and Mrs. Walpole made none, because perfectly well aware, and secretly exulting in what she knew likely to follow.

Now, as Lady Mary proceeded to state, Lord Wharton's

¹ "I saw Lady Wharton, as ugly as the Devil, coming out of the crowd all in an undress."—*Swift's Journal to Stella*, 6 February, 1711-12.—T.

character was so infamous, and his lady's complaisant subserviency so notorious, that no young woman could be four-and-twenty hours under their roof with safety to her reputation.¹ Dean Swift says nothing much stronger than this. Upon Mr. Walpole's return home, enraged at finding whither his sister had betaken herself, he flew to Lord Wharton's, and, thundering for admittance, demanded her aloud, regardless who might hear him. My lord, not at all inclined to face him in this temper, thought it safest to abscond; so, crept privately out of his own house by a back door, leaving my lady to bide the pelting of the storm, pitiless as it threatened to prove. Sir Robert, it is well known, was at no time apt to be over delicate or ceremonious: he accosted her ladyship in the plainest English, bestowed upon her some significant epithets, and, without listening to a word of explanation, forced away his weeping sister, with whom he set out for Norfolk the next morning.

Thus ended the first chapter of Dolly's adventures; but she was not doomed to be finally unfortunate. After doing penance for two or three years in a very dull retirement, she had the good luck to light upon a more capital prize in the country than she had ever aimed at in London, the person being Lord Townshend, one of the most unblemished statesmen and respectable gentlemen of that age.² Foreign employments had kept him abroad until Queen Anne's change of ministry, and since that he had been a long and sincere mourner for his first wife, the sister of Lord Pelham. Dolly was to him, therefore, a new beauty, no tattle concerning whom had ever reached his ears. Falling in love at once, he proposed, she accepted, and the news of the match prompted Lady Mary to sit down and write her history.

This brief memoir, it is observable, furnishes a clue to the origin of Horace Walpole's excessive dislike of Lady Mary

¹ Swift, in his violent attack upon Lord Wharton, says: "He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a stoic."—T.

² She married Lord Townshend in July, 1713.—T.

Wortley. His mother and she had been antagonists before he was born ; "*car tout est réciproque*," says La Bruyère. We see how Lady Mary represented Lady Walpole, and may take it for granted that Lady Walpole did not love or spare Lady Mary ; and if they continued to keep up the outward forms of acquaintanceship, which of course brought them often into contact, they would naturally hate each other all the more.

Mr. Walpole's affection for his mother was so much the most amiable point in his character, and his expressions whenever he names or alludes to her are so touching, come so directly and evidently from the heart, that one would very fain think of her as he did, and believe she had every perfection his partiality assigns to her. But, in truth, there was a contrary version of the matter, not resting solely, nor yet principally, upon the authority of Lady Mary Wortley. It filled so prominent a place in the scandalous history of the time, that the world knew as well which way Captain Lemuel Gulliver was glancing when gravely vindicating the reputation of my Lord *Treasurer* Flimnap's excellent lady, as what he meant by the red, green, and blue girdles of the Lilliputian grandees, or the said Flimnap's feats of agility on the tight-rope. Those ironical lines also, where Pope says that Sir Robert Walpole

"Had never made a friend in private life,
And was besides a tyrant to his wife,"

are equally well understood as conveying a sly allusion to his good-humoured unconcern about some things which more straitlaced husbands do not take so coolly.¹ Openly laughing at their nicety, he professed it his method "to go his own way, and let madam go hers." In a word, Horace Walpole himself was generally supposed to be the son of Carr Lord Hervey,²

¹ It is not probable that Pope intended any such "sly allusion" as Lady Louisa Stuart here supposes. The lines appear in a poem first published at a time when Pope and Walpole were on terms of friendship. Clumsy as they appear, they were evidently intended as a compliment to Walpole, and therefore would not be likely to contain an allusion which could not be otherwise than offensive.—T.

² The eldest son of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol. He died unmarried, and was succeeded by his half-brother, the more famous Lord Hervey, the issue of his father's second marriage.—W.

and Sir Robert not to be ignorant of it. One striking circumstance was visible to the naked eye; no beings in human shape could resemble each other less than the two passing for father and son; and, while their *reverse* of personal likeness provoked a malicious whisper, Sir Robert's marked neglect of Horace in his infancy tended to confirm it. A number of children, young Walpole one, were accustomed to meet and play together. Such of them as, like himself, lived to grow old, all united in declaring that no other boy within their knowledge was left so entirely in the hands of his mother, or seemed to have so little acquaintance with his father; the fact being, that Sir Robert Walpole took scarcely any notice of him, till his proficiency at Eton school, when a lad of some standing, drew his attention, and proved that, whether he had, or had not, a right to the name he went by, he was likely to do it honour.

Though in all probability Lord Orford never suspected that any doubt hung over his own birth, yet the mortifications of his youth on his mother's account could not but be severe; for, as she lived till he reached manhood, he must have known how completely she was overlooked and disregarded, though not ill treated, by her husband; and, before his tears for her loss were dried, he had the pang of seeing Miss Skerritt, the rival she hated, installed in her place. That Lady Mary Wortley had been the chief friend and protectress of his step-mother, was alone enough to make him bitter against her. In another instance, we must allow, he showed true generosity of mind. When Sir Robert Walpole, not content with publicly owning his natural daughter by Miss Skerritt, stretched his credit with the crown to the extent of obtaining for her a rank and title till then never conferred on the illegitimate offspring of any man but a prince, his son Horace, instead of murmuring at it, or viewing her with an evil eye, frankly opened his arms to her as a sister, and so called and considered her the rest of his life.

The daughter was not brought forward in this manner till after the death of the mother, who enjoyed her married situation a very few months. But the tale the recognition told

could hardly be new to any one. Lady Bute never adverted to it without pain and regret, having a tenderness for Miss Skerriitt's memory, which the recollection of her many agreeable qualities, her sweetness of temper, and fondness of herself as a child, rendered it difficult to overcome.¹

Upon the death of Queen Anne, Mr. Wortley's friends coming into power, he was appointed a Lord of the Treasury.² He had long been an active, efficient member of parliament, and when he first obtained this office, people expected that he would have a considerable sway in the new king's counsels : for a reason which will now seem rather surprising—he was the only man at the board (excepting, perhaps, Lord Halifax) who could converse with his majesty, because the only one who spoke French ; consequently, much of the business must have gone through his hands, if the sovereign, like his predecessors, William and Anne, had assisted in person at the meetings of the commissioners. But George the First leaving finance affairs and all others to be managed as his ministers pleased, Mr. Wortley had no more personal intercourse with him than the rest. Lady Mary presently attracted his notice, and likewise that of the Prince of Wales (George the Second). By her journal, indeed, it might have been imagined that the latter admired her rather more than the princess (though

¹ She was the daughter of Thomas Skerriitt, Esq., an Irish gentleman, who resided in Dover-street, Piccadilly, where he died in January, 1734. He appears to have been a sort of beau, being "well known at Tunbridge and the Bath;" though a respectable man who "paid ready money," and had "no debts." From his will, I infer, that he died possessed of some property; but the statement in the papers on his daughter's marriage, that she was "a lady of 80,000*l.* fortune," was probably an exaggeration. Edward Earl of Oxford, in his notes on the Peerage (Harleian MSS. 7654), has the following memorandum concerning her: "Saturday, March 4, 1737-8. Sir Robert owned his marriage with Miss Skerriitt, a person he kept long. He brought her to his house at Whitehall, dined with his family, was carried to Court, received most graciously, and visited by all the ladies of quality, both gentle and simple. She died in great pain." Mr. Dallaway erroneously addressed some of Lady Mary's letters during the embassy to her. She was not an early friend. From a letter of Lady Mar in Paris, certainly as late as 1721, it appears that Miss Skerriitt, though an acquaintance of hers, was not then known to her sister Lady Mary. Her name occurs first in the section of letters to Lady Mar.—T.

² May, 1715.—T.

usually far from jealous) could quite approve. For once, in a rapture, he called her royal highness from the card-table to look how becomingly Lady Mary was dressed! "Lady Mary always dresses well," said the princess, dryly, and returned to her cards. However, his favour was soon withdrawn, and hers regained. The father and son were already, almost at their first setting out, upon such hostile terms, that, the moment the prince heard of Lady Mary's having been at one of the king's select parties, he grew not only cool but resentful, taunting her as a deserter gone over to the enemy's camp; and thenceforward she dressed becomingly in vain. An increase of graciousness on the part of the princess made her amends.

A former edition tells us, "that the Court of George the First was modelled upon that of Louis the Fifteenth." A whimsical model! Since Louis was about seven years old when George, a man near sixty, ascended the British throne.¹ One would think Louis the *Fourteenth* must have been the person meant, but that the retired habits of the English monarch accorded no better with the stately ceremonial of the elder French one, than with the amusements and regulations of his great-grandson's nursery. George the First went to the play or opera in a sedan-chair, and sate, like another gentleman, in the corner of a lady's (a German lady's) box, with a couple of Turks in waiting instead of lords and grooms of the bedchamber. In one respect his Court, if Court it could be called, bore some resemblance to the old establishment of Versailles. There was a Madame de Maintenon. Two ladies had accompanied him from Hanover, Mademoiselle de Schulenberg, and Madame Kilmansegg, *née* Platen. The former, whom he created Duchess of Kendal, was lodged in St. James's Palace, and had such respect paid her as very much confirmed the rumour of a left-hand marriage. She presided at the king's evening parties, consisting of the Germans who

¹ Louis the Fifteenth was born February 15, 1709-10. George the First succeeded 1st of August, 1714. The statement referred to appeared in Mr. Dallaway's *Memoir of Lady Mary*.—T.

formed his familiar society, a few English ladies, and fewer English men: among them Mr. Craggs, the secretary of state, who had been at Hanover in the queen's time, and by thus having the *entrée* in private, passed for a sort of favourite.

Lady Mary's journal related a ridiculous adventure of her own at one of these royal parties; which, by-the-by, stood in great need of some laughing-matter to enliven them, for they seem to have been even more dull than it was reasonable to expect they should be. She had on one evening a particular engagement that made her wish to be dismissed unusually early; she explained her reasons to the Duchess of Kendal, and the duchess informed the king, who, after a few complimentary remonstrances, appeared to acquiesce. But when he saw her about to take her leave, he began battling the point afresh, declaring it was unfair and perfidious to cheat him in such a manner, and saying many other fine things, in spite of which she at last contrived to escape. At the foot of the great stairs she ran against Secretary Craggs just coming in, who stopped her to inquire what was the matter—were the company put off? She told him why she went away, and how urgently the king had pressed her to stay longer; possibly dwelling on that head with some small complacency. Mr. Craggs made no remark; but, when he had heard all, snatching her up in his arms as a nurse carries a child, he ran full speed with her up-stairs, deposited her within the ante-chamber, kissed both her hands respectfully (still not saying a word), and vanished. The pages seeing her returned, they knew not how, hastily threw open the inner doors, and, before she had recovered her breath, she found herself again in the king's presence. "*Ah! la re-voilà!*" cried he and the duchess, extremely pleased, and began thanking her for her obliging change of mind. The motto on all palace-gates is "HUSH!" as Lady Mary very well knew. She had not to learn that mystery and caution ever spread their awful wings over the precincts of a Court; where nobody knows what dire mischief may ensue from one unlucky syllable blabbed about any-

thing, or about *nothing*, at a wrong time. But she was bewildered, fluttered, and entirely off her guard; so, beginning giddily with "Oh Lord, sir, I have been so frightened!" she told his majesty the whole story exactly as she would have told it to any one else. He had not done exclaiming, nor his Germans wondering, when again the door flew open, and the attendants announced Mr. Secretary Craggs, who, but that moment arrived, it should seem, entered with the usual obeisance, and as composed an air as if nothing had happened. "*Mais comment donc, Monsieur Craggs,*" said the king, going up to him, "*est-ce que c'est l'usage de ce pays de porter des belles dames comme un sac de froment?*" "Is it the custom of this country to carry about fair ladies like a sack of wheat?" The minister, struck dumb by this unexpected attack, stood a minute or two not knowing which way to look; then, recovering his self-possession, answered with a low bow, "There is nothing I would not do for your majesty's satisfaction." This was coming off tolerably well; but he did not forgive the tell-tale culprit, in whose ear, watching his opportunity when the king turned from them, he muttered a bitter reproach, with a round oath to enforce it; "which I durst not resent," continued she, "for I had drawn it upon myself; and indeed I was heartily vexed at my own imprudence."

The name of George the First recalls a remarkable anecdote of his mother, the Princess Sophia, which Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary heard from Lord Halifax. When he and Lord Dorset were despatched by the Whig administration upon the welcome errand of announcing to her the act of parliament that secured the Hanover succession, at the same time carrying the Garter to the electoral prince, her grandson, they were received, as may be supposed, with every mark of distinction. At their first formal audience, as they commenced a set speech, after delivering their credentials, the old electress, who was standing, gave a kind of start, and almost *ran* to one corner of the room, where, fixing her back against the wall, she remained

they withdrew. Her behaviour being in all other respects very dignified and decorous, they were at a loss to divine what could have occasioned this extraordinary *move*, and very curious to discover the meaning of it; a secret which Lord Halifax at length got at, by dint of sifting and cross-questioning her courtiers. She had suddenly recollected that there hung in that room a picture of her cousin, the *PRETENDER*, and, in a fright lest it should catch their eyes, could hit upon no expedient to hide it but by screening it with her own person. The good princess, however, was not in the least disloyal to herself; she harboured no dislike to the prospect of a crown, nor any scruples about accepting it; but, nevertheless, valuing her Stuart-descent, she had a family feeling for the young man, whom she firmly believed to be as much James the Second's son, as George the First was her own. That is to say, she was what at the time all England would have styled "*a rank Jacobite.*"

The only event particularly interesting to Lady Mary that seems to have taken place between the king's accession and her journey to Constantinople was the marriage of her father, now Duke of Kingston, to "*the Fair Isabella,*" as she is called in the journal;¹ in common speech, Lady Belle Bentinck, the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Portland, King William's favourite. She was one of the most admired beauties in London, and had long been the object of his grace's pursuit. Her previous history supplied the diary with a romantic tale, but Lady Mary did not pretend that it had come under her own cognisance, like Dolly Walpole's, or say from what authority she gave it. The heads of it were, a passion for a younger lover, and the combats and conflicts of love on one side, with interest and ambition on the other; until these latter, gaining a complete victory, made the offers of a man who had three married daughters older than the lady herself appear too tempting to be refused. It is needless to add that Lady Mary was free from any partial feeling towards a

¹ The marriage took place in 1702.

mother-in-law who, as she supposed, aimed straight at becoming a rich widow. If so, she had not the happiness of being one long; for, notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, she survived her husband but two years. He died in 1726; Lady Bute remembered having seen him once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she playing about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome), with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing. A proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.

Lady Bute witnessed the observance of another, now obsolete, in the ceremony that her grandfather's widow had to go through soon after his funeral was over. It behoved her *to see company*; that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender, in person likewise. And this was the established form: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the duchess, closely veiled with crape, sate upright in her state-bed under a high black canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased duke—Lady Frances Pierrepont,¹ Miss Wortley herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned: the room had no light but from a single wax taper; and the condoling visitors, who curtsied in and out of it, approached the bed on tiptoe; if relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in black-glove-mourning for the occasion.

We may perceive from this that Sir Richard Steele's comedy of the "Funeral" contained no exaggeration. Nor was the custom of putting houses into mourning for their defunct owners confined to the great. In the supposed letter of Partridge the astrologer, the undertaker, concluding that

"the doctor must needs have died rich," sets about the wainscot, and says, "Let's see; the passage and rooms hung in close mourning, with a stripe of round the others, will be sufficient." How a miser grudged the expense of dying!

It has been already said that the volumes containing Mary Wortley's journal while in Turkey, were among those which Lady Bute trusted one of her family to peruse. This portion of her diary was retained some time, with the printed letters, and examined with very great attention. It proved, as far as what we may call a negative, to be proved, that the story, so generally prevalent, of Mary's having had admittance into the Seraglio, was wholly false and groundless. In those pages intended to describe her eye but her own—where, as in the preceding volumes, each event was set down day by day, every day accounted for, however briefly, every place she went to specified—no word denoted, not a mysterious or ambiguous expression, the least room to surmise that she had ever set her foot on the walls of the Sultan's palace, either at Adrianople or Constantinople; nay, that she had ever sought to do it, or thought of it as a thing practicable. The respectable gentleman who edited her works in 1803,¹ was no way to be blamed for having adopted a notion which he found commonly received by the world; yet it would appear strange, if we did not know the power of prejudice, that his prepossessions on this subject could make him fancy he saw in the printed letters which had lain so long under everybody's eyes, what was not there. "Many people," he says, "were at first inclined to doubt the possibility of her acquiring the kind of information she has given respecting the interior of the Harem—respecting which, the *Royal* Harem, she has given no information of any kind, excepting what she obtained from the Sultana Hafiten. Nobody can doubt the possibility of one person's hearing what another says; and her words are, 'I

¹ Mr. Dallaway.—T.

did not omit the opportunity of learning all I possibly could about the Seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us." In none of her letters, saving that where this visit is described, does she so much as mention, or allude to, the *interior* of the Seraglio. At Adrianople she writes: "The Seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace; but the gardens are large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees, *which is all I know of them, never having been in them.*" Again, at Constantinople: "I have taken care to see as much of the Seraglio as is to be seen;—it is a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens take in a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, *which is all I know of them.*" Do not these two paragraphs say the self-same thing—viz. that she knew nothing of either building but the outside? Yet this note is appended to the latter: "It is evident that Lady Mary did not mean to assert that she had seen the interior of the Seraglio at Constantinople. She had certainly seen that at Adrianople."!!!

But let us hear the testimony of the natives; first taking into our account the wide difference of their position in the beginning and at the close of the last century. Mr. Wortley's embassy found the Turks in full power and pride. Their arms had driven the Venetians out of Greece. Peter the Great of Russia, hemmed in with his whole army by that of the Grand Vizier, had been reduced to *buy* the permission of making a safe retreat. The hero of Europe, Charles the Twelfth, had become their suppliant, their pensioner, and finally, their captive. At that period they disdained to send ambassadors to any foreign court, and affected to regard those sent to them, either as mere commercial agents, or as the bearers of homage from their respective sovereigns. In 1799, we saw a Turkish ambassador smoking his pipe in the garden of Portman-square. The Ottoman empire, curtailed, humbled, dejected, despoiled of whole provinces by Russia, about to have the fairest of those remaining wrested from it by Bonaparte, was lying, "like a sick fallen beast," at the feet of England.

Was this a time for the Porte to refuse a favour which it had freely granted in its haughtier days? Yet, when the English ambassadress asked leave to visit the ladies of the Seraglio, it was peremptorily denied, as contrary to the fundamental rules of their monarchy.

The customs of the East are known to be unchangeable, and more respected by the Oriental nations than our laws by us. The usage debarring any foreign minister's wife from entering the Royal Harem, was of this nature; held too sacred for the Grand Signor himself to infringe. Lady Mary Wortley's example being pleaded, the Turks, male and female, laughed at the story as a ridiculous fable, invented by some one grossly ignorant of their manners; and declared that if she herself said she was ever in the Seraglio of Achmet the Third, she told a falsehood which only Frankish credulity could believe. Shortly afterwards, on the news of our success in Egypt, the Valida, or queen-mother, by an act of condescension till then unknown, consented to give the ambassadress an audience—but not within the Seraglio, that could not be. She removed for the purpose into a palace of her own quite apart from it, and there the ceremony passed.

The belief which these impartial judges laughed to scorn, did, as they said, take its rise from a fable; an absurd, but also a malicious tale, fabricated some time after Lady Mary's return to England. She alludes to it with contempt in a letter written from Florence, and imputes its invention to the malignity of Pope; whether justly or not, is nothing to our present purpose. This letter being one of those published in an additional volume in 1767, and rejected in the edition of 1803, from a doubt of their authenticity, it may be proper to state why they are reprinted here. In Lady Bute's lifetime, a person who had heard that there was such a doubt, yet thought their style and spirit spoke them genuine, begged her to decide the question. She sent for the book, and, after turning over half a dozen pages, exclaimed, "Genuine beyond all dispute;" a sentence she confirmed as she went on, saying

of one letter in particular, "I am as sure my mother wrote this as if I had seen the pen in her hand."¹

During Lady Mary's travels, she copied into her diary the letters of Pope and Congreve as she received them; and it contained the whole substance of her own meaning of those printed in 1763. The descriptions of her journey, of the court and society of Vienna, of inoculation of Fatima, of the Sultana Hafiten, of the antiquities, baths, mosques, janissaries, effendis, &c. &c., were all there; sometimes more diffusedly given, but oftener in the very same words. It seemed her custom to note everything down without a moment's delay; and then, when she wrote a letter, to transcribe from the journal the passages she thought fittest to be communicated to her friends, or, one may say, to the world. For, although she did not design the correspondence for publication while she was living, she had it copied, and allowed many people to read it. The diary, of course, contained further details; but the cream having been skimmed for the letters, the rest was not very interesting or important. No Valida ever was named, therefore the princess represented by Voltaire as so active in befriending Charles the Twelfth, had probably died before Mr. Wortley's arrival at her son's court. Upon the whole, Lady Mary led a retired life most of the time she passed in that country.

It is known that when on her way to die, as it proved, in her own, she gave a copy of the letters to Mr. Sowden, minister of the English church at Rotterdam, attesting the gift by her signature. This showed it was her wish that they should eventually be published; but Lady Bute, hearing only that a number of her mother's letters were in a stranger's hands, and having no certainty what they might be, to whom addressed, or how little of a private nature, could not but earnestly desire to obtain them, and readily paid the price demanded—five hundred pounds. In a few months she saw them appear in

¹ Nevertheless, the present editor feels great doubts of the genuineness of these letters. See remarks in the Memoir, *ante*, p. 15.—T.

print. Such was the fact; and how it came about, nobody at this time of day need either care or inquire.¹

The first editor of these letters—a Mr. Cleland, as it is supposed, or whoever else he might be—ascribes the preface, dated in 1724, and signed M. A., to a lady of quality, whom he terms “the fair and elegant prefacer:” epithets most unluckily chosen, unless the lovers of *fine style* hold them as inseparably annexed to a petticoat, as, in parliamentary language, “honourable” is to an M.P. This fair and elegant lady of quality was no less a person than Mistress Mary Astell, of learned memory, the Madonella of the Tatler, a very pious, exemplary woman, and a profound scholar, but as far from fair and elegant as any old schoolmaster of her time: in outward form, indeed, rather ill-favoured and forbidding, and of a humour to have repulsed the compliment roughly, had it been paid her while she lived. For she regarded such common-place phrases as insults in disguise, impertinently offered by men through a secret persuasion that all women were fools. She may be thought to have dealt in wholesale praise herself, but her encomiums, though excessive, were sincere;

¹ The way in which a germ of fact may expand in the pages of anecdote tellers is curiously illustrated by the following account—or what appears to be an account—of this transaction, as given according to Malone’s memorandum by Horace Walpole: “On her death-bed she [Lady Mary] gave seventeen large volumes in MS. of her letters, memoirs, and poems, to the clergyman who attended her, with an injunction to publish them; but Lady Bute, her daughter, being very desirous to prevent this, prevailed on her husband, who was then Prime Minister, to give the clergyman a good Crown living. For this bribe he broke his trust.” (Compare this with Walpole’s letter to Sir H. Mann, October 3, 1762.) According to another anecdote writer, Horace Walpole ought to have been better informed on this point. The Margravine of Anspach (Lady Craven), in her *Memoirs* (ii. 116), gives the following curious particulars, which the reader who has faith may endeavour to reconcile with the statements in the text: “My acquaintance with Lady Bute, the daughter of Lady Wortley Montagu, began in a very singular way. She sent me a very polite message on hearing that I had said the cloven foot of the pedant was plainly to be perceived in the printed letters of her mother: that some things might be hers, but I was sure most of the letters were composed by men. Her ladyship having heard this remark, upon her introduction to me said that she had always had a high opinion of my sense, and what I had observed respecting her mother’s letters confirmed it. She then told me that Mr. Walpole and two other wits, friends of his, joined in a trio to divert themselves at the expense of the credulity of the English public by composing these letters.” It is of course impossible that Lady Craven’s story could be correct.—T

she was an enthusiast, not a flatterer, and felt for Lady Mary Wortley that fond partiality which old people of ardent tempers sometimes entertain for a rising genius in their own line. Literature had been hers; and she triumphed in Lady Mary's talents as proofs of what it was her first wish to demonstrate, namely, the mental equality of the sexes; if not the superiority of woman to man. Many a tract have the worms long ago eaten, or the pastrycooks demolished, in which she laid down this doctrine; exposing the injustice and tyranny of one sex, and maintaining the capacity of the other, if allowed fair play, for the highest attainments. But, like most people who are bent upon establishing a theory which they know others will controvert, and suspect they may laugh at, she often wrote herself into a passion as she went on, and made more free with the words jackanapes, puppy, booby, and blockhead, than we should think becoming in a fair and elegant authoress at present.

Among Lady Mary Wortley's books there was one of these treatises, splendidly bound, and inscribed "From the Author." The language was coarse but forcible, Mrs. Astell's wrath and zeal and spite against saucy mankind comically bitter, and her indignation excessive at the eagerness of foolish womankind to get husbands; but for which unaccountable weakness, she felt assured that a new leaf might be turned over, and the tyrants be brought to confusion. This sentence is recollected: "If a young fellow do but know enough to keep himself clean, you shall have him thinking, forsooth, that he may pretend to a woman of the best quality and understanding." And when by chance the clean men succeeded better with the high and wise women than their presumption deserved—an accident which will now and then happen—it was matter of positive pain and grief to her righteous spirit.

The tract in question, long out of print and forgotten, could hardly have been known to Mary Wolstonecroft; yet it so resembled her "Rights of Women," that the effect was ludicrous, considering how directly the two ladies were contrasted in character, principles, and practice: the ancient cham-

pioness of the sex being a devout Christian, a flaming high-church-woman, deeply read in abstruse divinity, strictly virtuous, and eminently loyal; the modern one, if we may trust her husband's report and her own, the reverse of all these things. This, however, enabled her to take the field unencumbered with some difficulties which must have shackled her forerunner; for instance, certain passages in the third chapter of Genesis, such as, *He shall rule over thee*.

How Mrs. Astell got over these is not remembered; but assuredly it could not be, like the free-thinking Mary, by contemning their authority. Whatever were her foibles and prejudices, her piety was genuine, fervent, and humble: cordially loving as well as admiring Lady Mary Wortley, she had nothing so much at heart as to promote her spiritual welfare, and turn her attention from the vanities of this world to the chief concern of accountable beings.

One day, after a serious discussion of some religious subject, very eagerly pursued on Mrs. Astell's side, she paused, and, gazing at Lady Mary with melancholy earnestness, said, impressively, "My days are numbered: I am old; that you know; but I now tell you in confidence, I have a mortal disease which must soon bring me to the grave. I go hence, I humbly trust in Christ, to a state of happiness; and if departed spirits be permitted to revisit those whom they have loved on earth, remember I make you a solemn promise that mine shall appear to you, and confirm the truth of all I have been saying."—Surely a most affecting proof of true and tender friendship, whether the forming such an intention be thought presumptuous or pardonable. A few weeks afterwards she died (of a cancer); but Lady Mary said the awful apparition never came.

One word more of Mrs. Astell, although she may have already engrossed too many. Lady Mary Wortley had what we should now call an album, a book of poetical scraps, ballads, epigrams, elegies, lampoons, the floating ephemera of the moment; almost all collected previously to the year 1730.

Amongst these was the following Ode to Friendship, addressed to herself by Mrs. Mary Astell :

“ Friendship! peculiar gift of Heav’n,
The noble mind’s delight and pride,
To Wortley and to angels giv’n,
To all the lower world denied :

While Love, unknown among the blest,
Parent of rage and hot desire,
The human and the savage breast
Inflames alike, with equal fire.

With bright but oft destructive gleam
Alike o’er all his lightnings fly;
Thy lambent glories only beam
Around the fav’rites of the sky.

Thy gentle flow of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne’er descend :
In vain for thee the monarch sighs
Who hugs a flatt’rer for a friend

When virtues, kindred virtues meet,
And *sister*-souls together join,
Thy pleasures, lasting as they’re sweet,
Are all transporting, all divine.

Oh! may this flame ne’er cease to glow
Till you to happier seats remove!
What raised your virtue here below,
Shall aid your happiness above.”

The reader will perceive that this is the same ode which, with some variations for the better, Boswell has given us as written at an early age by Dr. Johnson. Query, which of these two conscientious people, the Doctor or Mrs. Astell, could be guilty of purloining their neighbour’s goods and passing them off for their own? And also, the difference of ages and distance of abodes considered, what breeze could have wafted the stanzas of the one into the scrutoire of the other? The sentiments undoubtedly seem better suited to an austere maiden gentlewoman, ever the sworn foe of Love, than to a stripling at the time of life when “*that boy and that boy’s deeds*” (as lately sang Sir James Bland Burgess) are seldom held in any great abhorrence. Not that we dare build upon this argument, because many young people will defy him stoutly before they have the misfortune to make his acquaintance. But *dates*, as Johnson himself would have said,

are stubborn things. Boswell tells us that this ode was first published in the year 1743. Now, Mrs. Astell had then been dead twelve years; and, since her ghost never did pay Lady Mary Wortley a visit, it is to be presumed she gave her the verses while she was alive. In short, the *pro* and *con.* of the affair might find the Gentleman's Magazine in matter of controversy for a twelvemonth.¹

Lady Mary's introduction of inoculation on her return from the East, is a subject of far greater importance. The small-pox was a disorder which she had sufficient reason to dread: it carried off her only brother, and had visited her so severely that she always said she meant the Flavia of her sixth Town Eclogue for herself, having expressed in that poem what her own sensations were while slowly recovering under the apprehension of being totally disfigured.² Although this did not happen, yet the disease left tokens of its passage, for it deprived her of very fine eyelashes; which gave a fierceness to her eyes that impaired their beauty. Former sufferings and mortifications therefore, she acknowledged, led her to observe the Turkish invention with particular interest; but only the higher motive of hoping to save numberless lives could have given her courage to resolve upon bringing home the discovery. For what an arduous, what a fearful, and, we may add, what a thankless enterprise it was, nobody is now in the least aware. Those who have heard her applauded for it ever since they were born, and have also seen how joyfully vaccination was welcomed in their own days, may naturally conclude that when once the experiment had been made, and had proved successful, she could have nothing to

¹ The version of the poem given by Boswell gives the third line of the first stanza:

"To men and angels only given;"

which, making better sense with the context, furnished one of Lady L. Stuart's critics with an argument that "whoever wrote the verses, this copy of Mrs. Astell's is surely not the original."—T.

² If this were so, then Lady Mary must have had the small-pox in or before the year 1715, in which year, according to the heading copied from her manuscript book, the Town Eclogues were written.—T.

do but to sit down triumphant, and receive the thanks and blessings of her countrymen. But it was far otherwise. The age she belonged to resembled Farmer Goodenough in Miss Edgeworth's popular tale "The Will," who sets his face doggedly against all changes, innovations, and improvements, no matter what. How like ours may peradventure be to the same author's Marvel, ever prone to run headlong after every new device, no matter what, we will not inquire. Lady Mary protested that in four or five years immediately succeeding her arrival at home, she seldom passed a day without repenting of her patriotic undertaking; and she vowed that she never would have attempted it if she had foreseen the vexation, the persecution, and even the obloquy it brought upon her. The clamours raised against the practice, and of course against her, were beyond belief. The faculty all rose in arms to a man, foretelling failure and the most disastrous consequences; the clergy descanted from their pulpits on the impiety of thus seeking to take events out of the hand of Providence; the common people were taught to hoot at her as an unnatural mother, who had risked the lives of her own children.¹ And notwithstanding that she soon gained many supporters amongst the higher and more enlightened classes, headed by the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline), who stood by her firmly, some even of her acquaintance were weak enough to join in the outcry.

We now read in grave medical biography that the discovery was instantly hailed, and the method adopted, by the principal members of that profession. Very likely they left this recorded; for whenever an invention or a project—and the same may be said of persons—has made its way so well by itself as to establish a certain reputation, most people are sure to find out that they always patronised it from the

¹ Her son, Edward Wortley, was inoculated or "ingrafted" at Constantinople. When he subsequently absconded from school, the fact helped in a curious way to identify him. He was described in the advertisement, offering twenty pounds reward "and reasonable charges," as having "two marks by which he is easily known—viz. on the back of each arm, about two or three inches above the wrist, a small roundish scar, less than a silver penny, like a large mark of the small-pox."—T.

beginning; and a happy gift of forgetfulness enables many to believe their own assertion. But what said Lady Mary of the actual fact and actual time? Why, that the four great physicians deputed by government to watch the progress of her daughter's inoculation, betrayed not only such incredulity as to its success, but such an unwillingness to have it succeed, such an evident spirit of rancour and malignity, that she never cared to leave the child alone with them one second, lest it should in some secret way suffer from their interference.

Lady Bute herself could partly confirm her mother's account by her own testimony, for afterwards the battle was often fought in her presence. As inoculation gained ground, all who could make or claim the slightest acquaintance with Lady Mary Wortley used to beg for her advice and superintendence while it was going on in their families; and she constantly carried her little daughter along with her to the house, and into the sick-room, to prove her security from infection.

A child, especially a solitary child, if intelligent, attends to what passes before it much earlier and more heedfully than people imagine. From six years old upwards, Lady Bute could see the significant shrugs of the nurses and servants, and observe the looks of dislike they cast at her mother. She also overheard anxious parents repeating to Lady Mary the arguments that had been used to deter them from venturing upon the trial; and aunts and grandmothers, in the warmth of their zeal against it, quoting the opinion of this doctor or that apothecary. All which, well remembered, enabled her to conceive how strong were the prejudices it originally had to encounter.

It may be urged with some justice that the obstinacy of *Farmer Goodenough* produced one excellent effect: the matter was, in Chaucer's words, "bouted to the bran;" it underwent a far more severe and thorough investigation than if it had been at first received with open arms, or suffered to pass with less opposition. But what *will be* does not alter what *is*; and Lady Mary was surely pardonable for sometimes regretting

that the prospect of future good to the world at large had induced her to incur present personal evil.

Perhaps it will not be straying too widely from the subject to mention here a remarkable passage in the life of Lady Mary Wortley's grandson, William Stuart, the late Primate of Ireland. During the long time that he was only vicar of Luton in Bedfordshire, a malignant small-pox broke out in that neighbourhood, almost equal, upon a smaller scale, to some of the pestilences recorded in history. The mortality increased so fast, and the minds of the country people were so distracted with terror, that he at length, taking his resolution, offered to have every person who was still uninfected inoculated at his own expense.

A religious scruple lingered yet among the dissenters, who were very numerous in that parish and those adjoining; but excessive apprehension overcame it: they, like the rest, crowded to signify their assent, and within a fortnight above two thousand persons of all ages underwent the operation. Mr. Stuart stood alone without coadjutor or adviser; his family, who were at a distance, knew nothing of the transaction; he had only a country practitioner and country nurses to depend upon; add to this, that it was impossible such a number of patients could all be duly prepared or properly attended to; neither persuasion, entreaties, nor authority, could make the poor always observe the directions he gave them; and some, whom he would fain have deterred on account of their advanced age or sickly habits, would run the risk in spite of his prohibition. Yet it pleased God to grant him complete success. Very few difficult cases occurred, and only three people died; an infirm unhealthy woman, a man past eighty years old, and an infant whose mother afterwards confessed she knew it had already caught the disease, which in her ignorance she supposed inoculation was to cure. To crown all, for several succeeding years the small-pox scarcely reappeared in that district. But when his parishioners were safe, Mr. Stuart himself began to sink under all that he had suffered in body and mind. The

exertions daily and nightly required to supply what was wanted, and overlook what was passing (often at a considerable distance), made his fatigues very severe; but the deep feeling of responsibility, and the anxiety which he had to stifle and keep concealed, whatever the effort might cost, were a thousand times more oppressive. Many months elapsed before he recovered his former health and spirits.—This digression the reader must forgive.

The next point of much consequence in Lady Mary Wortley's history is her quarrel with Pope. If this had made less noise and been less canvassed, it would be desirable to pass it by unnoticed; for when two persons of distinguished ability misemploy their talents and degrade themselves by striving to vilify each other, the honest part of their admirers must feel more inclination to avert their eyes from the conflict than to engage in it as partisans of either. Her own statement, however, was this: that at some ill-chosen time, when she least expected what romances call a *declaration*, he made such passionate love to her, as, in spite of her utmost endeavours to be angry and look grave, provoked an immoderate fit of laughter; from which moment he became her implacable enemy.

When we see how a personal defect, comparatively trifling, weighed upon Lord Byron's mind, and, by his own avowal, warped his character, we cannot wonder that a temper so irritable as Pope's should have winced at being reminded of his extreme deformity more forcibly than by a thousand words. Doubtless, too, his vanity had taken as encouragement her permitting him to write her love-letters—*i. e.* letters commonly so called, expressive neither of passion, nor affection, nor any natural feeling whatsoever; tissues of far-fetched conceits and extravagant compliments; the prose counterparts of those love-verses which Dr. Johnson christened metaphysical. But let it be observed, in justice to Lady Mary's taste, that her answers treat this kind of language with tacit contempt. Viewing it probably, with the widow in *Hudibras*, as only "high-heroic

fustian," she returns him a recital of some plain matter of fact, and never takes the smallest notice of protestation or panegyric.

Pope certainly thought that ladies could not be addressed without these flourishes, or in any simpler style than that of Balzac and Voiture, then the received models of letter-writing. To men he wrote differently; yet surely his letters, even to them, to his intimate friends, smell of the lamp, and bear the marks of study and composition as visibly as his most finished poems.

ALAS!—is all that can be said about the warfare that followed. It is to be hoped that Lady Mary had little share in the "Verses to the Imitator of Horace," and some others which shall not be reprinted in this edition. If they were chiefly Lord Hervey's, they have no business here; and, at any rate, are better forgotten than remembered.

The readers of Dr. Johnson will recollect this passage in his Life of Pope: "The table (Lord Oxford's) was infested by Lady Mary Wortley, who was the friend of Lady Oxford, and who, knowing his peevishness, could by no entreaties be restrained from contradicting him, till their disputes were sharpened to such asperity that the one or the other quitted the house." When Lady Bute read the Lives of the Poets on their first publication, she pointed out this paragraph to one of her daughters, observing, "How ill Johnson must have been informed! My mother's intimacy with Lady Oxford was by no means of an early date; their acquaintance first began within my own memory, long after the quarrel with Pope had risen to such a height, and become so public, that it would have been insulting her grossly to admit him into any house where she was one of the guests expected. I am confident they never met at Lord Oxford's table in their lives."

Upon her mentioning the subject to her friend the Dowager-Duchess of Portland, Lord Oxford's only child, the duchess, who, being her elder by three years, could go those three years farther back, and speak to the point so much more positively, said she was *certain* that no such meeting had ever taken

place beneath her father's roof. "If *he* could have dreamed of inviting them at the same time (said she), which his good breeding and sense of propriety made impossible, my mother, who adored Lady Mary and hated Pope, would no more have consented to it than she would have put her hand in the fire." That great poet, it was clear from many expressions that escaped the duchess, had not won the good will of Lord Oxford's family in the same degree as Matthew Prior; of whom she always spoke with affection, and said he made himself beloved by every living thing in the house,—master, child, and servant, human creature or animal.

It is a common remark, that people of brilliant parts often have no objection to relax, or *rest*, their understandings in the society of those whose intellects are a little more obtuse. Here was an instance: the gods never made anybody less poetical than Lady Oxford;¹ and yet Lady Mary Wortley, though in general not over tolerant to her inferiors in capacity, appears upon the whole to have loved nobody so well. And there was an exception equally striking in her favour; for Lady Oxford, heartily detesting most of the wits who surrounded her husband, yet admired Lady Mary with all her might; pretty much as the parish clerk reverences the rector for his Greek and Hebrew. Lady Bute confessed that she sometimes got into sad disgrace, by exclaiming, "Dear mamma! how can you be so fond of that stupid woman?" which never failed to bring upon her a sharp reprimand, and a lecture against rash judgments, ending with, "Lady Oxford is not shining, but she has much more in her than such giddy things as you and your companions can discern." Her daughter, the duchess, perhaps from being at that unripe season giddy too, was suspected of having penetrated no farther into the hidden treasures of her mother's mind than any of her young friends. Dulness assuredly had no share in her own composition.

Another of Lady Mary's friends, the famous Lord Hervey,

¹ Lady Henrietta Cavendish Holles, only daughter of John Holles, first Duke of Newcastle.—W.

however blackened or extolled, must have been anything but stupid. Their intimacy did not always prevent her from laughing at him, as is proved by the well-known sentence, almost a proverb, "that this world consisted of men, women, and Herveys," which was originally hers. And so might be a chance epigram or ballad besides, yet no great harm done. For as there are some people who must be handled seriously or not meddled with, and a few whom it would be sacrilege and profanation to laugh at, there are others with whom their friends take that liberty every day; nay, who invite it by laughing at themselves. This is very commonly the case with those who, being conscious of some whimsical peculiarity, and withal no fools, think that humorously exaggerating their own foible, gives them a privilege to indulge it. The exaggeration then gets abroad, and by that the character is stamped. For "half the strange stories you hear in the world" (said one who knew it well) "come from people's not understanding a joke." Accordingly it has been handed down as a proof of the extreme to which Lord Hervey carried his effeminate nicety, that, when asked at dinner whether he would have some beef, he answered, "Beef?—Oh, no!—Fough! Don't you know I never eat beef, nor *horse*, nor any of those things?"—Could any mortal have said this in earnest?

Lord Hervey dying a few years after Lady Mary Wortley settled abroad,¹ his eldest son sealed up and sent her her letters, with an assurance that none of them had been read or opened. The late Lord Orford affirmed that Sir Robert Walpole did the same with regard to those she had written to his second wife; but she probably destroyed both collections, for no traces of them appeared among her papers. To Lord Hervey's heir she wrote a letter of thanks for his honourable conduct, adding, that she could almost regret he had not glanced his eye over a correspondence which would have shown him what so young a man might perhaps be inclined to doubt,—the possibility of a long and steady friendship subsisting between two persons of

¹ He died August 15, 1743, aged forty-seven.—T.

different sexes without the least mixture of love. Much pleased with this letter, he preserved it; and, when Lady Mary came to England, showed it to Lady Bute, desiring she would ask leave for him to visit her mother.

His own mother, Lady Hervey, made no such request; for she had partaken neither of the correspondence nor the friendship. That *dessous des cartes*, which Madame de Sévigné advises us to peep at, would here have betrayed that Lord and Lady Hervey had lived together upon very amicable terms, "as well-bred as if not married at 'all," according to the demands of Mrs. Millamant in the play; but without any strong sympathies, and more like a French couple than an English one. It might be from suspecting this state of things, that his avowed enemies, Pope for one, went out of their way to compliment and eulogise her. However, their praises were not unmerited: by the attractions she retained in age, she must have been singularly captivating when young, gay, and handsome; and never was there so perfect a model of the finely polished, highly-bred, genuine woman of fashion. Her manners had a foreign tinge, which some called affected; but they were gentle, easy, dignified, and altogether exquisitely pleasing. One circumstance will excite surprise: notwithstanding her constant close connexion with the old Court, she was, at heart and in opinion, a zealous Jacobite; hardly, perhaps, to the pitch of wishing the Pretender's enterprise success, yet enough so to take fire in defence of James the Second if ever she heard any blame laid to his charge.

At the time of Lady Mary Wortley's return home, Lady Hervey was living in great intimacy with Lady Bute, for whom she professed, and it is believed really felt, the highest esteem and admiration. On hearing of her mother's arrival, she came to her, owning herself embarrassed by the fear of giving her pain or offence, but yet compelled to declare, that formerly something had passed between her and Lady Mary which made any renewal of their acquaintance impossible; therefore, if she forbore visiting her, she threw herself upon Lady Bute's friendship and candour for pardon. No explana-

tion followed. Lady Bute, who must have early seen the necessity of taking care not to be entangled in her mother's quarrels, which, to speak truth, were seldom few in number, only knew that there had been an old feud between her, Lady Hervey, and Lady Hervey's friend, Mrs. (or Lady) Murray;¹ the particulars of which, forgotten even then by everybody but themselves, may well be now beyond recal. Those treble-refined sets of company who occupy the pinnacle of fashion, are at all times subject to such intestine jars as only the French word *tracasseries* can fitly express. Lady Mary's letters to Lady Mar betray how much of this sort of work was continually going on in their society.

Mrs. Murray, whom she so often mentions, was the daughter of Mr. Baillie,² of Jerviswood, Bishop Burnet's near relation, a leading man in Parliament, of most respectable character. Though married, she resided with her father,³ as did also the rest of his family. Lady Hervey's Letters, published in 1821, contain a warm panegyric upon her; and Lady Mary Wortley herself could not deny her the praise of being very pretty, very agreeable, and very generally admired; all which rendered only the more grating a strange adventure that befel her in the midst of her brilliant career. One of her father's footmen, probably either mad or drunk, entered her room at midnight, armed with a pistol, and declared a passion for her, which he swore he would gratify, or take her life. Her cries brought assistance: he was seized, tried, and transported; she forced to give evidence against him at the Old Bailey. How such a story, and such a public appearance must have wounded the feelings of a gentlewoman, it is easy to conceive. Any allusion to it must have been galling; and one cannot wonder if she took unkindly even Lady Mary's

¹ Both Lady Hervey and Mrs. Murray were active partisans of Lord Grange in his persecutions of Lady Mary, and aided him in his attempts to get possession of her sister, Lady Mar.—T.

² The ancestor of Lord Haddington and Mr. Baillie. Having no son, he entailed his fortune on the second son of his daughter, Lady Binning, on condition that he should take the name of Baillie.—W.

³ She had been long separated from her husband, on the alleged ground of his excessive jealousy.—T.

"Epistle from Arthur Grey in Newgate," although complimentary to her charms, and containing nothing injurious to her character. But she accused Lady Mary of having also made her the subject of a very offensive ballad;¹ and this Lady Mary positively denied. Various bickerings took place; peace seems to have been sometimes patched up, but war to have quickly broken out afresh, and, like all other wars, to have left marks of its footsteps long visible on the soil.

In these old days, people's brains being more active and ingenious than their fingers, ballads swarmed as abundantly as caricatures are swarming at present, and were struck off almost as hastily, whenever wit and humour, or malice and scurrility, found a theme to fasten upon. A ballad was sure to follow every incident that had in it a ludicrous corner, from

"The woeful christening late there did
In James's house befall."

and the King's turning his son and daughter out of doors after it, down to a lady's dropping her shoe in the Park. Though printed on the coarsest paper, sung about the streets, and sold for half-pence, they often came from no mean quarter. That just now quoted was ascribed to Arbuthnot; Lord Binning wrote an admirable one, describing the Duke of Argyll's levee; Mr. Pulteney, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Hervey, had the credit of others; and Lady Mary Wortley was a person who often fell under suspicion in matters of the kind, because known to have talents which the world would not believe she left unemployed. But, as she said herself, it attributed to her a great deal of trash that she never wrote—never even saw; and thus made her an object of ill-will to people whose adventures she was so far from having celebrated, that she hardly knew their names.

The impression these unjust imputations made upon her mind will now be shown. When Lady Bute was nearly grown up, some of her young friends wanted to bring about an acquaintance between her and Miss Furnese,² an heiress of

¹ See notes on the letter to Mr. Grey.

their own age. Miss Wortley had no objection; but Miss Furnese held off, and so resolutely, that they insisted upon knowing the reason. "Why, then," said she, at last, "I will honestly own your praises of Miss Wortley make me sure I shall dislike her. You tell me she is lively and clever, now I am very dull; so, of course, she will despise me, and turn me into ridicule, and I am resolved to keep out of her way." The young set laughed most heartily at this avowal; and Lady Bute, laughing too when told of it, ran to divert her mother with the story. But, instead of amusing Lady Mary, it made her unusually serious. "Now, child," she began, after a moment's reflection, "you see nothing in this but a good joke, an absurdity to laugh at; and are not aware what an important lesson you have received; one which you ought to remember as long as you live. What that poor girl in her simplicity has uttered aloud, is no more than what passes in the mind of every dull person you will meet with. Those who cannot but feel that they are deficient in ability always look with a mixture of fear and aversion on people cleverer than themselves; regarding them as born their natural enemies. If ever then you feel yourself flattered by the reputation of superiority, remember that to be the object of suspicion, jealousy, and a secret dislike, is the sure price you must pay for it."

No one who has seen much of the world will think this assertion altogether unfounded. But the lurking grudge (supposing it always alive) may be lulled into slumber, or it may be stirred up and provoked to show its teeth in the guise of open animosity; and Lady Mary Wortley took the latter course with it too often. She was not ill-tempered; for our men and maids are the best judges of us in that particular, and the old servant fostered under her roof used to talk of her indulgence and familiarity, was fond of repeating her sayings, and almost seemed to have tasted her wit. But mankind is so made, that reproaches, invectives, nay, veritable injuries, are not half so sharply felt, or bitterly resented, as the stings of ridicule: therefore a quick perception of the ridiculous must

ever be a dangerous quality, although in some few persons it wears a playful harmless shape, and is quite distinct from the spirit of satire. Lady Mary, one cannot deny, united both qualities, instantly seized the comical point, saw the matter of mirth wherever it was to be found; but had as keen an eye to detect matter of censure, and rarely forbore a cutting sarcasm out of tenderness to the feelings of others. In short, a professed wit, flushed with success and bent on shining in society, bears too much resemblance to a staunch foxhunter eager in the chase, who takes a leap over his fallen companion, whether friend or foe, without stopping to examine how he came down or what bone he has broken.

The truth is, that affectation and folly must be borne with, or at least let alone, if one would go peaceably through this motley world; which Lady Mary could not expect to do, because she had not Christian patience with either, but attacked and exposed them when they were guiltless of hurting anybody but their owner; and thus made mortal enemies of the vain tribe who would have plumed themselves upon her acquaintance if they could have hoped to escape her animadversions. For example, her former friend, or correspondent, Lady Rich, when become that melancholy thing—a decayed beauty, strove to keep up the appearance of youth by affecting a girlish simplicity, which suited her age much worse than rose-coloured ribands, and served as a constant whetstone to Lady Mary's railery. The Master of the Rolls happened to be mentioned; the same old Sir Joseph Jekyll "who never changed his principles or wig," and who had held the office so long that he was identified with it in every one's mind.¹ "Pray who is Master of the Rolls?" asked Lady Rich, in an innocent tone. "Sir Humphrey Monnoux, madam," answered Lady Mary, naming off-hand the most unlikely person she could think of. The company laughed, and the lady looked disconcerted; but not daring to betray her better knowledge by disputing the fact, went on in desperation to be more simple still. Well! I am vastly ashamed of being so prodigiously ignorant. I

¹ He filled the office of Master of the Rolls.

dare say I ask a mighty silly question ; but pray now, what is it to be Master of the Rolls? What does he do? for I really don't know." "Why, madam, he superintends all the French rolls that are baked in London ; and without him you would have no bread-and-butter for your breakfast." There was no parrying this : Lady Rich coloured, flirted her fan, and professed herself unable to cope with Lady Mary Wortley's wit—*she had no wit*. "Nay ; but look you, my dear madam, I grant it a very fine thing to continue always fifteen—that everybody must approve of ; it is quite fair : but, indeed, indeed, one need not be five years old."

Yet there was one very conspicuous, very assailable, and very irritable person, whom Lady Mary, let her say what she would, in jest or in earnest, could never affront or offend ; and this was no other than Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, so celebrated for quarrelling with all the rest of human kind. She would take in good part the most home truths if spoken by Lady Mary, who seemed to be out of the hurricane-latitude, securely stationed beyond the scope of those capricious fits of anger which she continually saw bursting like water-spouts on the heads of her acquaintance. The Duchess also grew partial to Lady Mary's daughter : both of them were privileged to visit her at any hour and be always welcome. Lady Bute often sate by her while she dined, or watched her in the curious process of casting up her accounts. Curious, because her grace, well versed as she was in all matters relating to money, such as getting it, hoarding it, and turning it to the best advantage, knew nothing of common arithmetic. But

¹ See letters assumed to be addressed to Lady Rich among letters during Mr. Wortley's embassy. She was the daughter of Colonel Griffin, and wife of Sir Robert Rich, Baronet, of London. Fenton has some enthusiastic lines about this lady, in which he speaks of her "angel form with chaste attraction gay." Pope, who knew her sister, Miss Griffin, so well as to boast of having "kept her from church all the Sunday," and who therefore, no doubt, well knew Lady Rich, has an unfortunately equivocal allusion to her:

"Bring sometimes with you Lady Rich,
And sometimes Mrs. Howard ;
For virgins, to keep chaste, must go
Abroad with such as are not so.
With a fa la la."

her sound clear head could devise an arithmetic of its own ; to lookers on it appeared as if a child had scrabbled over the paper, setting down figures here and there at random ; and yet every sum came right to a fraction at last, in defiance of Cocker.

She was extremely communicative, and, it need not be added, proportionably entertaining ; thus far, too, very fair and candid—she laboured at no self-vindication, but told facts just as they were, or as she believed them to be, with an openness and honesty that almost redeemed her faults ; though this might partly proceed from never thinking herself in the wrong, or caring what was thought of her by others. She had still, at a great age, considerable remains of beauty, most expressive eyes, and the finest fair hair imaginable, the colour of which she said she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey-water—hardly such as perfumers now sell, for that has an unlucky aptitude to turn the hair grey. By this superb head of hair hung a tale, an instance of her waywardness and violence, which (strange to say) she took particular pleasure in telling. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor Duke her husband. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her “*strong sovereign will*,”¹ the bright thought occurred, as she sat considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done ; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and repassed, calm enough to provoke a saint ; neither angry nor sorrowful ; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo ! it had vanished—and she remained in great perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began to

¹ “Highly-crested pride,
Strong sovereign will, and some desire to chide.”

Parnell's Rise of Woman.—W.

think she had done rather a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject until after the Duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious; and at this point of the story she regularly fell a crying.

The only topic upon which she seemed guarded was what concerned Queen Anne, whom she never mentioned disrespectfully, but in general avoided speaking of; while she liked to dilate upon the first arrival of the present royal family, and would describe with great glee many little circumstances of their ways and manners which were new and somewhat uncouth to English eyes. She had had a nearer view of them than perhaps it was prudent to give her; for, at their outset, wishing to conciliate the Marlborough party, they invited her to a degree of intimacy sure to end in proving the truth of that wise saying about *familiarity* which we can all remember to have indicted in round hand. The second or third time she had the honour of being admitted, she said she found the Princess (Queen Caroline) maintaining discipline in her nursery, where one of the children, having been naughty, had just undergone wholesome correction, and was roaring piteously in consequence. The Duchess tried to hush and console it. "Ay! see there," cried the Prince, with an air of triumph; "you English are none of you well bred, because you was not whipt when you was young." "Humph!" quoth her grace, "I thought to myself, I am sure YOU could not have been whipt when you were young, but I choked it in." Not being at all accustomed either to choke her thoughts in, or to stand in awe of royalty, she soon made her attendance more formidable than agreeable, and gladly returned to her natural vocation of governing others, instead of reverencing the powers entitled to rule over her.

The most vindictive Highland chief never had so many feuds; but her deadliest, unlike his, were in the bosom of her own clan. To begin by her daughters: she was not on speaking terms with Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, and Mary Duchess of Montagu. The two others, Lady Sunderland and Lady Bridgewater, had died betimes; and some of the chil-

dren of the former were the objects of as much affection as she could feel, especially Robert Earl of Sunderland, the eldest son, a man who deserved her partiality, and, as his date was short, did not outlive it. With the second, Charles, she agreed pretty well till he succeeded to the Marlborough titles and fortune; when *money*, that main-spring—hidden or manifest, remote or immediate—of all family quarrels, quickly produced a rupture between them. She laid claim to a portion of her late husband's personal estate, and the affair could only be settled by what is called an amicable suit; but for a suit with her to go on *amicably* was a thing about as likely as for an oil-shop set on fire to be slow in burning; so the flame no sooner kindled, than she insisted upon giving it full vent, and amused the world by pleading her own cause in the Court of Chancery. Among the property disputed was the famous diamond-hilted sword "That sword," said she, to the court emphatically, "that sword, *my lord*, would have carried to the gates of Paris. Am I to live to see the diamonds picked off one by one and lodged at the pawnbroker's?" The new duke's habits of squandering and running in debt gave force to the sarcasm; yet people smiled when they recollected that his younger brother, Jack Spencer, who, besides equalling him in these respects,¹ made the town ring with some wild frolic every day, kept a fast hold of the old lady's favour all the while, and in her eyes could do nothing wrong.

Two more of her descendants must be named—Lady Anne Spencer, Lady Sunderland's eldest daughter, married to Lord Bateman, and Lady Anne Egerton, the deceased Lady B.'s only one, married first to Wriothlesley Duke of Bedford, and secondly to Lord Jersey. Both these ladies inherited such a share of their grandmother's imperial spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and insure daggers drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself. But, ere the stormy season set in, the grandame had acquired Lady Bateman's picture;² which she afterwards made a monument of ven-

¹ It was a rule with both brothers "*never to dirty their fingers with silver*;" and as they, like all other gentlemen at that time, went about in hackney chairs, the chairmen used to fight for the honour of carrying them, in hopes of picking up the guinea sure to be flung instead of a shilling, when they were set down.—W

² In the first edition this was told of Lady Jersey's picture; but on reading Lord

geance, in no vulgar or ordinary mode. She did not give it away; nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber-garret; nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blackened over, and this sentence, *She is much blacker within*, inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus, placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders.

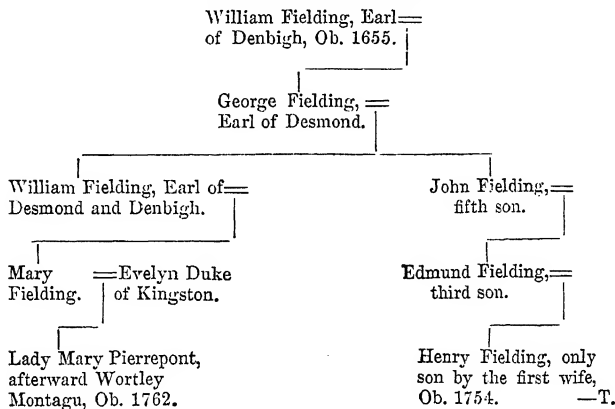
Many other people remarkable in different ways must have been known to Lady Mary Wortley; many authors appear to have courted her approbation, but only those persons are mentioned here of whom Lady Bute could speak from her own recollection or her mother's report. Both had made her well informed of every particular that concerned her relation Henry Fielding;¹ nor was she a stranger to that beloved first wife

Orford's reminiscences, which the writer of the anecdotes had nearly forgotten, not having seen them since their publication, it flashed upon her memory that Lady Bute had mentioned Lady Bateman, and that his account was correct. Everything here related came from Lady Bute herself, not as recollections of what her mother had told her concerning the Duchess of Marlborough, but as what she had herself heard the duchess say, and what had happened in her own time. Curiosity to learn particulars about so remarkable a person occasioned her being often earnestly questioned on the subject.—W.

¹ The following extract from Mr. Dallaway's Memoir shows the relationship and connexion between Lady Mary and the novelist:

Lady Mary and Fielding were second cousins, being descended in the same degree from George Earl of Desmond. He dedicated to her his first Comedy of "Love in several Masks," in 1727; and addressed her on the subject of "The Modern Husband," which was acted at Drury-lane Theatre in 1731

SKETCH OF DESCENT.



whose picture he drew in his *Amelia*, where, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection; yet led no happy life, for they were almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety. All the world knows what was his imprudence; if ever he possessed a score of pounds, nothing could keep him from lavishing it idly, or make him think of to-morrow. Sometimes they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without necessaries; not to speak of the spunging-houses and hiding-places where he was occasionally to be found. His elastic gaiety of spirit carried him through it all; but, meanwhile, care and anxiety were preying upon her more delicate mind, and undermining her constitution. She gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms.

His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that after the death of this charming woman he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor solace, when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion.

Lady Mary Wortley had a great regard for Fielding; she pitied his misfortunes, excused his failings, and warmly admired his best writings; above all *Tom Jones*, in her own copy

of which she wrote *Ne plus ultra*. Nevertheless, she frankly said she was sorry he did not himself perceive that he had made Tom Jones a scoundrel; alluding to the adventure with Lady Bellaston. She would indeed have seldom passed a wrong judgment on what she read, if her natural good taste had taken its way unbiased; but where personal enmity or party prejudice stepped in, they too frequently drove it blinded before them. A book is a book, no matter who wrote it; in fair criticism it has a right to stand upon its own proper ground, and should no more be condemned for the sins of its author, than commended for his virtues. This, to be sure, was not her way of handling any contemporary performance. Most people will now admit that Pope betrayed unmanly and mean malevolence in his attacks upon her; yet when she pronounced his verses to be "all sound and no sense," she was aiming a pointless arrow at a poet who, wherever he judged it expedient, could compress more meaning into fewer words than almost any other in our language. Not Pope alone however, but the larger half of that noble band of authors, that rendered the literary age of Anne illustrious, lay for her under an interdict, a species of *taboo*, obnoxious both as Tories and as his confederates. She forbade herself to relish the wit and humour of Swift and Arbuthnot;¹ and could not, or would not, be sensible that the former, Bolingbroke, and Atterbury, ranked with her own friend Addison as the standard writers of English prose.

With regard to later works, though her remarks upon Richardson have incensed his zealous admirers beyond measure and past forgiveness, yet, while making them, she has involuntarily borne a more convincing, unquestionable testimony to his chief merits than if she had been ever so eloquent, in his praise. She acknowledges having sobbed over his volumes;—she could not lay them down, she sate up all night to finish them. What greater triumph could an author who wrote to the feelings desire? But then it seems she was guilty of

¹ It is doubtful whether Lady Mary had any prejudice against Arbuthnot, with whom she appears to have been in friendly relations up to the time of his death.—T.

saying that, never having lived in the society of real gentlemen and ladies, he had given his fictitious ones a language and manners as different from theirs as could be devised. So was it also said of Garrick, the first and finest of actors, that, performing every other part in exquisite perfection, he never could succeed in that of a mere ordinary *gentleman*. Both assertions were strictly true, and they amount to nothing more than a proof of the old trite position that "every one must fail in something." If Richardson's inelegancies disturb us less than they did Lady Mary Wortley, it is because we take for old-fashioned much that our fathers and mothers knew to be vulgar, or even ridiculous. A man's living friends will have the presumption to find fault with his portrait when their eyes tell them it has no likeness to *him*, though it may not be at all the worse picture a hundred years hence; and this was exactly the case with Lady Mary, who thought no otherwise than her neighbours at the time. Mrs. Donellan, an accomplished woman, whom the readers of Swift may recollect to have been one of his correspondents, told the late Mr. Edward Hamilton, her godson, that Richardson once brought her a manuscript volume of Sir Charles Grandison, begging her to examine it, and point out any errors she perceived in this very particular. He was conscious, he said, of his own ignorance touching the manners of the people of distinction; and, knowing that she had passed her life in the best company, he could depend upon her judgment. Mrs. Donellan, who both admired his genius and respected his character, undertook the task with good faith as well as good will; but no sooner did she begin criticising, than she found she had to deal with an Archbishop of Grenada. Richardson changed colour, shut up the book, and muttering sullenly, that if there were so many faults, he supposed his best way would be to throw it into the fire at once, walked off in the mood vulgarly, but expressively, yclept *dudgeon*. It was long ere he troubled her with another visit.

After all, Lady Mary Wortley's insensibility to the excel-

lence, or, let us say, the charm of Madame de Sévigné's Letters, is the thing most surprising in her observations on literary subjects; and it can only be accounted for by a marked opposition of character between the two women. The head was the governing power with the one, the heart with the other. If they had lived at the same time, and in the same country and society, they would not have accorded well together. Madame de Sévigné would have respected Lady Mary's talents, but rather dreaded than coveted her acquaintance. Lady Mary, in lieu of prizing that simplicity of mind which Madame de Sévigné so wonderfully preserved in the midst of such a world as surrounded her, might have been apt to confound it with weakness; and to hold in contempt not only her foible for court favour, but her passionate devotion to her daughter.

As writers also they were dissimilar: Lady Mary wrote admirable letters; *letters*—not dissertations, nor sentimental *effusions*, nor strings of witticisms, but real letters; such as any person of plain sense would be glad to receive. Her style, though correct and perspicuous, was unstudied, natural, flowing, spirited; she never used an unnecessary word, nor a phrase savouring of affectation; but still she meant to write well, and was conscious of having succeeded. Madame de Sévigné had no such consciousness; she did not so much *write*, as talk and think upon paper, with no other aim than to make Madame de Grignan present at every incident, and partaker of every feeling, throughout the twenty-four hours of her day. By this means she makes us present likewise; as we read, we see her, hear her, feel with her, enter into all her concerns. Not that she ever dreamt of pleasing us. "If the post knew what it carried," says she, "it would leave these packets by the wayside." "Keep my letters," said Lady Mary, on the contrary; "they will be as good as Madame de Sévigné's forty years hence." And in some measure she said true. What she terms the tittle-tattle of a fine lady would have lost nothing in her hands. She could relate passing events, and satirise fashionable follies with as much vivacity

and more wit than Madame de Sévigné herself; and there was more depth in her reflections, for she had the superiority in strength of understanding. But all that she sought to degrade by the epithet "tittle-tattle of an old nurse," including, as it does, so many touches of truth and nature; all the little traits that bring before our eyes the persons spoken of; all the details which render Les Rochers and Livry as interesting to us as Versailles; all this part, it must be confessed, lay out of Lady Mary's province; and she proved it did so by viewing it with disdain.

From the books Lady Mary Wortley died possessed of, which were but few, she appears to have been particularly fond of that ancient English drama lately revived among us; for she had several volumes of differently sized and wretchedly printed plays bound up together, such as the Duke of Roxburgh would have bought at any price; the works of Shirley, Ford, Marston, Heywood, Webster, and the rest, as far back as Gammer Gurton's Needle, and coming down to the trash of Dufey. But Lillo's domestic tragedies were what she most admired; for "My lady used to declare," said the old servant so often quoted, "that whoever did not cry at George Barnwell must deserve to be hanged." And she passed the same sentence on people who could see unmoved the fine scene between Dorax and Sebastian in Dryden, who was also one of her favourite authors. She had his plays, his fables, and his Virgil, in folio, as they were first published; Theobald's edition of Shakspeare, manifestly much read; and Tonson's quarto Milton. Besides Cowley, Waller, Denham, &c., there were some less known poets, and some of an earlier age, such as Suckling and Drayton. Nothing further can be called to mind, excepting the outward shape of three ultra-sized volumes, the works of Margaret Duchess of Newcastle.

Some of Lady Mary Wortley's early letters, expressing vividly all a mother's fondness for her infant son, give sufficient occasion to moralise over the fate of those parents who

are doomed to see the object of such intense affection, the creature whose birth made them so happy, become, when grown up, the curse, the torment, and the disgrace of their lives. Young Wortley hardly waited so long to signalise his propensity to vice and folly; betraying from the beginning that surest symptom of inveterate moral (or mental) disease—an habitual disregard of truth, accompanied by a fertile ready invention never at fault. Where these prevail, it is building upon a quicksand to attempt working a reformation. He was a mere child when he ran away from school;¹ and this first exploit was followed at short intervals by others still more extraordinary, until he finally sealed his ruin by marrying while under age a woman of very low degree, considerably older than himself; one for whom he could scarcely have felt more than a momentary liking, since he forsook her in a few weeks, and never sought to see her again, though her life lasted nearly as long as his own. To be capable at a mature age of such an act as drawing a youth into a disproportionate marriage, did not denote much principle or feeling; yet, as her conduct was not licentious, she never put it in his power to obtain a divorce. In future, more than one lady took the title of his wife, with or without the pretext of a ceremony which, it is to be feared, he would not have scrupled to go through any number of times, if requisite for the accomplishment of his wishes. But the last person so circumstanced, and the loudest in asserting her claims, met him upon equal ground, having herself a husband living, from whom she had eloped; therefore she at least could not complain of deception.

Notwithstanding all the mistakes, inaccuracies, and exaggerations attending public rumour, this singular man's various adventures, at home and abroad, were perhaps better known to the world at large than to the near relations who must have heard of them with pain, and shunned, instead of seeking, particular information upon so distressing a subject: consequently little light respecting it could glimmer downwards to more distant generations. He was said to have had a hand-

¹ See notes on letter to Lady Mar.—T.

some person, plausible manners, and a liveliness of parts which report magnified into great talents; but whether he did really possess these may be doubted. They are often gratuitously presumed to exist in conjunction with profligacy, whenever that takes any wild extraordinary form, because the notion of such an affinity has in it something wonderfully agreeable to two very numerous classes of men, the direct opposites of each other. The disorderly and vicious are parties concerned; they rejoice to claim kindred with superiority of mind; and would fain have it a point established, that clever people can never by any possibility remain tethered within the pale of discretion and virtue. While, on the other hand, nothing delights sober, self-satisfied mediocrity and dulness like a fair opportunity of stigmatising genius as incompatible with common sense, and the faithful ally, if not the parent, of every baneful extravagance.

Thus much is certain; Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary (neither of them an incompetent judge) were far from thinking highly of their son's abilities and understanding. His irregular conduct was imputed by them rather to weakness of character than to "the flash and outbreak of a fiery spirit" conscious of its own powers; and from first to last they held him utterly incapable of pursuing any object or course whatever, praiseworthy or blamable, with that firmness and consistency of purpose which perhaps belongs as necessarily to the great wicked man as to the eminently good one. They would have passed upon him the sentence of the patriarch on his first-born: "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

Why Lady Mary Wortley left her own country, and spent the last two-and-twenty years of her life in a foreign land, is a question which has been repeatedly asked, and never can be answered with certainty, for want of any positive evidence or assurance on the subject. It is very possible, however, that the solution of this supposed mystery, like that of some riddles which put the ingenuity of guessers to the farthest stretch, would prove so simple as to leave curiosity blank and baffled.

Lady Mary writing from Venice (as it appears, in the first year of her absence) tells Lady Pomfret that she had long been persuading Mr. Wortley to go abroad, and at last, tired of delay, had set out alone, he promising to follow her; which, as yet, parliamentary attendance and other business had prevented his doing; but, till she knew whether to expect him or not, she could not proceed to meet her (Lady Pomfret) at Rome. If this was the real truth, and there seems no reason to doubt it, we may easily conceive farther delays to have taken place, and their reunion to have been so deferred from time to time, that, insensibly, living asunder became like the natural order of things, in which both acquiesced without any great reluctance. But if, on the contrary, it was only the colour they chose to give the affair; if the husband and wife—she in her fiftieth year, he several years older—had determined upon a separation, nothing can be more likely than that they settled it quietly and deliberately between themselves, neither proclaiming it to the world, nor consulting any third person; since their daughter was married, their son disjoined and alienated from them, and there existed nobody who had a right to call them to an account or inquire into what was solely their own business. It admits of little doubt that their dispositions were unsuitable, and Mr. Wortley had sensibly felt it even while a lover. When at length convinced that in their case the approach of age would not have the harmonising effect which it has been sometimes known to produce upon minds originally but ill assorted, he was the very man to think within himself, “If we cannot add to each other’s happiness, why should we do the reverse? Let us be the friends at a distance which we could not hope to remain by continuing uneasily yoked together.” And that Lady Mary’s wishes had always pointed to a foreign residence is clearly to be inferred from a letter she wrote to him before their marriage, when it was in debate where they should live while confined to a very narrow income. How infinitely better would it be, she urges, to fix their abode in Italy, amidst every source of enjoyment, every object that could interest the mind and amuse the fancy,

than to vegetate—she does not use the word, but one may detect the thought—in an obscure country retirement at home!

These arguments, it is allowed, rest upon surmise and conjecture; but there is proof that Lady Mary's departure from England was not by any means hasty or sudden; for in a letter to Lady Pomfret, dated the 2nd of May, 1739, she announces her design of going abroad that summer; and she did not begin her journey till the end of July, three months afterwards. Other letters are extant affording equal proof that Mr. Wortley and she parted upon the most friendly terms, and indeed as no couple could have done who had had any recent quarrel or cause of quarrel. She wrote to him from Dartford, her first stage; again a few lines from Dover, and again the moment she arrived at Calais. Could this have passed, or would the petty details about servants, carriages, prices, &c., have been entered into between persons in a state of mutual displeasure? Not to mention that his preserving, docketing, and indorsing with his own hand even these slight notes as well as all her subsequent letters, shows that he received nothing which came from her with indifference. His confidence in her was also very strongly testified by a transaction that took place when she had been abroad about two years. Believing that her influence and persuasions might still have some effect upon their unfortunate son, he entreated her to appoint a meeting with him, form a judgment of his present dispositions, and decide what course it would be best to take, either in furthering or opposing his future projects. On the head of money, too, she was to determine with how much he should be supplied, and very particularly enjoined to make him suppose it came, not from his father, but herself. These were full powers to delegate; such as every woman would not be trusted with in the families where conjugal union is supposed to reign most uninterruptedly.¹

¹ Remarks have been made upon the view here taken of the probable causes of Lady Mary's residence abroad for so many years previous to Mr. Wortley's death, which may call for some notice. It is said that "causes for this separation have

The Lady Pomfret mentioned above was so highly honoured and admired by her own family, and her name and memory were so long held in a sort of veneration amongst her descendants, that one would think there must have been some ground for the feeling; although Horace Walpole laughs at her as a ridiculous pretender to knowledge and wisdom which she does not possess. A few grains of affectation will often suffice to spoil the taste of much that is good in a character; and, supposing this to have been the case with her, it may account for such contradictory opinions. Lady Mary Wortley speaks of her as the first of women;—but then it is to herself, and in a correspondence too full of studied compliments and professions to have flowed from the honesty of cordial, familiar friendship. Even Lady Mary's style labours and grows stiffer than usual while pouring them forth. It was not thus, probably, that she wrote to Lady Stafford, or the Duchess of Montagu. The former, a foreigner by birth and education, daughter of the famous Comte de Grammont and "*la belle Hamilton*," was said to have inherited her uncle Count Anthony Hamilton's vivacity and talents for conversation, which made her the most agreeable woman of her time. Her death happened before Lady Mary left England, and as

been rumoured, of a nature which of course never could have reached her granddaughter, but which make it wonderful only that Mr. Wortley should have so long borne with such eccentricities of conduct and temper, and should have arranged the separation with so much feeling and good sense." It is impossible satisfactorily to investigate the truth or falsehood of *rumours* so vaguely hinted at, because nothing is pointed out to which inquiries can be directed. A rumour, however, did reach the editor of these volumes two or three years ago,—at the time he first conceived the idea of editing them, from a quarter which led him to suspect that it probably came from Horace Walpole, namely,—that the reason of Lady Mary's leaving England was the discovery by Mr. Wortley of some improper use made of his name in some money transaction. Although this seemed to be a most improbable story, from the confidence, even in money matters, which appears evidently to have subsisted between Mr. Wortley and Lady Mary at a period subsequent to her going abroad, and from the terms upon which, from these letters, they appear to have been when they parted,—the editor nevertheless thought it right to examine Mr. Wortley's letters of business at and about that period, to see if they contained any allusion to such a circumstance. He has, however, been unable to find any such allusion. If this is not the rumoured cause of separation referred to, the editor is totally at a loss how to deal with the insinuation in the paragraph here quoted from the Quarterly Review; none other having reached, so far as he can discover, any member of the family, either living or dead, at any time: nor is there any reason, from any information he has been able to obtain, to believe that anything like arranged separation ever took place.—W.

it affected her deeply, might be one cause of her desire to change the scene.¹

As for the particulars of Lady Mary's history, society, and way of life, during her residence on the Continent, they must be gathered from her own letters, which lie before the reader. Those of latest date, written after she finally established herself at Venice, seem to turn very much upon the annoyances she suffered from the behaviour of Mr. Murray, then the British minister there; between whom and her reigned, or rather raged, the utmost animosity. But none of the letters explain, nor are there now any means of discovering, whence the quarrel first sprang, or which of the parties was the most to blame. It certainly tells against *him* that his enmity extended to so respectable a man as her friend, Sir James Steuart of Coltness, whose situation as an exile soliciting recal must have made him more cautious of giving any real cause of offence than a free unfettered person, even if he had not been too much engrossed by his literary labours to meddle with diplomatic intrigues.

She survived her return home too short a time to afford much more matter for anecdotes. Those who could remember her arrival, spoke with delight of the clearness, vivacity, and raciness of her conversation, and the youthful vigour which seemed to animate her mind. She did not appear displeased at the general curiosity to see her, nor void of curiosity herself concerning the new things and people that her native country presented to her view after so long an absence: yet, had her life lasted half as many years as it did months, the probability is that she would have gone abroad again; for her habits had become completely foreign in all those little circumstances, the sum of which must constitute the comfort or discomfort of every passing day. She was accustomed to foreign servants

¹ Lord Hervey describes her as "an old French lady" who "had as much wit, humour, and entertainment in her as any man or woman I ever knew, with a great justness in her way of thinking, and very little reserve in her manner of giving her opinion of things and people." (Memoirs, ii. 116.) There are frequent allusions to her in Lady Mary's letters, particularly in those to Lady Mar.—T.

and to the spaciousness of a foreign dwelling. Her description of the harpsichord-shaped house she inhabited in one of the streets bordering upon Hanover-square grew into a proverbial phrase: "I am most handsomely lodged," said she; "I have two very decent closets and a cupboard on each floor." This served to laugh at, but could not be a pleasant exchange for the Italian palazzo. However, all earthly good and evil were very soon terminated by a fatal malady,¹ the growth of which she had long concealed. The fatigues she underwent in her journey to England tended to exasperate its symptoms; it increased rapidly, and before ten months were over she died in the seventy-third year of her age.

In a letter, which may be referred to, dated from Louvere, October the 2nd, 1752, Lady Mary tells her daughter that she amuses herself with writing the history of her own time, but regularly burns every sheet as soon as she has finished it. Her account of George the First, his family, and his Hanoverian society, is evidently a fragment of that history, which, by accident, or oversight, escaped the flames; as it has neither beginning nor end, and she declares it meant solely for her own perusal. Mr. Wortley also left a fragment somewhat similar, relating to the same period, and describing the state of parties at and after the demise of Queen Anne: but his sketch, ten times more shapeless than hers, is a mere rough copy, so blotted and interlined as to be scarcely readable. He appears to have aimed chiefly at drawing a distinct line between what he calls *court* Whigs and *country* Whigs, and explaining why the latter (amongst whom he ranked himself) so constantly opposed Sir Robert Walpole. He, in short,

¹ Dallaway, in his Memoir, ascribes Lady Mary's death to a gradual decline; and it would appear that her disease not having been actually named in these anecdotes, that circumstance has been seized upon as warranting a suspicion of some mystery connected with it, and as evincing a design to conceal the truth. It is impossible for the editor to account for Dallaway's statement, which is certainly not a correct one. The malady of which Lady Mary died was a cancer in the breast; and its not having been so stated in these anecdotes, arose merely from its not having been considered a matter of importance or interest to any reader. — W. [Lord Wharnccliffe's statement is confirmed by a letter of Horace Walpole to Sir Horace Mann of July 31, 1762. — T.]

dwells upon grave and solid politics. Lady Mary, slightly noticing these, keeps to the chapter of court intrigue; which, in a government like ours, may possibly influence them but little, though at a certain distance of time it furnishes better entertainment to careless, idle readers. She therefore is led to give details, and portray individuals; and we must admit that her touches are (as usual) rather caustic. Her husband enters into no particulars of the kind; yet there is one remarkable point upon which the two narratives perfectly agree. We have long been taught to believe that the charge of having accepted a bribe, brought against Sir Robert Walpole in 1712,¹ was a groundless accusation, trumped up for party purposes, and his expulsion from the House of Commons a flagrant instance of party malice and injustice. Nor will what is said on the subject in Swift's Journal avail much to persuade us of the contrary. But these two people, writing separately, Mr. Wortley and his wife, both thoroughly hostile to the queen's last ministry and the parliament it swayed, both ready to condemn every proceeding sanctioned by either, do yet both mention Walpole as a man whom the clearest conviction of corrupt practices had left with a blot upon his character that nothing could efface. Whichever way truth may lie, he afterwards proved how keenly he felt the mortifying transaction; but proved it in a manner creditable to his heart,—by showing gratitude, not by seeking revenge. On his being ordered to withdraw while the House voted his commitment to prison, one personal friend only, Daniel Campbell, of Shawfield, a Scotch member, arose, went out with him, and attended him to the gates of the Tower. Sir Robert did not forget this when he was minister. Mr. Campbell, a moderate man, asked few favours for himself; but any person in whose behalf *he* could be induced to say a word, had a fairer chance of success than if patronised by the greatest and most powerful

¹ Walpole was expelled the House in December, 1711. The charge brought against him was that of having accepted two sums of five hundred pounds from the contractors for supplying forage to the army, in consideration of taking their contracts.—T.

of Walpole's supporters. His paramount influence, and the consequence it gave him, are hinted at in Lord Binning's satirical ballad upon the Duke of Argyll's levee:

“——When, lo!
Great Daniel showed his face.

At sight of him low bowed the peer;
Daniel vouchsafed a nod:
'I've seen Sir Robert, and 'tis done.'
'You've kept me in, by ——!'”¹

Mr. Wortley, writing (it appears) within a twelvemonth after the accession, says that the Regency then appointed was so chosen as to deserve and win universal approbation. Yet, before the King came over, it had split into separate factions; Lord Marlborough (*i. e.* the Duke), Lord Halifax, and Lord Townshend, each aiming at the whole power, and each trying to strengthen himself among the Tories; because it was understood that a junction between the two parties would be a thing agreeable to the new sovereign. But even the men most willing to promote this were still for the punishment of *the criminals*; he gives the late queen's ministers no softer name. Therefore Lord Halifax lost ground, from being suspected of a wish to save Harley; and what he lost was gained by Lord Townshend, or rather by Mr. Walpole, who had got the entire government of his brother-in-law, and rose upon his shoulders. The Tories, however, as well as the Whigs, are divided by Mr. Wortley into two classes, court and country: nay, he adds, “The country Whigs and country Tories were not very different in their notions; and nothing hindered them from joining but the fears that each had of the other's bringing in the whole party.” While, according to him, “the court Whigs had quite lost the esteem of the nation when Lord Oxford got into power, so that the country Whigs did everything that was done against the Court during that infamous ministry;”—and he details instances at some length.

¹ The poem from which the lines are quoted will be found in the Gentleman's Magazine for February, 1740, p. 87.

He finds fault with the reigning government for several of its measures: chiefly, the long delay of the impeachments, which gave "the criminals" a material advantage; the wording of the proclamation calling a new parliament, which too openly declared it the king's wish to have none but Whigs elected, and thus exasperated the Tories without doing the Whigs much service; the gross and unusual injustice shown in trying elections; the demand of more money for the civil list; the arbitrary changes that displaced not only Tories but Whigs, if unacceptable to Mr. Walpole, and this especially in the Treasury, the commissioners of which, he says, used to be men of considerable importance, and were never dependent upon the First Lord, or nominated by him, till the time of Lord Oxford:—all these sins he lays to the charge of Walpole, "whose violence and imprudence (says the manuscript) is censured by all the Whigs but those that depend upon the Court." "The chief men in place are the Speaker, Sir Richard Onslow, Mr. Aislaby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lechmere, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Pulteney, and Mr. Stanhope. Except the two last, every one of the nine has expressed his dislike of Walpole's conduct; and these two were never reckoned among the men who were able to judge of the House of Commons, or of the inclinations of the people." When the same Pulteney, no longer Walpole's friend, headed a powerful opposition against him, perhaps Mr. Wortley grew to allow him some skill in managing both the House and the people. But to let him speak on: "Mr. Walpole, who has less credit than any of the nine, is set at the head of them by Lord Townshend's favour. Lord Townshend acts against his own interest in setting up Mr. Walpole above the rest; but he was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his language and winning carriage and honest intention made all the Whigs justly wish to see him Secretary of State. Nothing could have sunk his credit with them, unless his blindness to Mr. Walpole's actions should set them against him."

Next follows, "But there may be another reason why Mr. Walpole is thus supported. Baron B. is said to take what

money he can, and Mr. Walpole is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it. Why should Baron B. join himself to a man so suspicious, unless he did take it?"—and he proceeds to show how closely they are linked together. Then, as Mr. Walpole "is already looked upon as the chief minister"—and Mr. Wortley thinks him in the direct road actually to become so—"can it," he asks, "be for the honour of the government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of such a post?"

This account of what was passing cannot be well called *impartial*, since the writer obviously leans—does more than lean—to one side; but he sets down his real opinions, formed on the spot, and recorded only for himself; and surely it may be desirable, though but as a matter of curiosity, to learn how the facts and characters at which *we* are now looking back through the telescope of time, through the long series of years that has made them historical, appeared to the eyes of their contemporaries.¹

¹ Lady Stuart, the writer of these anecdotes, died August 4, 1851, aged ninety-four. Some of Sir Walter Scott's letters to her will be found in Mr. Lockhart's *Life*.—T.

THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE.

[THE following fragment, found among Lady Mary's papers, appears to have formed part of a paper to which the following "Account of the Court of George the First" is a sequel, and is given here for that reason.—T.]

. . . . were never shown, and only served Oxford to produce on another occasion. He could not long temporise in this manner without being discovered by Bolingbroke, who was in a hurry to introduce his new king, and he informed the Q. [Queen] by her favourite, Lady Masham, of this double dealing of the Lord Treasurer, who was on the point of being entirely disgraced, when the Queen died suddenly, worn out with a complication of distempers. As the Act of Succession was yet unrepealed, it was high treason to appear openly in favour of the Pretender; and Bolingbroke, too timorous to venture a stroke of that nature, the Earl of Oxford (being pushed by Bolingbroke) had resigned his staff some days before the Queen died, and it had been put into the hands of the Duke of Shrewsbury by Lady Masham while she was in the agonies of death, who, though he had hitherto gone into all the measures taken for the introduction of the Pretender, was not of a humour to venture his life or estate in his service

ACCOUNT
OF
THE COURT OF GEORGE THE FIRST
AT HIS ACCESSION.¹

I WAS then in Yorkshire; Mr. W. [Wortley] (who had, at that time, that sort of passion for me, that would have made me invisible to all but himself, had it been in his power) had sent me thither. He stayed in town on the account of some business, and the Queen's death detained him there. Lord Halifax, his near relation, was put at the head of the Treasury; and, willing to have the rest of the commissioners such as he thought he could depend on, named him for one of them. It will be surprising to add that he hesitated to accept of it, at a time when his father was alive and his present income very small; but he had that opinion of his own merit as [*sic*] made him think any offer below that of Secretary of State not worth his acceptance, and had certainly refused it if he had not been persuaded to the contrary by a rich old uncle of mine, Lord Pierrepont, whose fondness for me gave him expectations of a large legacy.

The new court with all their train was arrived before I left the country. The Duke of Marlborough was returned in a sort of triumph, with the apparent merit of having suffered for his fidelity to the succession, and was reinstated in his

¹ The original has no heading.—T.

office of General, &c. In short, all people who had suffered any hardship or disgrace during the late ministry, would have it believed that it was occasioned by their attachment to the House of Hanover. Even Mr. Walpole, who had been sent to the Tower for a piece of bribery proved upon him, was called a confessor to the cause. But he had another piece of good luck that yet more contributed to his advancement; he had a very handsome sister, whose folly had lost her reputation in London; but the yet greater folly of Lord Townshend, who happened to be a neighbour in Norfolk to Mr. Walpole, had occasioned his being drawn in to marry her some months before the Queen died.

Lord Townshend had that sort of understanding which commonly makes men honest in the first part of their lives; they follow the instruction of their tutor, and, till somebody thinks it worth their while to show them a new path, go regularly on in the road where they are set. Lord Townshend had then been many years an excellent husband to a sober wife, a kind master to all his servants and dependants, a serviceable relation wherever it was in his power, and followed the instinct of nature in being fond of his children. Such a sort of behaviour without any glaring absurdity, either in prodigality or avarice, always gains a man the reputation of reasonable and honest; and this was his character when the Earl of Godolphin sent him envoy to the States, not doubting but he would be faithful to his orders, without giving himself the trouble of criticising on them, which is what all ministers wish in an envoy. Robotun, a French refugee (secretary to Bernstoff, one of the Elector of Hanover's ministers), happened then to be at the Hague, and was civilly received at Lord Townshend's, who treated him at his table with the English hospitality, and he was charmed with a reception which his birth and education did not entitle him to. Lord Townshend was recalled when the Queen changed her ministry; his wife died, and he retired into the country, where (as I have said before) Walpole had art enough to make him marry his sister Dolly. At that time, I believe, he did not propose much

more advantage by the match than to get rid of a girl that lay heavy on his hands.

When King George ascended the throne, he was surrounded by all his German ministers and playfellows male and female. Baron Goritz was the most considerable among them both for birth and fortune. He had managed the King's treasury thirty years with the utmost fidelity and economy; and had the true German honesty, being a plain, sincere, and unambitious man. Bernstoff the secretary was of a different turn. He was avaricious, artful, and designing; and had got his share in the King's councils by bribing his women. Robotun was employed in these matters, and had the sanguine ambition of a Frenchman. He resolved there should be an English ministry of his choosing; and, knowing none of them personally but Townshend, he had not failed to recommend him to his master, and his master to the King, as the only proper person for the important post of Secretary of State; and he entered upon that office with universal applause, having at that time a very popular character, which he might possibly have retained for ever if he had not been entirely governed by his wife and her brother R. Walpole, whom he immediately advanced to be Paymaster, esteemed a post of exceeding profit, and very necessary for his indebted estate.

But he had yet higher views, or rather he found it necessary to move higher, lest he should not be able to keep that. The Earl of Wharton, now Marquis, both hated and despised him. His large estate, the whole income of which was spent in the service of the party, and his own parts, made him considerable; though his profligate life lessened the weight that a more regular conduct would have given him.

Lord Halifax, who was now advanced to the dignity of Earl, graced with the Garter, and First Commissioner of the Treasury, treated him with contempt. The Earl of Nottingham, who had the real merit of having renounced the ministry in Queen Anne's reign, when he thought they were going to alter the succession, was not to be reconciled to Walpole, whom he looked upon as stigmatised for corruption.

The Duke of Marlborough, who in his old age was making almost the same figure at court that he did when he first came into it—I mean, bowing and smiling in the ante-chamber, while Townshend was in the closet—was not, however, pleased with Walpole, who began to behave to him with the insolence of new favour; and his Duchess, who never restrained her tongue in her life, used to make public jokes of the beggary she first knew him in, when her caprice gave him a considerable place, against the opinion of Lord Godolphin and the Duke of Marlborough.

To balance these, he had introduced some friends of his own, by his recommendation to Lord Townshend (who did nothing but by his instigation). Colonel Stanhope was made the other Secretary of State. He had been unfortunate in Spain, and there did not want those who attributed it to ill conduct; but he was called generous, brave, true to his friends, and had an air of probity that prejudiced the world in his favour.

The King's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and Fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting; he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every other action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He

was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so. The mistress that followed him hither was so much of his own temper, that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years (for she came hither at threescore), without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women, free from business. But Madame Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulemberg scrupled this terrible journey; and took that opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it, though he did not offer to facilitate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the King, and arrived at the same time with him in England; which was enough to make her called his mistress, or at least so great a favourite that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect.

This lady deserves I should be a little particular in her character, there being something in it worth speaking of. She was past forty: she had never been a beauty, but certainly very agreeable in her person when adorned by youth; and had once appeared so charming to the King, that it was said the divorce and ruin of his beautiful Princess, the Duke of Zell's

daughter, was owing to the hopes her mother (who was declared mistress to the King's father, and all-powerful in his court) had of setting her daughter in her place; and that the project did not succeed, by the passion that Madame Kilmansegg took for M. Kilmansegg, who was son of a merchant of Hamburg, and, after having a child by him, there was nothing left for her but to marry him. Her ambitious mother ran mad with the disappointment, and died in that deplorable manner, leaving 40,000*l.*, which she had heaped by the favour of the Elector, to this daughter, which was very easily squandered by one of her temper. She was both luxurious and generous, devoted to her pleasures, and seemed to have taken Lord Rochester's resolution of avoiding all sorts of self-denial. She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste of all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well bred and amusing in company. She knew how both to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantages of the opinion the English had of her power with the King, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters, and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the King's idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice, or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms that had once attracted him. His best-beloved mistress remained still at Hanover, which was the beautiful Countess of Platen.

Perhaps it will be thought a digression in this place to tell the story of his amour with her; but, as I write only for myself, I shall always think I am at liberty to make what digressions I think fit, proper or improper; besides that in my opinion nothing can set the King's character in a clearer light. That lady was married to Madame Kilmansegg's brother, the most considerable man in Hanover for birth and fortune; and

her beauty was as far beyond that of any of the other women that appeared. However, the King saw her every day without taking notice of it, and contented himself with his habitual commerce with Mademoiselle Schulemberg.

In those little courts there is no distinction of much value but what arises from the favour of the Prince, and Madame Platen saw with great indignation that all her charms were passed over unregarded, and she took a method to get over this misfortune which would never have entered into the head of a woman of sense, and yet which met with wonderful success. She asked an audience of his Highness, who granted it without guessing what she meant by it; and she told him that as nobody could refuse her the first rank in that place, it was very mortifying to see his Highness not show her any mark of favour; and, as no person could be more attached to his person than herself, she begged with tears in her fine eyes that he would alter his behaviour to her. The Elector, very much astonished at this complaint, answered that he did not know any reason he had given her to believe he was wanting in his respect for her, and that he thought her not only the greatest lady, but the greatest beauty of the court. "If that be true, sire," replied she, sobbing, "why do you pass all your time with Schulemberg, while I hardly receive the honour of a visit from you?" His Highness promised to mend his manners, and from that time was very assiduous in waiting on her. This ended in a fondness, which her husband disliked so much that he parted with her; and she had the glory of possessing the heart and person of her master, and to turn the whole stream of courtiers that used to attend Mademoiselle Schulemberg to her side. However, he did not break with his first love, and often went to her apartment to cut paper, which was his chief employment there; which the Countess of Platen easily permitted him, having often occasion for his absence. She was naturally gallant, and, after having thus satisfied her ambition, pursued her warmer inclinations.

Young Craggs came about this time to Hanover, where his father sent him to take a view of that court in his tour of tra-

velling. He was in his first bloom of youth and vigour, and had had so strong an appearance of that perfection, that it was called beauty by the generality of women: though, in my opinion, there was a coarseness in his face and shape that had more the air of a porter than a gentleman, and if Fortune had not interposed her almighty power, he might, by his birth, have appeared in that figure, his father being nothing more considerable at his first appearance in the world than footman to Lady Mary Mordant, the gallant Duchess of Norfolk, who had always half a dozen intrigues to manage. Some servant must always be trusted in affairs of that kind, and James Craggs had the good fortune to be chosen for that purpose. She found him both faithful and discreet, and he was soon advanced to the dignity of valet-de-chambre.

King James II. had an amour with her after he was upon the throne, and respected the Queen enough to endeavour to keep it entirely from her knowledge. James Craggs was the messenger between the King and the Duchess, and did not fail to make the best use of so important a trust. He scraped a great deal of money from the bounty of this royal lover, and was too inconsiderable to be hurt by his ruin; nor did not concern himself much for that of his mistress, which by lower intrigues happened soon after. This fellow, from the report of all parties, and even from that of his professed enemies, had a very uncommon genius; a head well turned for calculation; great industry; and was so just an observer of the world, that the meanness of his education never appeared in his conversation.¹

¹ That the elder Craggs began life as a barber, and was next a footman, has been often stated. The story was put forth in a pamphlet published shortly before his death, entitled "The Conspirators, or the Case of Catiline;" and it is repeated by Lord Macaulay in his History of England. It has, however, scarcely any foundation in fact. He was the son of Anthony Craggs, Esq., of Hole-house, or Holbech, near Walsingham, in the county of Durham, and a daughter of the Rev. Ferdinando Morecroft, of Goswick, Lancashire, D.D., Rector of Stanhope in Wardell, and Prebend of Durham. A nephew of Anthony was Rector of Walsingham, and another nephew was also a beneficed clergyman. Anthony Craggs appears to have been extravagant, and to have mortgaged or sold his estate at Walsingham. James came to London some time before 1680. He had a kind patron in the Earl of Arundel; and shortly afterwards, as appears from letters of Anthony to his nephew, he obtained the respectable appointment of "steward to

The Duke of Marlborough, who was sensible how well he was qualified for affairs that required secrecy, employed him as his procurer¹ both for women and money; and he acquitted himself so well of these trusts as to please his master, and yet raise a considerable fortune, by turning his money in the public funds, the secret of which came often to his knowledge by the Duke's employing him. He had this only son, whom he looked on with the partiality of a parent; and resolved to spare nothing in his education that could add to his figure.

Young Craggs had great vivacity, a happy memory, and flowing elocution; he was brave and generous; and had an appearance of open-heartedness in his manner that gained him a universal good-will, if not a universal esteem. It is true, there appeared a heat and want of judgment in all his words and actions, which did not make him very valuable in the eyes of cool judges, but Madame Platen was not of that number. His youth and fire made him appear a conquest worthy her charms, and her charms made her appear very well worthy his passionate addresses. Two people so well disposed towards one another were very soon in the closest engagement; and the first proof Madame Platen gave him of her affection was introducing him to the favour of the Elector, who took it on her word that he was a young man of extraordinary merit, and he named him for Cofferer at his first accession to the crown of England, and I believe it was the only place that he then disposed of from any inclination of his own. This proof of Madame Platen's power hindered her coming hither. Bernstoff was afraid she might meddle in the disposition of places that he was willing to keep in his own hands; and he represented to the King that the Roman Catholic religion that she professed was an insuperable bar to her appearance in the court of England, at least so early; but he gave her private hopes that things might be so managed as to make her ad-

the Duke of Norfolk," and married a lady of good fortune. The letters of James, written about this period, show him to have been a good son and a kind brother, tender towards the faults and follies of his father, and anxious, by his own prudence and exertions, to retrieve the decaying fortune of his family: they also show him to have been a man of good education.—T.

mittance easy when the King was settled in his new dominions. And with this hope she consented without much concern to let him go without her; not reflecting that weak minds lose all impressions by even short absences. But as her own understanding did not furnish her with very great refinements, she was troubled with none of the fears that would have affected a stronger head, and had too good an opinion of her own beauty to believe anything in England could efface it; while Madame Kilmansegg attached herself to the one thing necessary,—getting what money she could by the sale of places, and the credulity of those who thought themselves very politic in securing her favour.

Lord Halifax was one of this number; his ambition was unbounded, and he aimed at no less than the Treasurer's staff, and thought himself in a fine road to it by furnishing Madame Kilmansegg both with money and a lover. Mr. Methuen was the man he picked out for that purpose. He was one of the Lords of the Treasury; he was handsome and well-made; he had wit enough to be able to affect any part he pleased, and a romantic turn in his conversation that could entertain a lady with as many adventures as Othello,—and it is no ill way of gaining Desdemonas. Women are very apt to take their lovers' characters from their own mouths; and if you will believe Mr. Methuen's account of himself, neither Artamenes nor Oroondates ever had more valour, honour, constancy, and discretion. Half of these bright qualities were enough to charm Madame Kilmansegg; and they were very soon in the strictest familiarity, which continued for different reasons, to the pleasure of both parties, till the arrival of Mademoiselle Schulemberg, which was hastened by the German ministers, who envied the money accumulated by Madame Kilmansegg, which they longed to turn into another channel; which they thought would be more easily drawn into their own hands. They took care to inform Mademoiselle Schulemberg of the fond reception all the Germans met in England, and gave her a view of the immense fortune that

waited her here. This was enough to cure her fears, and she arrived accompanied with a young niece who had already made some noise at Hanover. She had projected the conquest of the Prince of Wales, and had so far succeeded as to obtain his favours for some few months; but the Princess, who dreaded a rival to her power, soon put an end to the correspondence, and she was no longer possessed of his good graces when he came hither.

I have not yet given the character of the Prince. The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers impudent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation they had to his person. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despicable in the eyes of all men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by showing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough

to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty they are designed to heighten.

Her first thought on her marriage was to secure to herself the sole and whole direction of her spouse; and to that purpose [she] counterfeited the most extravagant fondness for his person; yet, at the same time, so devoted to his pleasures (which she often told him were the rule of all her thoughts and actions), that whenever he thought proper to find them with other women, she even loved whoever was instrumental to his entertainment, and never resented anything but what appeared to her a want of respect for him; and in this light she really could not help taking notice that the presents made to her on her wedding were not worthy of his bride, and at least she ought to have had all his mother's jewels. This was enough to make him lose all respect to his indulgent father. He downright abused his ministers, and talked impertinently to his old grandmother the Princess Sophia; which ended in such a coldness towards all his family as left him entirely under the government of his wife.

The indolent Elector contented himself with showing his resentment by his silence towards him; and this was the situation the family first appeared in when they came into England. This behaviour did not, however, hinder schemes being laid by various persons of gratifying their ambition, or making their fortune, by particular attachments to each of the royal family.

ON THE STATE OF AFFAIRS WHEN THE KING ENTERED.

[THE following paper by Mr. Wortley Montagu was published by Lord Wharncliffe, and is retained as furnishing an interesting counterpart to the preceding. It was evidently written when the events described were fresher than at the time when Lady Mary wrote.—T.]

As soon as the Queen was dead, the palace of St. James's was filled with the Whigs, who were impatient to see the choice of the Regency. When the names were known, it had the universal approbation of all men except a few friends of my Lord Sunderland,¹ my Lord Somers, and my Lord Wharton. But Lords Sunderland and Wharton were very wisely left out, having been too violent and too odious to a great part of the nation. The Regency had not been long met but there began to be two or three little parties among them; and before the King came, it was pretty publicly known that Lord M. [Marlborough], Lord T. [Townshend], and Lord H. [Halifax], did each of them aim at the whole power; and because they had heard the King's inclination was to have a mixture of Whigs and Tories, each of these three endeavoured to strengthen himself by an addition of Tories; being all of them ready enough to drop their friends the Whigs, who had been all along so zealous for the succession. My

¹ Mr. Wortley had here at first written "Marlborough," but afterwards struck out the name and substituted "Sunderland."—T.

Lord T. [Townshend] had the good fortune to be joined with the best of the Tories, my Lord N. [Nottingham].

It was very extraordinary to see a cabinet council chosen out of the Whigs, and yet many of the best places in the House of Commons offered to the Tories; which looked as if the Lords were satisfied with getting places for themselves, and showed their ingratitude towards the Commons, who had done everything in the late reign; but my Lord Townshend got the better.

My Lord M. [Marlborough] was justly blamed for endeavouring to put his officers of the army into all the civil places; and my Lord H. [Halifax], for giving too much reason to suspect he was willing to save Oxford; and he was indiscreet enough to do this, though Mr. G——, ¹ who was said to be for the scheme of mixing Whigs and Tories, declared to all he met that the criminals ought to be punished: so that it was plain Lord H.'s [Halifax's] designs of favouring Harley could not be with the King's approbation, every one of his German ministers declaring openly against it. The suspicion of Lord H.'s [Halifax's] being too much Oxford's friend, for which he gave too much reason, was the occasion of all the wrong steps that may have been taken. For whenever Mr. W. [Walpole], who had got the entire government of Lord T. [Townshend], had a mind to take any violent step, though never so disgusting to the people, he was sure to carry his point. If my Lord H. [Halifax] said anything against it, he was said to speak in favour of the Tories; if any other spoke against it, it was said he was of my Lord H.'s [Halifax's] party; so that no one could have a fair hearing but himself; and he was certainly in this particular to be preferred before Lord H. [Halifax], that no one suspected his being a friend to the Tories, for whom the King seemed to have no inclination after Sir Tho. Hanmer *had been weak enough* to refuse his favour.

Lord H. [Halifax] seldom could gain his point, though he was never so much in the right. Mr. W. [Walpole] carried everything, though he was never so much in the wrong.

¹ Mr., probably, as in other cases, for "Monsieur," the person alluded to here being the King's German minister, Baron Goritz.—T.

Before the opening of the session, Mr. W. [Walpole] was in full power; and when the places of consequence were to be disposed of, Mr. W. [Walpole] named as many as he thought fit, striking out of the list presented by the Treasury to the King, not only Tories, but Whigs, when he wanted to put others in their places; and at a debate, at which eight of the cabinet and about as many commoners were present, Mr. W. [Walpole] carried it that the books of letters, &c., on which the late ministers were to be impeached, should not be read till the orders were made. Mr. W. [Walpole] pretends he did not think Lord H. [Halifax] was to be trusted with them. But most people are of opinion Mr. W. [Walpole] wanted to have the whole credit of the management of this affair, and, by knowing more of these papers, to seem an able talker and writer.

He might, if he had pleased, [have] produced papers to impeach the guilty in the first week of the session; but, instead of that, he delayed his report four months after the session was begun, to make it so much the *finer*. The whole body of the Whigs were impatient to have the impeachments begin, and foresaw that the criminals might make great advantage of this delay. So that this delay, and all the ill consequences attending it, are justly charged upon the imprudence of Mr. W. [Walpole].

It was owing to him that, in the proclamation for choosing the parliament, it was declared in pretty strong terms it was the King's desire that Whigs should be chosen; and was an open declaration that no Tories were to have any share of the King's favour. It could not but exasperate them, and certainly was not the occasion of any number of Whigs being chosen, more than would have been without it. The Whigs that [had] no dealings with the court, generally disliked it.

It was owing to him that the King asked more money for the civil list; which gave the Tories a great advantage over the Whigs, and which all the Whigs were sorry for but those who depended on the court. Had it been proper to make an addition in the first session, it would have come much more properly from the House of Commons.

It was plain, before the parliament met, that they were ready to do whatever the King pleased, so that whatever was obtained was not owing to any particular man; nor could any man, or any set of Whigs, be considerable enough to put off any[thing] that the King would have done; and the only question was, what was fit to be done, and in what manner. It appears, by what has happened, many things have not been managed as they should be; and the heat of many Tories in the country, and the indifference of the Whigs, are owing to a wrong conduct.

The injustice shown in trying of elections has perhaps this session been greater than ever.

Mr. Walpole's violence and imprudence is censured by all the Whigs but those who depend on the court; and among those all the chief, except one or two (who are not reckoned among the men of good judgment) condemn his conduct. The chief men in place are the Speaker, Sir R. Onslow, Mr. Boscawen, Mr. Aislaby, Mr. Smith, Mr. Lechmere, Mr. Bayley, Mr. Pulteney, Mr. Stanhope. Except the two last, every one of these nine has expressed his dislike of Mr. W.'s [Walpole's] conduct; and these two were never reckoned among the men who were able to judge of the House of Commons, or of the inclinations of the people. Neither has been much versed in the business of the House; and Mr. Stanhope has made many remarkable false steps in managing the business of the House.

So that had this [*sic*] King taken the opinion of the principal members of the House before any business of moment was proposed, which was the method constantly used by K. W. [King William], affairs would certainly have been managed in a different way.

Mr. W. [Walpole], who has less credit than any of those nine, is set at the head of them by my Lord T.'s [Townshend's] favour. Lord T. [Townshend], that was never of the H. [House of Commons] himself, thinks Mr. W. [Walpole] understands it better than anybody, because he knows more of it than himself. Mr. Rer.¹ and Mr. B. [Bernstoff] seem entirely joined with Lord T. [Townshend] and Mr. W. [Walpole];

so that whatever the King hears from B. [Bernstoff], or B. [Bothmar], or Lord T. [Townshend], are commonly the words put into their mouths by Mr. W. [Walpole]

CHOICE OF THE TREASURY.—Lord T. [Townshend] acts much against his own interest in setting up Mr. Wa. [Walpole] above the rest; but Lord T. [Townshend] was never thought to have a strong judgment, though his languages [*sic*] and winning carriage and honest intentions made all the Whigs justly wish to see him Secretary of State. He is the fittest man for it in the House of Lords; nothing could have sunk his credit, or can ever make the Whigs see him changed, unless his blindness towards Mr. W.'s [Walpole's] actions should set them against him, as it has made them less for him than they would have been otherwise. Mr. S. [Stanhope] who has doubled his fortune in one year, as he thinks, by the favour of Lord T. [Townshend], will always second what he does; and perhaps his want of judgment, or want of skill in the affairs of the House of Commons, may give him a great opinion of Mr. W. [Walpole]. Of the nine above named, four or five who differ from [him] in this point have been always reckoned above him in judgment; so that what he says are commonly Mr. W.'s [Walpole's] words.

There may be another reason Mr. W. [Walpole] is thus supported.

Baron B. [Bothmar] is said to take what money he can. Mr. W. [Walpole] is the most proper man in England to assist him in getting it; and why should Baron B. [Bothmar] join himself with a man so suspicious, unless he did take it? There are very strong circumstances for suspecting B. B. [Baron Bothmar] has got great sums, and is known to be the director of B. B. [Baron Bernstoff]; and, indeed, this alliance is so well known, that no man ever says anything of Mr. W. [Walpole] unless in praise of him, to any of them.

Mr. W. [Walpole] is already looked upon as the chief minister, made so by my Lord T. [Townshend]; and when he

¹ There was no member of the House of Commons, at this period, whose name began with these or similar letters. The person referred to was no doubt one of the King's German courtiers.—T.

is in the Treasury, it will be thought the King has declared him so. The Duke of Albemarle, Lord Shaftesbury, Lord Clifford, afterwards Treasurer, and Coventry, were all Commissioners at a time. In K. W.'s [King William's reign] Lord Godolphin was third Commissioner of the Treasury after having been Secretary of State. Mr. Montague was one of the seven Regents in King William's absence. Great men have generally been of the Treasury; and when a Commissioner of the Treasury has equal favour with any of the other ministers, he will be first minister.

Can it be for the honour of the Government to have a man marked for corruption declared first minister? Can he bear the envy of having such a post? especially when he has already the places of two Paymasters, and a place for his uncle, though a Tory.

If he is to be in it [the Treasury], can it be reasonable he should name all the rest?

The Commissioners of the Treasury have commonly been all men of great figure, and independent on one another, chose by the King's favour.

If the list of the Commissioners of the Treasury in King William's time be looked over, it is plain he chose men not likely to be of the same opinion; it was so in King Charles's time it was plainly so too [*sic*].

My Lord Oxford was the first commissioner that chose all his brethren, and it was plain what was the ill consequence of giving him so uncontrolled a power.

If there be one or two in the commission who is [*sic*] not of Mr. W.'s [Walpole's] choosing, he cannot hinder any of his projects, so that he can do no harm; and can do no good but to inform the King of his affairs. This is what Mr. W. [Walpole] will endeavour to prevent all he can.

[What follows was omitted in Lord Wharncliffe's edition :

TWO PARTIES OF WHIGS.—To understand the House of Commons it is necessary to know that there has [been] of late years always two sorts of Whigs and two of Tories.

The Court Whigs had quite lost the esteem of the nation when my Lord O. [Oxford] got into power, so that th

Country Whigs did everything that was done against the Court during that infamous ministry. It was they that made a division among the Whigs in the House of Commons in the first session of Oxford's ministry, when Sir Thomas Hanmer spoke against Lord Bo. [Bolingbroke], and they sent up the bill to the House of Lords, upon which there was a majority of 25 lords, and Lord Oxford with great difficulty wrought of [off?] that majority, and threw it out by 2 votes in the second session. Question [*sic*] the Country Whigs managed so well that they divided 140 against 180 upon a question to make a tack to the money bill, and exposed the measures of the ministry and the mismanagement of the public money in the third session. It was by their credit, the Court Whigs having no credit to do anything, that the trade bill was thrown which must have proved fatal to the nation had it passed. Mr. W. [Walpole], that by his infamy had hurt his party, was in the 2 last sessions of that Parliament absent, and had he been present, and meddled, the dislike of the Tories to him would have hindered so many of them from joyning with the Whigs. The Country Whigs and Country Tories were not very different in their notions, and nothing has hindered them from joyning but the fear that each have of the others bringing in their whole party.

Notwithstanding that the greatest part of the merit of the Whigs belongs to the Country Whigs, the heads of the others were no sooner got into places, but he declared for restoring all the useless Whigs to their old places, and none of the Country Whigs were preferred but Sir P. K. [Peter King], who was put out of the House, and two others. After such usage it is no wonder if the body of the Whigs has no great esteem of the ministry.

There is to be added to the merit of the Country Whigs that when the Court Whigs opposed the inviting over one of the House of Hanover, the Country were by no means satisfied with it, and many of them voted against the Court Whigs.—
WHAT IS A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN?

The manuscript ends here.—T.]

LETTERS TO MRS. HEWET.

TO MRS. HEWET.¹

I HOPE my dear Mrs. Hewet does not believe that I follow my inclination, when I am two or three posts before I return thanks for her most agreeable letters; but in this busy town there is very little time at one's own disposal. My greatest pleasure is at Mrs. Selwyn's:² I came from thence just now, and I believe am the only young woman in town that am in my own house at ten o'clock to-night. This is the night of Count Turrucça's ball, to which he has invited a few bare-faced, and the whole town *en masque*. I suppose you will have a description of it from some who were at it; I can only give it at second-hand, and will therefore say nothing of it. I have begun to learn Italian, and am much mortified I cannot do it of a signor of Monsieur Resingade's recommendation; but 'tis always the fate of women to obey, and my papa has promised

¹ Mrs. (afterwards Lady) Hewet, was the youngest daughter of Richard Bettinson, Esq., by Albinia, daughter and coheir of Edward Cecil, Lord Viscount Wimbledon. She married Mr. T. Hewet, who was Surveyor-General of his Majesty's Woods and Works. He was knighted in 1719, and settled at Shireoaks, in Nottinghamshire, where he died in 1726. His lady long survived him, and was remarkable for her accomplishments and beauty, which she retained to an extreme old age.—D. The Letters to Mrs. Hewet were published by Mr. Dallaway in an edition of 1805. He informs us in a note that the originals had been communicated to the publisher by a lady who received them from Lady Wastneys, relict of Sir Hardolph Wastneys, of Headon Hall, to whom they had been bequeathed with other papers.—T.

² Albinia Bettinson, Mrs. Hewet's elder sister, married Major-General William Selwyn, of Matson, in Gloucestershire.—D.

me to a Mr. Cassotti.¹ I am afraid I shall never understand it so well as you do—but *laissons cela*, and talk of somewhat more entertaining.

Next to the great ball, what makes the most noise is the marriage of an old maid, who lives in this street, without a portion, to a man of 7,000*l.* *per annum*, and they say 40,000*l.* in ready money. Her equipage and liveries outshine anybody's in town. He has presented her with 3,000*l.* in jewels; and never was man more smitten with these charms that had lain invisible for these forty years; but, with all his glory, never bride had fewer enviers, the dear beast of a man is so filthy, frightful, odious, and detestable. I would turn away such a footman, for fear of spoiling my dinner, while he waited at table. They were married on Friday, and came to church *en parade* on Sunday. I happened to sit in the pew with them, and had the honour of seeing Mrs. Bride fall fast asleep in the middle of the sermon, and snore very comfortably; which made several women in the church think the bridegroom not quite so ugly as they did before. Envious people say 'twas all counterfeited to please him, but I believe that to be scandal; for I dare swear, nothing but downright necessity could make her miss one word of the sermon. He professes to have married her for her devotion, patience, meekness, and other Christian virtues he observed in her: his first wife (who has left no children) being very handsome, and so good natured as to have ventured her own salvation to secure his. He has married this lady to have a companion in that paradise where his first has given him a title. I believe I have given you too much of this couple; but they are not to be comprehended in few words.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, remember me, and believe that nothing can put you out of my head.

¹ In one of her love letters to Mr. Wortley Montagu, written about June, 1712, Lady Mary says: "Direct to Mr. Cassotti, at Mr. Roberts's, at the Queen's Head, in Lichfield-street, Soho. He is my Italian master. I have made a kind of plausible pretence to him for one letter to come that way, but I dare not trust him."—T.

TO MRS. HEWET.

[Thoresby,¹ September, 1709.]

TEN thousand thanks to you for Madame de Noyer's² Letters; I wish Signor Roselli³ may be as diverting to you as *she* has been to me. The stories are very extraordinary; but I know not whether she has not added a few *agréments* of invention to them: however, there is some truth. I have been told, in particular, that the history of the fair unfortunate Madame de Barbesierre is so, by people who could not be suspected of romancing. Don't you think that the court of England would furnish stories as entertaining? Say nothing of my malice; but I cannot help wishing that Madame de Noyer would turn her thoughts a little that way. I fancy she would succeed better than the authoress of the *New Atalantis*.⁴ I am sure I like her method much better, which has, I think, hit that difficult path between the gay and the severe, and is neither too loose, nor affected by pride.

I take an interest in Mr. Selwyn's success. In a battle⁵ like that, I think it may be called so to come off alive. I should be so sensible of any affliction that could touch you or Mrs. Selwyn, that I may very well rejoice when you have no occasion for any. Adieu, madam. This post has brought me nothing but compliments, without one bit of news. I heard the last, that Lord Stair was wounded.⁶ You can tell me whether to believe it or no.

Excuse my dulness; and be so good as never to read a letter of mine but in one of those minutes when you are entirely alone, weary of everything, and *inquiète* to think what you shall do next. All people who live in the country must

¹ In Nottinghamshire, one of the seats of the Marquis of Dorchester.—T.

² Madame Dunoyer's Letters. Published in 1704.—T.

³ Memoirs of the Life and Adventures of Signor Rozelli, translated from the French, were published in 1709.—T.

⁴ The first part of the *New Atalantis*, a scandalous book of much celebrity, written by Mrs. Manley, was published May 26, 1709.—T.

⁵ Probably the disastrous victory of Malplaquet, September 11, 1709. Captain Selwyn, of Argyle's regiment of foot, was slightly wounded.—T.

⁶ The report as to Lord Stair was incorrect.—T.

have some of those minutes, and I know so well what they are, that I believe even my letters may be welcome, when they are to take them off your hands.

TO MRS. HEWET.

[Thoresby, October, 1709.]

I SUPPOSE my dear Mrs. Hewet has by this time resolved never to think more on so insensible and ungrateful a creature, that could be so long in returning thanks for such a letter, and has repented of past favours. I cannot blame your resentment, appearances are so much against me; and yet I am not so much to blame as you imagine. You expressed a desire of seeing a second part of the *Atalantis*.¹ I had just then sent to London for it, and did not question having it last Saturday. I hoped that a book you had a mind to see might atone for the nothingness of my letter, and was resolved not to send one without the other; but, like an unfortunate projector as I am, my designs are always followed by disappointment. Saturday came, and no book; God forgive me, I had certainly wished the lady who was to send it me hanged, but for the hopes it was come by the Nottingham carrier, and then I should have it on Monday; but, after waiting Monday and Tuesday, I find it is not come at all. Now, madam, I do not question your forgiveness, and your hope, that when I do not write to Mrs. Hewet, there is some unavoidable cause for my silence. Your news and your book very much diverted me: it is an old, but very pleasant, Spanish novel. When we leave this place, I am not able to tell you. I have no reason to wish it, but since I cannot see you, that it may be in my power to write you more entertaining letters. I had some last post told me that Lady Essex Saville² was going to be married to Lord

¹ The second part of Mrs. Manley's *New Atalantis* was published on October 20, 1709, as appears by an advertisement in the original edition of the *Tatler* of that day.—T.

² Eldest daughter of the second Marquis of Halifax.—T.

Lonsdale.¹ I won't swear to the truth of it, for people make no conscience of what they write into the country, and think anything good enough for poor us. There is another story that I had from a hand I dare depend upon. The Duke of Grafton and Dr. Garth² ran a foot-match in the mall of 200 yards, and the latter, to his immortal glory, beat. I pray God you mayn't have heard this already. I am promised a cargo of lampoons from the Bath, and if they come safe, you shall share them with me. My dear Mrs. Hewet, could I contribute any way to your diversion, it would be the height of my ambition.

TO MRS. HEWET.

November 12 [1709³].

You have not then received my letter? Well! I shall run mad. I can suffer anything rather than that you should continue to think me ungrateful. I think 'tis the last of pains to be thought criminal, where one most desires to please, as I am sure it is always my wish to dear Mrs. Hewet.

I am very glad you have the second part of the New Atlantis: if you have read it, will you be so good as to send it me? and in return, I promise to get you the Key to it. I know I can. But do you know what has happened to the unfortunate authoress? People are offended at the liberty she uses in her memoirs, and she is taken into custody. Miserable is the fate of writers: if they are agreeable, they are offensive; and if dull, they starve. I lament the loss of the other parts which we should have had; and have five hundred arguments at my fingers' ends to prove the ridiculousness of those creatures that think it worth while to take notice of what is only

¹ The Lord Lonsdale referred to died in 1713, unmarried. The story was probably merely a joke, his lordship being at that time a youth.—T.

² Dr. Garth was very stout. The joke turns probably upon the stoutness of both the parties, and the improbability of the report.—T.

³ The year appears from the allusion in the letter to Mrs. Manley's imprisonment.—See Luttrell's Diary, October 29, 1709.—T.

designed for diversion. After this, who will dare to give the history of Angella? I was in hopes her faint essay would have provoked some better pen to give more elegant and secret memoirs; but now she will serve as a scarecrow to frighten people from attempting anything but heavy panegyric; and we shall be teased with nothing but heroic poems, with names at length, and false characters, so daubed with flattery, that they are the severest kind of lampoons, for they both scandalise the writer and the subject, like that vile paper the *Tatler*.¹

I believe, madam, you will think I have dwelt too long on this business; but I am in a violent passion about it. My dear Mrs. Hewet, is it impossible you should come here? I would not ask it if I had a coach to wait upon you; but I am not born to have anything I have a mind to. All the news I know is, that Mrs. Reeves is married to Colonel Sydney (if you know neither of them, I'll send you their pictures at full length); and that giddy rake Cresswell, to a fortune of 2000*l*. a year. I send you the Bath lampoons—Corinna is Lady Manchester, and the other lady is Mrs. Cartwright, who, they say, has pawned her diamond necklace, to buy Valentine a snuff-box. These wars make men so violent scarce, that these good ladies take up with the shadows of them. This is the sum total of all the news I know, and you see I am willing to divert you all in my power. I fancy the ill spelling of the lampoons will make you laugh more than the verses; indeed I am ashamed for her who wrote them. As soon as possible, be pleased to send me the second part of the *Atalantis*, &c.

TO MRS. HEWET.

[November, 1709. ?]

TILL this minute I was in hopes of waiting on dear Mrs. Hewet before we left the country, which made me defer

¹ The first number of the *Tatler* appeared on the 12th of April, 1709.—T.

writing; but now positive orders oblige us to go to-morrow, and the horses must rest to-day, so that this paper must give you thanks for me, for all the many favours which could not have been bestowed on one who could have had a more quick and lasting sense of them. When I am in London, I will certainly send you all that passes, though I fancy you have it from people better both at writing and intelligence.

Mrs. C.,¹ whose character you desire to know, is a lady who has made a great noise in the world; but I never thought she would come to make such a figure in it. The lord she has snapt made a lampoon on her last winter. For my part, I never heard her speak in my life. She is generally thought handsome. If Miss Selwyn (as I wish she may) supplies her place, there will be one much handsomer. Amidst the hurry of taking such a journey to-morrow, I am sure you will forgive my letter's being no longer: you know people can never leave your company, or writing to you, without regret. Write to me where to direct to you, and direct to me in Arlington-street, near St. James's, London.²

TO MRS. HEWET.

[Arlington-street? summer of 1710. ?]

I WOULD have writ long ago to dear Mrs. Hewet, but I waited for the good news of saying when I might hope to see you, which I now despair of for this long time. We go next week into Wiltshire,³ which will be quite a new world to us. I was about eight years old when I left it, and have entirely forgot everything in it. I am sorry we shall not see you, though I am still in hopes we shall return into Nottingham-

¹ Elizabeth Collier, niece of the Earl of Portmore. The "lord" whom she had "snapt," was Sackville Earl of Dorset, to whom she was married in January, 1709; but the marriage was not made public till the following November. She was succeeded in her "place" of Maid of Honour to Queen Anne by Miss Scarborough.—T.

² Her father's town house.—T.

³ Her father's seat at West Dean, near Salisbury.—T.

shire the latter end of the year ; but all that is supposals, and I have no ground to believe it, but that I wish it very much. You can expect no news from one who has nothing at present in her head but packing up, and the ideas that naturally come upon going to a place, I may almost say, I never saw, so perfectly have I forgotten it. Be so good when you see Mrs. Levenz¹ to ask her if she received my letter ; if she did not, I am sure I must suffer very much in her opinion, and appear very ungrateful, after her inquiry when I was sick. Mrs. Hewet should never talk of being rivalled ; there is no such thing as not liking her, or liking anybody else better. It is a provoking thing to think, so many tedious years as we have passed at Thoresby, we should always be asunder so many dirty miles, and the first summer you come nearer, I am tossed to the other side of the world, where I do not know so much as one creature, and am afraid I shall not meet with such agreeable neighbours as in Nottinghamshire. But destiny must be followed, and I own, was I to choose mine, it should never be to stay perpetually in the same place. I should even prefer little storms to an eternal calm ; and though I am displeased not to see you, I am not sorry to see a new part of the kingdom.

My dear Mrs. Hewet, preserve me your friendship wherever my fortune carries me, and believe that I am equally in all places yours.

Continue your direction to Arlington-street.

TO MRS. HEWET.

[West Dean ? about May, 1710. ?]

MOST of the neighbours hereabouts have been to see me, but they are very few, and few of those few that are supportable—none agreeable. This part of the world is so dif-

¹ Probably of the family of William Levinz, Esq., elected member for Nottinghamshire in 1710.—T.

ferent from Nottinghamshire, that I can hardly persuade myself it is in the same kingdom. The men here are all Sylvias, no Myrtillos. If they could express themselves so well, they would say, like him,

"Mille ninfe darei per una fera
Che da Melampo mio cacciata fosse;
Godasi queste gioje
Chi n' ha di me più gusto; io non le sento."

Though they cannot say it in Italian verse, they often speak to that purpose in English prose over a bottle, insensible of other pleasures than hunting and drinking. The consequence of which is, the poor female part of their family being seldom permitted a coach, or at best but a couple of starved jades to drag a dirty chariot, their lords and masters having no occasion for such a machine, as their mornings are spent among hounds, and the nights with as beastly companions, with what liquor they can get in this country, which is not very famous for good drink. If this management did not hinder me the company of my *she* neighbours, I should regret the absence of the Pastor Fidos, being of the opinion of Sylvia in Tasso :

"Altri segua i diletti dell' amore,
Se pur v' è nell' amor alcun diletto."

I would fain persuade you to practise your Italian. I fear I shall forget to speak it, for want of somebody to speak it to. Amongst the rest of the advantages I should have in your conversation (if I should be so happy as to be with you), I would endeavour to improve in that polite language. I find you are very busy about politics; we are the same here, particularly in the pulpit, where the parsons would fain become as famous as Sacheverel,¹ and are very sorry that they cannot have the honour of being *tried* too. For my part, I content myself in my humble sphere, am passive in their disputes, and endeavour to study my Italian in peace and quietness. But people mistake very much in placing peace in woods and shades, for I believe solitude puts people out of humour, and

¹ The trial of Sacheverel ended 23rd of March, 1710.—T.

makes them disposed to quarrel, or there would not be so many disputes about religion and liberty, by creatures that never understood the first, nor have, or are likely to have, a taste of the latter,

“Crush’d by the stint of thirty pounds a-year.”

TO MRS. HEWET.

[1711.]

’Tis so long since I had a letter from dear Mrs. Hewet, I should think her no longer in the land of the living, if Mr. Resingade did not assure me he was happier than I, and had heard of your health from your own hand; which makes me fancy that my last miscarried, and perhaps you are blaming me at the same time that you are thinking me neglectful of you. Apropos of Mr. Resingade—we are grown such good friends, I assure you, that we write Italian letters to each other, and I have the pleasure of talking to him of Madame Hewet. He told me he would send you the two tomes of Madame de Noyer’s¹ Memoirs. I fancy you will find yourself disappointed in them, for they are horribly grave and insipid; and, instead of the gallantry you might expect, they are full of dull morals. I was last Thursday at the new Opera, and saw Nicolini² strangle a lion with great gallantry. But he represented nakedness so naturally, I was surprised to see those ladies stare at him without any confusion, that pretend to be so violently shocked at a poor *double entendre* or two in a comedy; which convinced me that those prudes who would cry fie! fie! at the word *naked*, have no scruples about the thing. The marriage of Lord Willoughby³ goes on, and he swears he will bring the lady down to Nottingham races. How far it may be true, I cannot tell. By what fine gentle-

¹ Mémoires de Madame Dunoyer. Published at Cologne, 1710.—T.

² In the opera of Hydaspes. One of the Spectators, March 15, 1710-11, is devoted to this exhibition. The opera season ended with the performance of Hydaspes on May 30, 1711.—T.

³ Son of the Marquis of Lindsey, and afterwards Duke of Ancaster. He married, May, 1711, Jane, daughter of Sir John Brownlowe.—T.

men say, you know, it is not easy to guess at what they mean. The lady has made an acquaintance with me after the manner of Pyramus and Thisbe: I mean over a wall three yards high, which separates our garden from Lady Guildford's. The young ladies¹ had found out a way to pull out two or three bricks, and so climb up and hang their chins over the wall, where we, mounted on chairs, used to have many *belles conversations à la dérobée* for fear of the old mother. This trade continued several days; but fortune seldom permits long pleasures. By long standing on the wall, the bricks loosened; and, one fatal morning, down drops Miss Nelly;² and, to complete this misfortune, she fell into a little sink, and bruised her poor—self to that terrible degree, she is forced to have surgeons, plaisters, and God knows what, which discovered the whole intrigue; and their mamma forbade them ever to visit us, but by the door. Since that time, all our communications have been made in a vulgar manner, visiting in coaches, &c. &c., which took away half the pleasure. You know danger gives a *haut goût* to everything. This is our secret history—pray let it be so still—but I hope all the world will know that I am most entirely yours.

TO MRS. HEWET.

[1711.]

I HAVE a thousand thanks to give my dear Mrs. Hewet for her news, and above all the letter; and I would not have delayed them, but your messenger was in haste, and I was resolved to write you a long scribble. My advices of Saturday say, that a peace³ will positively be concluded. This comes

¹ Lady Guildford was Alicia, another daughter of Sir John Brownlowe. The "young ladies" and their mother appear to have been living with their sister in Arlington-street.—T.

² Eleanor Brownlowe, afterwards married to her cousin, Lord Tyrconnel, the patron of Richard Savage.—T.

³ The negotiations for the peace between France and England began September, 1711.—T.

from the same hand that wrote so contrary on Thursday, and I depend very much on the intelligence. I am charmed with your *correspondante*, for I hope it is a woman; and if it is, I reckon her an honour to our sex. I am in no fear of the reflection you mention; and, being perfectly innocent, God knows am far from thinking I can be suspected. Your news, and no news, I know not what to make of. At present, my domestic affairs go on so ill, I want spirits to look abroad. I have got a cold that disables my eyes, and disorders me every other way. Mr. Mason has ordered me blooding, to which I have submitted, after long contestation. You see how stupid I am; I entertain you with discourses of physic, but I have the oddest jumble of disagreeable things in my head that ever plagued poor mortals: a great cold, a bad peace, people I love in disgrace,¹ sore eyes, the horrid prospect of a civil war, and the thoughts of a filthy potion to take. I believe nobody ever had such a *mélange* before. Our coachman, dear man, arrived safe last night, but when we remove, God only knows. If possible, I will wait on you at Clipston,² but this physic may prevent all my good intentions. My companions are your servants. I had forgot the Spectators: one is not worth mentioning; the other is so plain and so good sense, I wonder anybody of five years old does not find out that he is in the right.³

TO MRS. HEWET.

[Arlington-street, March, 1712]

I DO not doubt but that before this time, my dear Mrs. Hewet has a thousand times called me ungrateful, and as often repented of the many kindnesses she has done me in the country. *Les apparences sont trompeuses*—I am as much

¹ Perhaps alluding to the Duchess of Marlborough, who surrendered all her places at Court in January, 1711.—T.

² Clipston is about three miles from Thoresby.—T.

³ The first number of the Spectator appeared on the 1st of March, 1711.—T.

your servant as ever, and think of you with the friendship and acknowledgment I owe you. A train of disagreeable events have hindered my having one leisure moment; and at this very time my poor head is distracted with such a variety of *galimatias*, that I cannot tell you one bit of news. The fire I suppose you have had a long and true account of, though not perhaps that we were raised at three o'clock, and kept waking till five, by the most dreadful sight I ever saw in my life. It was near enough to fright all our servants half out of their senses; however, we escaped better than some of our neighbours. Mrs. Braithwayte, a Yorkshire beauty, who had been but two days married to a Mr. Coleman, ran out of bed *en chemise*, and her husband followed her in his, in which pleasant dress they ran as far as St. James's-street, where they met with a chair, and prudently crammed themselves both into it, observing the rule of dividing the good and bad fortune of this life, resolved to run all hazards together, and ordered the chairmen to carry them both away, perfectly representing, both in love and nakedness, and want of eyes to see that they were naked, our first happy parents. Sunday last I had the pleasure of hearing the whole history from the lady's own mouth.

The next most extraordinary adventure, is the famous quarrel between her Grace of Hamilton with Captain Hero; but I suppose you cannot be ignorant of so surprising an event.

Deaths nor marriages I know of none, but Sir Stephen Evans,¹ that hanged himself, and my sister Evelyn, who will be married next week.² The post-bell rings; my next shall be longer, with some account of your fair family.

TO MRS. HEWET.

I WOULD willingly return dear Mrs. Hewet something more, for diverting me so well, than dry thanks impertinently expressed. 'Tis reported that Lady Charlotte Finch is to marry

¹ The banker. He had failed a short time previously.—T.

² She was married to John Lord Gower, on the 13th of March, 1712.—T.

old Conoway,¹ and Lady Margaret Tufton, Lord Brooke.² Beside the dismal changes of state, this is all I know. I fear I write nonsense; but it happens miraculously to be in a room full of company, and if I omit this opportunity, I know not when I may have another of sending. Mr. Sterne, the *titular* bishop, was last week married to a very pretty woman, Mrs. Bateman, whom he fell in love with for falling backward from her horse leaping a ditch, where she displayed all her charms, which he found irresistible. Mrs. White, Mrs. Sutton, and Mrs. More,³ are all with me; and I am so embarrassed with civilities *tour à tour*, that I have hardly calmness of spirit to tell you, in a composed way, that I am your thankful humble servant.

TO MRS. HEWET.

York, November, 1714.

'Tis not owing either to insensibility or ingratitude that I have not yet returned my thanks to dear Mrs. Hewet for her obliging letter; but the weakness of my sight will not permit me to express the dictates of my heart, and I am forced to sit by the fireside and think you a thousand thanks, when I would be putting them upon paper. I rejoice that Lady Harriet has shown some sensibility, as unworthy an object as she has chosen; yet I think 'tis better than (as I feared she had) dutifully making over all her senses along with her fortune, for the use of her Grace; I thought her other faculties as imperfect as that of hearing. I am glad she is not such a stock as I took her to be. I beg your pardon that I must write a letter without news, but I do not know one bit, if it were to stand one instead of my neck-verse. I am here waiting the meeting of the Parliament, and am persuaded you will be in

¹ Conway?—T.

² These intended marriages did not take place.—D.

³ Probably all Nottinghamshire ladies—Mrs. White, of Walling Wells, is afterwards referred to. Mrs. Sutton was no doubt one of the daughters of Lord Lexington.—T.

London before me ; if not, I will endeavour to see you. You talk of the Duke of Leeds¹—I hear that he has placed his heroic love upon the bright charms of a pewterer's wife ; and, after a long amour, and many perilous adventures, has stolen the fair lady, which, in spite of his wrinkles and grandchild, persuade people of his youth and gallantry. You see what stuff I am forced to write ; but to such I am compelled, excepting I should entertain you with York loves and piques, which would be as dull to you as what passed at the last wake. 'Tis impossible to laugh at what they do, without having first laughed at what they are.

I am, madam, yours.

This is abrupt ; but the post will wait for no man.²

¹ Peregrine, second Duke of Leeds. He was distinguished for his gallant behaviour in several maritime expeditions. He died in 1729, in the seventy-first year of his age.—T.

² See another letter to Mrs. Hewet, dated Adrianople, April 1, 1717, among letters during Mr. Wortley's embassy.—T.

CORRESPONDENCE
WITH
MISS ANNE WORTLEY
AND
MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU
BEFORE 1717.¹

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.²

[Thoresby] May 2.

I HOPE, my dear Mrs. Wortley, that you are so just to me, to believe I could not leave the town without seeing you, but very much against my own inclination. I am now at Thoresby. Our journey has been very bad, but, in my opinion, the worst part of it was—going from you. I hope you intend to be kinder to me this summer than you was the last. There needs nothing to keep up the remembrance of you in my heart, but I would not think of you and think you forget me. Farewell, my dear. My letter should be longer, if it was possible to

¹ All the letters in this section, except where stated to the contrary in the notes, are now printed from the originals among the Wortley Papers.—T.

² The second daughter of the Honourable Sydney Wortley Montagu, the second son of the first Lord Sandwich. . . . Miss Anne Wortley was the favourite sister of Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., Lady Mary's husband.—W. Mr. Wortley generally signed his name "Edward Wortley;" but was addressed by his friends both as "Mr. Wortley," and "Mr. Wortley Montagu;" though it is under the latter name that both he and Lady Mary are best known to readers.—T.

make it so without repetition ; but I have already told you I love you, and implored you not to forget me, which (as I hope to breathe) is all I have to say.¹

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.

[Thoresby, postmark Aug. 27.]

I AM convinced, however dear you are to me, Mrs. Anne Wortley, I am no longer of any concern to you, therefore I shall only trouble you with an insignificant story, when I tell you I have been very near leaving this changeable world ; but now, by the doctor's assistance and Heaven's blessing, am in a condition of being as impertinently troublesome to you as formerly. A sore-throat, which plagued me for a long while, brought me at last to such a weakness you had a fair chance of being released from me ; but God has not yet decreed you so much happiness, though I must say this, you have omitted nothing to make yourself so easy, having strove to kill me by neglect : but destiny triumphs over all your efforts ; I am yet in the land of the living, and still yours.²

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.

Ash Wednesday [March 7], 1709.³

THIS comes to inquire after your health in the first place ? and if there be any hopes of the recovery of my diamond ? If

¹ This letter is unsigned, as is the case with by far the greater number of the letters of Lady Mary and her correspondents in these volumes. The omission of signatures was a habit no doubt engendered by the practice of opening letters sent through the post, which was in these times extremely common.—T.

² The latter portion of the original is partly torn, and what appears to have been a postscript is too imperfect to be read.—T.

³ I have not found the original of this letter. It appears, on collation of other letters, that Mr. Dallaway was in the habit of affixing dates, without authority or warning to the reader. All dates, therefore, of letters published by him which the present editor has not had an opportunity of collating with the originals, must be considered doubtful.—T.

not, I must content myself with reckoning it one of the mortifications proper to this devout time, and it may serve for a motive of humiliation. Is not this the right temper with which we ought to bear losses which——?

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.¹

July 21, 1709.

How often (my dear Mrs. Wortley) must I assure you that your letters are ever agreeable and beyond expression welcome to me? Depend upon it that I reckon the correspondence you favour me with too great a happiness to neglect it; there is no danger of your fault, I rather fear to grow troublesome by my acknowledgments. I will not believe you flatter me, I will look upon what you say as an obliging mark of your partiality. How happy must I think myself when I fancy your friendship to me even great enough to overpower your judgment! I am afraid this is one of the pleasures of the Imagination,² and I cannot be so very successful in so earnest and important a wish. This letter is excessively dull. Do you know it is from my vast desire of pleasing you, as there is nothing more frequent than for the voice to falter when people sing before judges, or, as those arguments are always worst where the orator is in a passion. Believe me, I could scribble three sheets to—— (I must not name), but to twenty people that have not so great a share of my esteem, and whose friendship is not so absolutely necessary for my happiness, but am quite at a loss to you. I will not commend your letters (let them deserve never so much), because I will show you 'tis possible for me to forbear what I have mind to, when I know 'tis your desire I should do so. My dear, dear, adieu! I am entirely yours, and wish nothing more than that it may be some time

¹ I have not found the original of this letter.—T.

² Lady Mary had written a poem called "The Pleasure of the Imagination."
—T.

or other in my power to convince you that there is nobody dearer than yourself to—

I am horribly ashamed of this letter, pray Heaven you may not think it too inconsiderable to be laughed at—that may be.

FROM MISS ANNE WORTLEY.

[August, 1709.]

DEAR Lady Mary grows very cool. If I could write a hundredth part as well as you, I should dispatch the post as often as I do the coachman to St. James's;¹ but as it is, if you will exchange pearl for glass, I shall think mine well bestowed. I am just come into the country, where I have met with nothing but what you have in perfection; and could I have any part of your imagination, I should write perpetually. I am now in the room with an humble servant of yours,² who is arguing so hotly about marriage that I cannot go on with my letter: [I] would be very glad to bring you into the argument, being sure you would soon convince us in what disturbs so many. Everybody seeks happiness; but though everybody has a different taste, yet all pursue money, which makes people choose great wigs. Because their neighbour sweats in it they dare not be easy out of the fashion. But you have dared to have wit joined with beauty, a thing so much out of fashion, that we fly after you with as much interestedness as you often see the birds do when one superior comes near them. If you could give me a receipt how to divert you, I would try to practise, but find it impossible to be pleased with myself or any thing I do. Send me word what books to read, &c. In haste.

Direct to me at Pet—gh [Peterborough], in Northamptonshire.

¹ It might be inferred from this that Lady Mary was in London. The letter, however, is addressed to Thoresby.—T.

² No doubt her brother, Mr. Wortley Montagu.—T.

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.¹

[Thoresby] August 8, 1709.

I SHALL run mad—with what heart can people write, when they believe their letters will never be received? I have already writ you a very long scrawl, but it seems it never came to your hands; I cannot bear to be accused of coldness by one whom I shall love all my life. This will, perhaps, miscarry as the last did; how unfortunate am I if it does! You will think I forget you, who are never out of my thoughts. You will fancy me stupid enough to neglect your letters, when they are the only pleasures of my solitude: in short, you will call me ungrateful and insensible, when I esteem you as I ought, in esteeming you above all the world. If I am not quite so unhappy as I imagine, and you do receive this, let me know it as soon as you can; for till then I shall be in terrible uneasiness; and let me beg you for the future, if you do not receive letters very constantly from me, imagine the post-boy killed, imagine the mail burnt, or some other strange accident; you can imagine nothing so impossible as that I forget you, my dear Mrs. Wortley. I know no pretence I have to your good opinion but my hearty desiring it; I wish I had that imagination you talk of, to render me a fitter correspondent for you, who can write so well on every thing.² I am now so much alone, I have leisure to pass whole days in reading, but am not at all proper for so delicate an employment as choosing you books. Your own fancy will better direct you. My study at present is nothing but dictionaries and grammars. I am trying whether it be possible to learn without a master; I am not certain (and dare hardly hope) I shall make any great progress; but I find the study so diverting, I am not only easy, but pleased with the solitude that indulges it. I forget there is such a place as London, and wish for no company but yours. You see, my dear, in making my pleasures consist of these un-

¹ I have not found the original of this letter.—T.

² Nearly all the letters from Miss Wortley to Lady Mary were copied from draughts prepared by her brother, a fact of which Lady Mary could hardly have been ignorant.—T.

fashionable diversions, I am not of the number who cannot be easy out of the mode. I believe more follies are committed out of complaisance to the world, than in following our own inclinations—Nature is seldom in the wrong, custom always; it is with some regret I follow it in all the impertinencies of dress; the compliance is so trivial it comforts me; but I am amazed to see it consulted even in the most important occasions of our lives; and that people of good sense in other things can make their happiness consist in the opinions of others, and sacrifice every thing in the desire of appearing in fashion. I call all people who fall in love with furniture, clothes, and equipage, of this number, and I look upon them as no less in the wrong than when they were five years old, and doated on shells, pebbles, and hobby-horses: I believe you will expect this letter to be dated from the other world, for sure I am you never heard an inhabitant of this talk so before. I suppose you expect, too, I should conclude with begging pardon for this extreme tedious and very nonsensical letter; quite contrary, I think you will be obliged to me for it. I could not better show my great concern for your reproaching me with neglect I knew myself innocent of, than proving myself mad in three pages.

My sister says a great deal about Mrs. K.;¹ but besides my having forgot it, the paper is at an end.

FROM MISS ANNE WORTLEY.

[August] 15th, 1709.²

It is as impossible for my dearest Lady Mary to utter a thought that can seem dull, as to put on a look that is not beautiful. Want of wit is a fault that those who envy you most would not be able to find in your kind compliments. To me they seem perfect, since repeated assurances of your kindness forbid me to question their sincerity. You have often found that the most angry, nay, the most neglectful air you

¹ Probably Mrs., or Miss, Katherine Wortley, another sister.—T.

² The letter bears the postmark, "Peterborough, Au. 19th."—T.

can assume, has made as deep a wound as the kindest; and these lines of yours, that you tax with dullness (perhaps because they were writ when you was not in a right humour, or when your thoughts were elsewhere employed), are so far from deserving the imputation, that the very turn of your expression, had I forgot the rest of your charms, would be sufficient to make me lament the only fault you have—your inconstancy.

But, upon second thoughts, how can this be a fault? no—'tis none, and you are altogether perfect. 'Tis to this happy disposition of being pleased with a variety of new objects, that we owe that wit of yours, which is so surprising; and to this alone I am indebted for the inexpressible delight I take in the present enjoyment of your favour; and it would be extravagant in me to call it either your fault or my misfortune. I wish the most happy person now in being, whom I have often discovered to be so, in spite of your art to hide it, may be as able to make this reflection at the Nottingham race, as I, that am not subdued by so strong a passion of that sort (for Hinchinbrook air, from whence I am just come, has not so kind an influence upon all as on L. S. [Lord Sandwich]).¹ Such passions as those, where there is an object like Lady Mary, leave no room for cool reflections; and I wish he may not be so far overcome by his fears for the future, as to forget what a favourite he is of fortune in the present possession of so great a bliss. You will want to know how this race comes into my head. This country, out of which many go thither, affords no other tittle tattle at this time; besides that, yesterday, as I was talking of it to Mrs. Sherrard,² she said, Lady Mary would be well diverted, for Nicolini³ would be there.

¹ Edward, third Earl of Sandwich, cousin of Mr. Wortley Montagu. He was Master of the Horse to George Prince of Denmark. The peerages inform us that "upon the death of that prince he retired from Court and business for many years." He was now a widower, and about thirty-six years of age. What was the peculiar influence upon him of "Hinchinbrook air" does not appear.—T.

² Probably one of the daughters of the Earl of Harborough.—T.

³ Nicolini, or Nicolini Grimaldi, the Italian singer, made his first appearance in England in the season of 1708-9. The Tatler of January 8, 1709-10, describes

One that was by said, there would be much better diversion there, looking upon me, as if he insinuated you would have pleasures less imaginary than those Nicolini can afford.

When that race is over, and your thoughts are free again, I should be glad to hear you have been well entertained. Every one but yourself will be, I am very sure. The sight of you is a satisfaction I envy them heartily. There is not a man among them that would be contented to be any thing, but the man I have named,¹ to enjoy the prosperous gale that one of them does. I will be sure to conceal your letter, not for the faults you say you are ashamed of, but to give no pangs to him, or any other, by discovering your kind assurance, that none is dearer to you than myself, which would make the dullest letter that ever was writ, subscribed by Lady Mary, more valuable than all I ever received. Don't think so long a letter as this is inexcusable from so fond an admirer of charming Lady Mary as—

FROM MISS ANNE WORTLEY.

Friday, August the 20th [1709].

DEAR Lady Mary will pardon my vanity; I could not forbear reading to a Cambridge Doctor² that was with me at Thoresby, a few of those lines that did not make me happy till this week: where you talk of turning over dictionaries and grammars, he stopped me, and said, "the reason why you had more wit than any man, was, that your mind had never been encumbered with those tedious authors; that Cowley never submitted to the rules of grammar, and therefore excelled all of his own time in learning, as well as wit; that

his performance in the highest terms of praise. It was the custom of opera-singers to repair to Nottingham, and sing there during the race week.—T.

¹ Mr. Dallaway supposed this to refer to Mr. Wortley Montagu; but from Lady Mary's answer it appears that some rival was hinted at. The whole of this letter was written by the brother: a rough draught in his handwriting is still existing.—T.

² The "Cambridge Doctor" was a fiction—the writer's brother being the real instructor. In the rough draught in Mr. Wortley Montagu's writing it stands as 'a friend.'—T.

without them, you would read with pleasure in two or three months ; but if you persisted in the use of them, you would throw away your Latin after a year or two, and the commonwealth would have reason to mourn ; whereas, if I could prevail with you, it would be bound to thank me for a brighter ornament than any it can boast of." It is not because I am public-spirited, that I could not delay telling you what I believed might make you succeed in your attempt ; nor can I positively affirm it proceeds from fondness, but rather admiration. I think I love you too well to envy you ; but the love of one's self is in all so powerful, that it may be a doubt whether the most violent passion would prevail with me to forward you in your pursuit, did I imagine you wanted that accomplishment to set you above me. But since, without any addition, as you now are I know there is so little hopes of coming near you, that if I loved you not at all, I should not be averse to raising you higher ; nor can all the good things you say of me make me fancy the distance to be less, and yet I must own they are very pleasing, notwithstanding you say that when you writ this last you were mad, which brings to my memory the other in which you say you are dull, so that you own when you take yourself to be right you have no such thoughts of me. Nay, should you in another, to remove my objections convince me you are in an interval, by being sensible that those shining qualities in you were designed to give splendour to a court, please a multitude, and do honour to nature, that retirement is an abuse of them,—should you tell me the recovery of your reason had not altered your opinion of me, there would still be a scruple ; and yet in spite of that too, your compliments would please. You may remember you once told me it was as easy to write kindly to a hobby-horse, as to a woman, nay, or a man. I should know too how diverting a scene it is—I have forgot where I met with it, but you can tell me—to make a ploughman find himself on a throne, and fancy he is an emperor. However, 'tis a cheat so pleasing I cannot help indulging it ; and to keep

off the evil day of being deceived, shall remain, with truth and passion,
Yours.

Our family is gone to Lord Manchester's to dine, so pray direct to Hinchinbrook, where we shall stay a fortnight.

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.¹

Aug. 21, 1709.

I AM infinitely obliged to you, my dear Mrs. Wortley, for the wit, beauty, and other fine qualities, you so generously bestow upon me. Next to receiving them from Heaven, you are the person from whom I would chuse to receive gifts and graces: I am very well satisfied to owe them to your own delicacy of imagination, which represents to you the idea of a fine lady, and you have good nature enough to fancy I am she. All this is mighty well, but you do not stop there; imagination is boundless. After giving me imaginary wit and beauty, you give me imaginary passions, and you tell me I'm in love: if I am, 'tis a perfect sin of ignorance, for I don't so much as know the man's name: I have been studying these three hours, and cannot guess who you mean. I passed the days of Nottingham races, [at] Thoresby, without seeing or even wishing to see one of the sex. Now, if I am in love, I have very hard fortune to conceal it so industriously from my own knowledge, and yet discover it so much to other people. 'Tis against all form to have such a passion as that, without giving one sigh for the matter. Pray tell me the name of him I love, that I may (according to the laudable custom of lovers) sigh to the woods and groves hereabouts, and teach it to the echo. You see, being I am [*sic*] in love, I am willing to be so in order and rule: I have been turning over God knows how many books to look for precedents. Recommend an example to me; and, above all, let me know whether 'tis most proper to walk in the woods, encreasing the winds with my sighs, or to sit by a purling stream, swelling the rivulet with my tears; may be, both may do well in their

¹ I have not found the original of this letter.—T.

turns :—but to be a minute serious, what do you mean by this reproach of inconstancy ? I confess you give me several good qualities I have not, and I am ready to thank you for them, but then you must not take away those few I have. No, I will never exchange them ; take back the beauty and wit you bestow upon me, leave me my own mediocrity of agreeableness and genius, but leave me also my sincerity, my constancy, and my plain dealing ; 'tis all I have to recommend me to the esteem either of others or myself. How should I despise myself if I could think I was capable of either inconstancy or deceit ! I know not how I may appear to other people, nor how much my face may belie my heart, but I know that I never was or can be guilty of dissimulation or inconstancy—you will think this vain, but 'tis all that I pique myself upon. Tell me you believe me and repent of your harsh censure. Tell it me in pity to my uneasiness, for you are one of those few people about whose good opinion I am in pain. I have always took so little care to please the generality of the world, that I am never mortified or delighted by its reports, which is a piece of stoicism born with me ; but I cannot be one minute easy while you think ill of

Your faithful—

This letter is a good deal grave, and, like other grave things, dull ; but I won't ask pardon for what I can't help.

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.¹

Aug. 21, 1709.

WHEN I said it cost nothing to write tenderly, I believe I spoke of another sex ; I am sure not of myself : 'tis not in my power (I would to God it was !) to hide a kindness where I have one, or dissemble it where I have none. I cannot help answering your letter this minute, and telling you I infinitely love you, though, it may be, you'll call the one impertinence, and the other dissimulation ; but you may think what you please of me, I must eternally think the same things of you.

¹ I have not found the original of this letter.—T.

I hope my dear Mrs. Wortley's shewing my letters is in the same strain as her compliments, all meant for raillery, and I am not to take it as a thing really so; but I'll give you as serious an answer as if 'twas all true.—

When Mr. Cowley and other people (for I know several have learnt after the same manner) were in places where they had opportunity of being learned by word of mouth, I don't see any violent necessity of printed rules; but being where from the top of the house to the bottom, not a creature in it understands so much as even good English, without the help of a dictionary or inspiration, I know no way of attaining to any language. Despairing of the last, I am forced to make use of the other, though I do verily believe I shall return to London the same ignorant soul I went from it; but the study is a present amusement. I must own I have vanity enough to fancy, if I had any body with me, without much trouble perhaps I might read.

What do you mean by complaining I never write to you in the quiet situation of mind I do to other people? My dear people never write calmly, but when they write indifferently. That I should ever do so to you I take to be entirely impossible; I must be always very much pleased or in very great affliction, as you tell me of your friendship, or unkindly doubt mine: I can never allow even prudence and sincerity to have anything to do with one another, at least I have always found it so in myself, who being devoted to the one, had never the least tincture of the other. What I am now doing, is a very good proof of what I say, 'tis a plain undesigning truth, your friendship is the only happiness of my life; and whenever I lose it, I have nothing to do but to take one of my garters and search for a convenient beam. You see how absolutely necessary it is for me to preserve it. Prudence is at the very time saying to me, Are you mad? you won't send this dull, tedious, insipid, long letter to Mrs. Wortley, will you? 'Tis the direct way to tire out her patience; if she serves you as you deserve, she will first laugh very heartily, then tear the letter, and

never answer it, purely to avoid the plague of such another : will her good-nature for ever resist her judgment?—I hearken to these counsels, I allow 'em to be good, and then—I act quite contrary. No consideration can hinder me from telling you, my dear dear Mrs. Wortley, nobody ever was so entirely, so faithfully yours, as—

I put in your lovers, for I don't allow it possible for a man to be sincere as I am ; if there was such a thing, though, you would find it ; I submit therefore to your judgment.

I had forgot to tell you that I writ a long letter directed to Peterborough, last post ; I hope you'll have it :—you see I forgot your judgment, to depend upon your goodness.

FROM MISS ANNE WORTLEY.

Saturday, [3rd?] Sept. [1709].

THERE cannot be a stronger proof of inconstancy than your severity to me for using the word. Whoever should read over those inestimable kind things you writ just before, and see this cruel reprimand come immediately after it, would bewail the uncertainty of human happiness. A change like this is not to be met with in tragedy. If it is any where, the poet cannot but be condemned for going out of nature, by all but myself. I had infallibly raved ere now, if this letter had not gone round by Peterborough, and met the other on the road, in which your indignation seems a little abated. This I had the good fortune to open first, so that I escaped the fright that your present anger would have given me ; and viewing a passion I knew half extinguished, I had only the displeasure of seeing how soon you could be offended at me, and how easy your affection was to be lost, which I always knew was hard to be obtained. I heartily wish those plains of Nottingham, that have given me all this pain, may be turned by some earthquake into mountains and rocks ; that none of its rivulets may ever receive the tears, nor its breezes the sighs, of a lover ; nay, let them be wholly inaccessible both to man and beast. But how can my dearest Lady Mary think it so wild (though

an unhappy) thought in me to mention that race? You may easily recollect how either I or another rallied you upon our meeting you met last year in that field, or—where you dined together after the diversion was over. Well, henceforward I have done with all jealous tricks. I did not imagine I could have paid so dearly for this;—though I had heard they seldom give quiet and security, but commonly desecrating [distracting] pain. Was it possible to hear of this race, and be without the apprehension of a rival in your favour? Did I write a word of it that you could take gravely according to the letter; or if you did, how could you be angry unless you were beforehand disposed to it? Were I less punished than I am by your correction, I should enlarge on what is very obvious to one inclined—make remarks—say your being out of humour could not be for any thing but your absence from that dear race—say that everything I write is so dull that it can't have your attention unless it be true; but henceforward I will not dare to speak, no, nor so much as think, any thing of my dearest Lady Mary in a laughing way; nor will I ever presume to meddle with so high a subject as your pity to any of the other sex which you outshine so far; but shall be satisfied if I am admitted into your lower entertainments, if I have the same rank among your admirers that your grammars and dictionaries have among your books; if I serve only to assist you in procuring pleasures without the least hopes of being ever able to give them. Let me send you what stories I collect, which you will [be] sure to make diverting; choose your ribbons and head-dresses on which you will bestow the power of enchanting. I will be contented never to soar above transmitting to you the best rules I hear for gaining languages, which, though it can't raise a genius already so high, yet may very much enlarge your dominions, by adding all that can possibly disobey you—the ignorant—who are taught to believe that learning is art. Make what you will of me, 'tis enough that you own me to be

Yours

P.S. If you have any more queries about Latin you must

send them quick : for a week hence I shall be alone. Lest I should be less able in solitude to bear the thoughts of your being angry, a very little letter to tell me you are not would be kind. Service to Lady F.¹ Service from us.

TO MISS ANNE WORTLEY.²

Sept. 5, 1709.

MY dear Mrs. Wortley, as she has the entire power of raising, can also, with a word, calm my passions. The kindness of your last recompenses me for the injustice of your former letter ; but you cannot sure be angry at my little resentment. You have read that a man who, with patience, hears himself called heretic, can never be esteemed a good Christian. To be capable of preferring the despicable wretch you mention to Mr. Wortley, is as ridiculous, if not as criminal, as forsaking the Deity to worship a calf. Don't tell me any body ever had so mean an opinion of my inclinations ; 'tis among the number of those things I would forget. My tenderness is always built upon my esteem, and when the foundation perishes, it falls : I must own, I think it is so with every body—but enough of this : you tell me it was meant for railery—was not the kindness meant so too ? I fear I am too apt to think what is amusement designed in earnest—no matter, 'tis for my repose to be deceived, and I will believe whatever you tell me.

I should be very glad to be informed of a right method, or whether there is such a thing alone, but am afraid to ask the question. It may be reasonably called presumption in a girl to have her thoughts that way. You are the only creature that I have made my confidante in that case : I'll assure you, I call it the greatest secret of my life. Adieu, my dear, the post stays, my next shall be longer.³

¹ Lady Frances Pierrepont, Lady Mary's sister.—T.

² I have not found the original of this letter.—T.

³ Miss Anne Wortley appears to have died shortly after the date of this letter. See next letter.—T.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[March 28, 1710.]

PERHAPS you'll be surprized at this letter; I have had many debates with myself before I could resolve on it. I know it is not acting in form, but I do not look upon you as I do upon the rest of the world, and by what I do for *you*, you are not to judge my manner of acting with others. You are brother to a woman I tenderly loved; my protestations of friendship are not like other people's, I never speak but what I mean, and when I say I love, 'tis for ever. I had that real concern for Mrs. Wortley, I look with some regard on every one that is related to her. This and my long acquaintance with you may in some measure excuse what I am now doing. I am surprized at one of the Tatlers you send me; is it possible to have any sort of esteem for a person one believes capable of having such trifling inclinations? Mr. Bickerstaff² has very wrong notions of our sex. I can say there are some of us that despise charms of show, and all the pageantry of greatness, perhaps with more ease than any of the philosophers. In contemning the world, they seem to take pains to condemn it; we despise it, without taking the pains to read lessons of morality to make us do it. At least I know I have always looked upon it with contempt, without being at the expense of one serious reflection to oblige me to it. I carry the matter yet farther; was I to choose of two thousand pounds a year or twenty thousand, the first would be my choice. There is something of an unavoidable *embarras* in making what is called a great figure in the world; [it] takes off from the happiness of life; I hate the noise and hurry inseparable from great estates and titles, and look upon both as blessings that ought only to be given to fools, for 'tis only to them that they are blessings. The pretty fellows you speak of, I own entertain me sometimes; but is it impossible to be diverted with what one despises? I can laugh at a puppet-show; at the same time I know there is nothing in it worth my attention

¹ A copy in Mr. W.'s writing is indorsed "28 March. To Wortley."—T.

² The Tatler appeared under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff.—T.

or regard. General notions are generally wrong. Ignorance and folly are thought the best foundations for virtue, as if not knowing what a good wife is was necessary to make one so. I confess that can never be my way of reasoning; as I always forgive an *injury* when I think it not done out of malice, I can never think myself *obliged* by what is done without design. Give me leave to say it, (I know it sounds vain,) I know how to make a man of sense happy; but then that man must resolve to contribute something towards it himself. I have so much esteem for you, I should be very sorry to hear you was unhappy; but for the world I would not be the instrument of making you so; which (of the humour you are) is hardly to be avoided if I am your wife. You distrust me—I can neither be easy, nor loved, where I am distrusted. Nor do I believe your passion for me is what you pretend it; at least I am sure was I in love I could not talk as you do. Few women would have spoke so plainly as I have done; but to dissemble is among the things I never do. I take more pains to approve my conduct to myself than to the world; and would not have to accuse myself of a minute's deceit. I wish I loved you enough to devote myself to be for ever miserable, for the pleasure of a day or two's happiness. I cannot resolve upon it. You must think otherwise of me, or not at all.

I don't enjoin you to burn this letter. I know you will. 'Tis the first I ever writ to one of your sex, and shall be the last. You must never expect another. I resolve against all correspondence of the kind; my resolutions are seldom made, and never broken.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Postmark, "Ap. 25," 1710.]

I HAVE this minute received your two letters. I know not how to direct to you, whether to London or the country; or, if in the country, to Durham¹ or Wortley. 'Tis very likely

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu's uncle was Dean of Durham. The letter is addressed to the Deanery.—T.

you'll never receive this. I hazard a great deal if it falls into other hands, and I write for all that. I wish, with all my soul, I thought as you do; I endeavour to convince myself by your arguments, and am sorry my reason is so obstinate, not to be deluded into an opinion, that 'tis impossible a man can esteem a woman. I suppose I should then be very easy at your thoughts of me; I should thank you for the wit and beauty you give me, and not be angry at the follies and weaknesses; but, to my infinite affliction, I can believe neither one nor t'other. One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think, if you married me, I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next: neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend, but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter any body. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised?

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want,

a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects ; which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy ; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished ; but there is no returning from a *dégoût* given by satiety.

I should not chuse to live in a crowd : I could be very well pleased to be in London, without making a great figure, or seeing above eight or nine agreeable people. Apartments, table, &c., are things that never come into my head. But [I] will never think of any thing without the consent of my family, and advise you not to fancy a happiness in entire solitude, which you would find only fancy.

Make no answer to this, if you can like me on my own terms. 'Tis not to me you must make the proposals : if not, to what purpose is our correspondence ?

However, preserve me your friendship, which I think of with a great deal of pleasure, and some vanity. If ever you see me married, I flatter myself you'll see a conduct you would not be sorry your wife should imitate.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[August, 1710.]

READING over your letter as fast as ever I could, and answering it with the same ridiculous precipitation, I find one part of it escaped my sight, and the other I mistook in several places. Yours was dated the 10th of August ; it came not hither till the 20th. You say something of a packet-boat, &c., makes me uncertain whether you'll receive my letter, and frets me heartily. Kindness, you say, would be your de-

struction. In my opinion, this is something contradictory to some other expressions. People talk of being in love just as widows do of affliction. Mr. Steele has observed, in one of his plays, the most passionate among them have always calmness enough to drive a hard bargain with the upholders. I never knew a lover that would not willingly secure his interest as well as his mistress; or, if one must be abandoned, had not the prudence (among all his distractions) to consider, a woman was but a woman, and money was a thing of more real merit than the whole sex put together. Your letter is to tell me, you should think yourself undone if you married me; but if I would be so tender as to confess I should break my heart if you did not, then you'd consider whether you would or no; but yet you hoped you should not. I take this to be the right interpretation of—even your kindness can't destroy me of a sudden—I hope I am not in your power—I would give a good deal to be satisfied, &c.

As to writing—that any woman would do that thought she writ well. Now I say, no woman of common sense would. At best, 'tis but doing a silly thing well, and I think it is much better not to do a silly thing at all. You compare it to dressing. Suppose the comparison just: perhaps the Spanish dress would become my face very well; yet the whole town would condemn me for the highest extravagance if I went to court in it, though it improved me to a miracle. There are a thousand things, not ill in themselves, which custom makes unfit to be done. This is to convince you I am so far from applauding my own conduct, my conscience flies in my face every time I think on't. The generality of the world have a great indulgence to their own follies: without being a jot wiser than my neighbours, I have the peculiar misfortune to know and condemn all the wrong things I do.

You beg to know whether I would not be out of humour. The expression is modest enough; but that is not what you mean. In saying I could be easy, I have already said I should not be out of humour: but you would have me say I am violently in love; that is, finding you think better of me

than you desire, you would have me give you a just cause to condemn me. I doubt much whether there is a creature in the world humble enough to do that. I should not think you more unreasonable if you was in love with my face, and asked me to disfigure it to make you easy. I have heard of some nuns that made use of that expedient to secure their own happiness; but, amongst all the popish saints and martyrs, I never read of one whose charity was sublime enough to make themselves deformed, or ridiculous, to restore their lovers to peace and quietness. In short, if nothing can content you but despising me heartily, I am afraid I shall be always so barbarous to wish you may esteem me as long as you live.¹

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "14th November," 1710.²]

I AM going to comply with your request, and write with all the plainness I am capable of. I know what may be said upon such a proceeding, but am sure you will not say it. Why should you always put the worst construction upon my words? Believe me what you will, but do not believe I can be ungenerous or ungrateful. I wish I could tell you what answer you will receive from some people, or upon what terms. If my opinion could sway, nothing should displease you. Nobody ever was so disinterested as I am. I would not have to reproach myself (I don't suppose you would) that I had any way made you uneasy in your circumstances. Let

¹ Steele wrote to his wife on the 29th of July, 1710, "I stay in town to-night very much against my inclination, having business of consequence with Mr. Montagu, who goes out of town to-morrow to take a voyage." Since the date of the preceding letters Mr. Wortley Montagu had made offers to Lady Mary's father; but the negotiation was suspended, the former having refused to comply with the father's terms. Upon this the lover started for Spa, being determined, as he wrote, to have "a truce to business, politics, and love." The letter to which the present is an answer was written from Harwich.—T.

² Mr. Wortley Montagu had returned from the Continent before the 19th of October, 1710, on which day Swift records in his Diary to Stella that he "spent the evening with Wortley Montagu and Mr. Addison over a bottle of Irish wine." The present letter is addressed to "Wortley, near Sheffield."—T.

me beg you (which I do with the utmost sincerity) only to consider yourself in this affair; and, since I am so unfortunate to have nothing in my own disposal, do not think I have any hand in making settlements. People in my way are sold like slaves; and I cannot tell what price my master will put on me. If you do agree, I shall endeavour to contribute, as much as lies in my power, to your happiness. I so heartily despise a great figure, I have no notion of spending money so foolishly; though one had a great deal to throw away. If this breaks off, I shall not complain of you: and as, whatever happens, I shall still preserve the opinion you have behaved yourself well. Let me entreat you, if I have committed any follies, to forgive them; and be so just to think I would not do an ill thing.

I say nothing of my letters: I think them entirely safe in your hands.

I shall be uneasy till I know this is come to you. I have tried to write plainly. I know not what one can say more upon paper.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[About November, 1710.]

INDEED I do not at all wonder that absence, and variety of new faces, should make you forget me; but I am a little surprized at your curiosity to know what passes in my heart (a thing wholly insignificant to you), except you propose to yourself a piece of ill-natured satisfaction, in finding me very much disquieted. Pray which way would you see into my heart? You can frame no guesses about it from either my speaking or writing; and, supposing I should attempt to show it you, I know no other way.

I begin to be tired of my humility: I have carried my complaisances to you farther than I ought. You make new scruples; you have a great deal of fancy; and your distrusts being all of your own making, are more immovable than if

there was some real ground for them. Our aunts and grandmothers always tell us that men are a sort of animals, that, if ever they are constant, 'tis only where they are ill used. 'Twas a kind of paradox I could never believe: experience has taught me the truth of it. You are the first I ever had a correspondence with, and I thank God I have done with it for all my life. You needed not to have told me you are not what you have been: one must be stupid not to find a difference in your letters. You seem, in one part of your last, to excuse yourself from having done me any injury in point of fortune. Do I accuse you of any?

I have not spirits to dispute any longer with you. You say you are not yet determined: let me determine for you, and save you the trouble of writing again. Adieu for ever! make no answer. I wish, among the variety of acquaintance, you may find some one to please you; and can't help the vanity of thinking, should you try them all, you won't find one that will be so sincere in their treatment, though a thousand more deserving, and every one happier. 'Tis a piece of vanity and injustice I never forgive in a woman, to delight to give pain; what must I think of a man that takes pleasure in making me uneasy? After the folly of letting you know it is in your power, I ought in prudence to let this go no farther, except I thought you had good nature enough never to make use of that power. I have no reason to think so: however, I am willing, you see, to do you the highest obligation 'tis possible for me to do; that is, to give you a fair occasion of being rid of me.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "Feb. 26," 1711.]

I INTENDED to make no answer to your letter; it was something very ungrateful, and I resolved to give over all thoughts of you. I could easily have performed that resolve some time ago, but then you took pains to please me; now

you have brought me to esteem you, you make use of that esteem to give me uneasiness; and I have the displeasure of seeing I esteem a man that dislikes me. Farewell then: since you will have it so, I renounce all the ideas I have so long flattered myself with, and will entertain my fancy no longer with the imaginary pleasure of pleasing you. How much wiser are all those women I have despised than myself! In placing their happiness in trifles, they have placed it in what is attainable. I fondly thought fine clothes and gilt coaches, balls, operas, and public adoration, rather the fatigues of life; and that true happiness was justly defined by Mr. Dryden (pardon the romantic air of repeating verses), when he says,

“ Whom Heav’n would bless it does from pomps remove,
And makes their wealth in privacy and love.”

These notions had corrupted my judgment as much as Mrs. Biddy Tipkin’s.¹ According to this scheme, I proposed to pass my life with you. I yet do you the justice to believe, if any man could have been contented with this manner of living, it would have been you. Your indifference to me does not hinder me from thinking you capable of tenderness, and the happinesses of friendship; but I find it is not to me you’ll ever have them; you think me all that is detestable; you accuse me of want of sincerity and generosity. To convince you of your mistake, I’ll show you the last extremes of both.

While I foolishly fancied you loved me, (which I confess I had never any great reason for, more than that I wished it,) there is no condition of life I could not have been happy in with you, so very much I liked you—I may say loved, since it is the last thing I’ll ever say to you. This is telling you sincerely my greatest weakness; and now I will oblige you with a new proof of generosity—I’ll never see you more. I

¹ The name of the “niece,” one of the characters in Steele’s comedy of the *Tender Husband*, first produced in 1704. The part was performed by Mrs. Oldfield, being that of a young lady who has been addicted to reading romances of the Soudery school, and objects to a lover who would have conducted her to her nuptials through a door instead of through a window. Modern readers are familiar with the characteristics of the now forgotten Biddy Tipkin through Lydia Languish in Sheridan’s comedy of the *Rivals*, who is manifestly derived from Steele’s play.—T.

shall avoid all public places ; and this is the last letter I shall send. If you write, be not displeased if I send it back unopened. I shall force my inclinations to oblige yours ; and remember that you have told me I could not oblige you more than by refusing you. Had I intended ever to see you again, I durst not have sent this letter. Adieu.

FROM MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Saturday morning [8 March, 1711?].¹

EVERY time you see me you give me a fresh proof of your not caring for me ; yet I beg you will meet me once more. How could you pay me that great compliment of your loving the country for life, when you would not stay with me a few minutes longer ? Who is the happy man you went to ? I agree with you, I am often so dull, I cannot explain my meaning ; but will not own the expression was so very obscure, when I said if I had you, I should act against my opinion. What need I add ? I see what is best for me, I condemn what I do, and yet I fear I must do it. If you can't find it out, that you are going to be unhappy, ask your sister, who agrees with you in every thing else, and she will convince you of your rashness in this. She knows you don't care for me, and that you will like me less and less every year, perhaps every day of your life. You may, with a little care, please another as well, and make him less timorous. It is possible I too may please some of those that have but little acquaintance ; and if I should be preferred by a woman for being the first among her companions, it would give me as much pleasure as if I were the first man in the world. Think again, and prevent a great misfortune from falling on both of us.

When you are at leisure, I shall be as ready to end all as I was last night, when I disobliged one that will do me hurt, by crossing his desires, rather than fail of meeting you. Had I imagined you could have left me without finishing, I had not seen you. Now you have been so free before Mrs. St.

¹ A draught of this letter is indorsed by Mr. Wortley "2 March."—T.

[Steele].¹ you may call upon her, or send for her, to-morrow or next day. Let her dine with you, or go to visits, shops, Hyde Park, or other diversions. You may bring her home; I can be in the house, reading, as I often am, though the master is abroad. If you will have her visit you first, I will get her to go to-morrow. I think a man or a woman is under no engagement till the writings are sealed; but it looks like indiscretion even to begin a treaty without a probability of concluding it. When you hear of all my objections to you, and to myself, you will resolve against me. Last night you were much upon the reserve: I see you can never be thoroughly intimate with me; 'tis because you have no pleasure in it. You can be easy and complaisant, as you have sometimes told me: but never think that enough to make me easy, unless you refuse me.

Write a line this evening, or early to-morrow. If I don't speak plain, do you understand what I write? Tell me how to mend the stile, if the fault is in that. If the characters are not plain, I can easily mend them. I always comprehend your expressions, but would give a great deal to know what passes in your heart.

In you I might possess youth, beauty, and all things that charm. It is possible that they may strike me less, after a time; but I may then consider I have once enjoyed them in perfection; that they would have decayed as soon in any other. You see this is not your case. You will think you might have been happier. Never engage with a man, unless you propose to yourself the highest satisfaction from him or none other.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Tuesday, 10 o'clock. [Indorsed "13 March," 1711.]

I AM in pain about the letter I sent you this morning: I fear you should think, after what I have said, you cannot, in

¹ The wife of Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Steele.—D.

point of honour, break off with me. Be not scrupulous on that article, nor affect to make me break first, to excuse your doing it. I would owe nothing but to inclination : if you do not love me, I may have the less esteem of myself, but not of you : I am not of the number of those women that have the opinion of their persons Mr. Bayes¹ had of his play, that 'tis the touchstone of sense, and they are to frame their judgment of people's understanding according to what they think of them.

You may have wit, good humour, and good nature, and not like me. I allow a great deal for the inconstancy of mankind in general, and my own want of merit in particular. But 'tis a breach, at least, of the two last, to deceive me. I am sincere : I shall be sorry if I am not now what pleases ; but if I (as I could with joy) abandon all things to the care of pleasing you, I am then undone if I do not succeed.—Be generous.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

March 24 [1711].

THOUGH your letter is far from what I expected, having once promised to answer it, with the sincere account of my inmost thoughts, I am resolved you shall not find me worse than my word, which is (whatever you may think) inviolable.

'Tis no affectation to say I despise the pleasure of pleasing people that I despise : all the fine equipages that shine in the Ring² never gave me another thought, than either pity or contempt for the owners, that could place happiness in attracting the eyes of strangers. Nothing touches me with satisfaction but what touches my heart ; and I should find more pleasure in the secret joy I should feel at a kind expression from a friend I esteemed, than at the admiration of a whole playhouse, or the envy of those of my own sex, who could

¹ In the Duke of Buckingham's farce of the Rehearsal.—T.

² The then fashionable drive in Hyde Park.—T.

not attain to the same number of jewels, fine clothes, &c., supposing I was at the very top of this sort of happiness.

You may be this friend if you please: did you really esteem me, had you any tender regard for me, I could, I think, pass my life in any station happier with you than in all the grandeur of the world with any other. You have some humours that would be disagreeable to any woman that married with an intention of finding her happiness abroad. That is not my resolution. If I marry, I propose to myself a retirement; there is few of my acquaintance I should ever wish to see again; and the pleasing one, and only one, is the way I design to please myself. Happiness is the natural design of all the world; and every thing we see done, is meant in order to attain it. My imagination places it in friendship. By friendship I mean an intire communication of thoughts, wishes, interests, and pleasures, being undivided; a mutual esteem, which naturally carries with it a pleasing sweetness of conversation, and terminates in the desire of making one or another happy, without being forced to run into visits, noise, and hurry, which serve rather to trouble than compose the thoughts of any reasonable creature. There are few capable of a friendship such as I have described, and 'tis necessary for the generality of the world to be taken up with trifles. Carry a fine lady and a fine gentleman out of town, and they know no more what to say. To take from them plays, operas, and fashions, is taking away all their topics of discourse; and they know not how to form their thoughts on any other subjects. They know very well what it is to be admired, but are perfectly ignorant of what it is to be loved. I take you to have sense enough not to think this scheme romantic: I rather choose to use the word friendship than love; because, in the general sense that word is spoke, it signifies a passion rather founded on fancy than reason; and when I say friendship, I mean a mixture of tenderness and esteem, and which a long acquaintance increases, not decays: how far I deserve such a friendship, I can be no judge of myself. I may want the

good sense that is necessary to be agreeable to a man of merit, but I know I want the vanity to believe I have; and can promise you shall never like me less upon knowing me better; and that I shall never forget you have a better understanding than myself.

And now let me entreat you to think (if possible) tolerably of my modesty, after so bold a declaration. I am resolved to throw off reserve, and use me ill if you please. I am sensible, to own an inclination for a man is putting one's self wholly in his power: but sure you have generosity enough not to abuse it. After all I have said, I pretend no tie but on your heart. If you do not love me, I shall not be happy with you; if you do, I need add no farther. I am not mercenary, and would not receive an obligation that comes not from one that loves me.

I do not desire my letter back again: you have honour, and I dare trust you.

I am going to the same place I went last spring. I shall think of you there: it depends upon you in what manner.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "9 April," 1711.]

I THOUGHT to return no answer to your letter, but I find I am not so wise as I thought myself. I cannot forbear fixing my mind a little on that expression, though perhaps the only insincere one in your whole letter—I would die to be secure of your heart, though but for a moment:—were this but true, what is there I would not do to secure you?

I will state the case to you as plainly as I can; and then ask yourself if you use me well. I have shewed, in every action of my life, an esteem for you that at least challenges a grateful regard. I have trusted my reputation in your hands; I have made no scruple of giving you, under my own hand, an assurance of my friendship. After all this, I exact nothing from you: if you find it inconvenient for your affairs to take so small a fortune, I desire you to sacrifice nothing to me; I

pretend no tie upon your honour: but, in recompence for so clear and so disinterested a proceeding, must I ever receive injuries and ill usage?

I have not the usual pride of my sex; I can bear being told I am in the wrong, but tell it me gently. Perhaps I have been indiscreet: I came young into the hurry of the world; a great innocence and an undesigning gaiety may possibly have been construed coquetry and a desire of being followed, though never meant by me. I cannot answer for the [reflections] that may be made on me: all who are malicious attack the careless and defenceless: I own myself to be both. I know not anything I can say more to shew my perfect desire of pleasing you and making you easy, than to proffer to be confined with you in what manner you please. Would any woman but me renounce all the world for one? or would any man but you be insensible of such a proof of sincerity?

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[About July, 4, 1712.]

I AM going to write you a plain long letter. What I have already told you is nothing but the truth. I have no reason to believe I am going to be otherwise confined than by my duty; but I, that know my own mind, know that is enough to make me miserable. I see all the misfortune of marrying where it is impossible to love; I am going to confess a weakness may perhaps add to your contempt of me. I wanted courage to resist at first the will of my relations; but, as every day added to my fears, those, at last, grew strong enough to make me venture the disobliging them. A harsh word damps my spirits to a degree of silencing all I have to say. I knew the folly of my own temper, and took the method of writing to the disposer of me. I said every thing in this letter I thought proper to move him, and proffered, in atonement for not marrying whom he would, never to marry at all. He did not think fit to answer this letter, but sent for me to him. He told me he was very much surprized that I did not depend on

his judgment for my future happiness ; that he knew nothing I had to complain of, &c. ; that he did not doubt I had some other fancy in my head, which encouraged me to this disobedience ; but he assured me, if I refused a settlement he had provided for me, he gave me his word, whatever proposals were made him, he would never so much as enter into a treaty with any other ; that, if I founded any hopes upon his death, I should find myself mistaken, he never intended to leave me any thing but an annuity of 400*l.* per annum ; that, though another would proceed in this manner after I had given so just a pretence for it, yet he had [the] goodness to leave my destiny yet in my own choice, and at the same time commanded me to communicate my design to my relations, and ask their advice. As hard as this may sound, it did not shock my resolution ; I was pleased to think, at any price, I had it in my power to be free from a man I hated. I told my intention to all my nearest relations. I was surprized at their blaming it, to the greatest degree. I was told, they were sorry I would ruin myself ; but, if I was so unreasonable, they could not blame my F. [father] whatever he inflicted on me. I objected I did not love him. They made answer, they found no necessity of loving ; if I lived well with him, that was all was required of me ; and that if I considered this town, I should find very few women in love with their husbands, and yet a many happy. It was in vain to dispute with such prudent people ; they looked upon me as a little romantic, and I found it impossible to persuade them that living in London at liberty was not the height of happiness. However, they could not change my thoughts, though I found I was to expect no protection from them. When I was to give my final answer to—— [*sic*], I told him that I preferred a single life to any other ; and, if he pleased to permit me, I would take that resolution. He replied, he could not hinder my resolutions, but I should not pretend after that to please him ; since pleasing him was only to be done by obedience ; that if I would disobey, I knew the consequences ; he would

not fail to confine me, where I might repent at leisure; that he had also consulted my relations, and found them all agreeing in his sentiments. He spoke this in a manner hindered my answering. I retired to my chamber, where I writ a letter to let him know my aversion to the man proposed was too great to be overcome, that I should be miserable beyond all things could be imagined, but I was in his hands, and he might dispose of me as he thought fit. He was perfectly satisfied with this answer, and proceeded as if I had given a willing consent.—I forgot to tell you, he named you, and said, if I thought that way, I was very much mistaken; that if he had no other engagements, yet he would never have agreed to your proposals, having no inclination to see his grandchildren beggars.

I do not speak this to endeavour to alter your opinion, but to shew the improbability of his agreeing to it. I confess I am entirely of your mind. I reckon it among the absurdities of custom that a man must be obliged to settle his whole estate on an eldest son, beyond his power to recall, whatever he proves to be, and make himself unable to make happy a younger child that may deserve to be so. If I had an estate myself, I should not make such ridiculous settlements, and I cannot blame you for being in the right.

I have told you all my affairs with a plain sincerity. I have avoided to move your compassion, and I have said nothing of what I suffer; and I have not persuaded you to a *treaty*, which I am sure my family will never agree to. I can have no fortune without an entire obedience.

Whatever your business is, may it end to your satisfaction. I think of the public as you do. As little as *that* is a woman's care, it may be permitted into the number of a woman's fears. But, wretched as I am, I have no more to fear for myself. I have still a concern for my friends, and I am in pain for your danger. I am far from taking ill what you say, I never valued myself as the daughter of — [sic]; and ever despised those that esteemed me on that account. With pleasure

I could barter all that, and change to be any country gentleman's daughter that would have reason enough to make happiness in privacy. My letter is too long. I beg your pardon. You may see by the situation of my affairs 'tis without design.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Thursday night [August, 1712].

IF I am always to be as well pleased as I am with this letter, I enter upon a state of perfect happiness in complying with you. I am sorry I cannot do it entirely as to Friday or Saturday. I will tell you the true reason of it. I have a relation that has ever shewed an uncommon partiality for me.¹ I have generally trusted him with all my thoughts, and I have always found him sincerely my friend. On the occasion of this marriage he received my complaints with the greatest degree of tenderness. He proffered me to disoblige my F. [father] (by representing to him the hardship he was doing) if I thought it would be of any service to me; and, when he heard me in some passion of grief assure him it could do me no good, he went yet farther, and tenderly asked me if there was any other man, though of a smaller fortune, I could be happy with; and how much soever it should be against the will of my other relations, assured me he would assist me in making me happy after my own way. This is an obligation I can never forget, and I think I should have cause to reproach myself if I did this without letting him know it. He knows you, and I believe will approve of it. You guess whom I mean.—The generosity and the goodness of this letter wholly determines my softest inclinations on your side. You are in the wrong to suspect me of artifice; plainly showing me the kindness of your heart (if you have any there for me) is the surest way to touch mine, and I am at this minute more inclined to speak tenderly to you than ever I was in my life,—so much inclined I will say nothing. I could wish you would leave England,

¹ This relation was probably her maternal uncle, Mr. William Fielding.—T.

but I know not how to object against anything that pleases you. In this minute I have no will that does not agree with yours. Sunday I shall see you, if you do not hear from me Saturday.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Saturday morning [August, 1712].

I WROTE you a letter last night in some passion. I begin to fear again: I own myself a coward.—You made no reply to one part of my letter concerning my fortune. I am afraid you flatter yourself that my F. [father] may be at length reconciled and brought to reasonable terms. I am convinced, by what I have often heard him say, speaking of other cases like this, he never will. The fortune he has engaged to give with me, was settled on my B. [brother's] marriage, on my sister and on myself;¹ but in such a manner, that it was left in his power to give it all to either of us, or divide it as he thought fit. He has given it all to me. Nothing remains for my sister, but the free bounty of my F. [father] from what he can save; which, notwithstanding the greatness of his estate, may be very little. Possibly after I have disobliged him so much, he may be glad to have her so easily provided for, with money already raised; especially if he has a design to marry himself, as I hear. I do not speak this that you should not endeavour to come to terms with him, if you please; but I am fully persuaded it will be to no purpose. He will have a very good answer to make:—that I suffered this match to proceed; that I made him make a very silly figure in it; that I have let him spend 400*l.* in wedding-cloaths; all which I saw without saying any thing. When I first pretended to oppose this match, he told me he was sure I had some other design in my head; I denied it with truth. But you see how little appearance there is of that truth. He proceeded with telling me that he never would enter into treaty with another man, &c., and that I should be sent immediately into the North to stay there; and, when he

¹ This settlement was made by an act of Parliament.—T.

died, he would only leave me an annuity of 400*l*. I had not courage to stand this view, and I submitted to what he pleased. He will now object against me,—why, since I intended to marry in this manner, I did not persist in my first resolution; that it would have been as easy for me to run away from T. [Thoresby] as from hence; and to what purpose did I put him, and the gentleman I was to marry, to expences, &c.? He will have a thousand plausible reasons for being irreconcilable, and 'tis very probable the world will be of his side. Reflect now for the last time in what manner you must take me. I shall come to you with only a night-gown and petticoat, and that is all you will get with me. I told a lady of my friends what I intend to do. You will think her a very good friend when I tell you she has proffered to lend us her house if we would come there the first night. I did not accept of this till I had let you know it. If you think it more convenient to carry me to your lodgings, make no scruple of it. Let it be where it will: if I am your wife I shall think no place unfit for me where you are. I beg we may leave London next morning, wherever you intend to go. I should wish to go out of England if it suits with your affairs. You are the best judge of your father's temper. If you think it would be obliging to him, or necessary for you, I will go with you immediately to ask his pardon and his blessing. If that is not proper at first, I think the best scheme is going to the Spa. When you come back, you may endeavour to make your father admit of seeing me, and treat with mine (though I persist in thinking it will be to no purpose). But I cannot think of living in the midst of my relations and acquaintance after so unjustifiable a step:—unjustifiable to the world,—but I think I can justify myself to myself. I again beg you to hire a coach to be at the door early Monday morning, to carry us some part of our way, wherever you resolve our journey shall be. If you determine to go to that lady's house, you had better come with a coach and six¹ at seven o'clock to-morrow.

¹ The reader need hardly be reminded that, in those days of bad roads, a "coach and six" was too common an object to attract unusual attention.—T.

She and I will be in the balcony that looks on the road: you have nothing to do but to stop under it, and we will come down to you. Do in this what you like best. After all, think very seriously. Your letter, which will be waited for, is to determine every thing. I forgive you a coarse expression in your last, which, however, I wish had not been there. You might have said something like it without expressing it in that manner; but there was so much complaisance in the rest of it I ought to be satisfied. You can shew me no goodness I shall not be sensible of. However, think again, and resolve never to think of me if you have the least doubt, or that it is likely to make you uneasy in your fortune. I believe to travel is the most likely way to make a solitude agreeable, and not tiresome: remember you have promised it.

'Tis something odd for a woman that brings nothing to expect any thing; but after the way of my education, I dare not pretend to live but in some degree suitable to it. I had rather die than return to a dependancy upon relations I have disobliged. Save me from that fear if you love me. If you cannot, or think I ought not to expect it, be sincere and tell me so. 'Tis better I should not be yours at all, than, for a short happiness, involve myself in ages of misery. I hope there will never be occasion for this precaution; but, however, 'tis necessary to make it. I depend entirely on your honour, and I cannot suspect you of any way doing wrong. Do not imagine I shall be angry at any thing you can tell me. Let it be sincere; do not impose on a woman that leaves all things for you.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Tuesday night [August, 1712].

I RECEIVED both your Monday letters since I writ the enclosed, which, however, I send you. The kind letter was writ and sent Friday morning, and I did not receive yours till

the Saturday noon; or, to speak truth, you would never have had it, there were so many things in yours to put me out of humour. Thus, you see, it was on no design to repair any thing that offended you. You only shew me how industrious you are to find imaginary faults in me—why will you not suffer me to be pleased with you?

I would see you if I could (though perhaps it may be wrong); but, in the way I am here, 'tis impossible. I can't come to town, but in company with my sister-in-law; I can carry her nowhere, but where she pleases; or, if I could, I would trust her with nothing. I could not walk out alone, without giving suspicion to the whole family; should I be watched, and seen to meet a man—judge of the consequence!

You speak of treating with my father, as if you believed he would come to terms afterwards. I will not suffer you to remain in that thought, however advantageous it might be to me; I will deceive you in nothing. I am fully persuaded he will never hear of terms afterwards. You may say, 'tis talking oddly of him. I can't answer to that; but 'tis my real opinion, and I think I know him. You talk to me of estates, as if I was the most interested woman in the world. Whatever faults I may have shewn in my life, I know not one action of it that ever proved me mercenary. I think there cannot be a greater proof of the contrary than treating with you, where I am to depend entirely on your generosity, at the same time that I have settled on me 500*l.* per annum pin-money, and a considerable jointure, in another place; not to reckon that I may have by his temper what command of his estate I please; and with you I have nothing to pretend to. I do not, however, make a merit of this to you; money is very little to me, because all beyond necessities I do not value, that is to [be] purchased by it. If the man proposed to me had 10,000*l.* per annum, and I was sure to dispose of it all, I should act just as I do. I have in my life known a good deal of shew, and never found myself the happier for it.

In proposing to you to follow the scheme begun with that friend, I think 'tis absolutely necessary for both our sakes. I

would have you want no pleasure which a single life would afford you. You own that you think nothing so agreeable. A woman that adds nothing to a man's fortune ought not to take from his happiness. If possible, I would add to it; but I will not take from you any satisfaction you could enjoy without me. On my own side, I endeavour to form as right a judgment of the temper of human nature, and of my own in particular, as I am capable of. I would throw off all partiality and passion, and be calm in my opinion. Almost all people are apt to run into a mistake, that when they once feel or give a passion, there needs nothing to entertain it. This mistake makes, in the number of women that inspire even violent passions, hardly one preserve one after possession. If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London: I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you; though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable, without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural fund of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody, capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most pleasing. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not [for] ever (nor is it in human nature they should be) disposed to be fond; you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably this last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more

to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. I shall lose the vivacity that should entertain you, and you will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls *in* love with his dogs and horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do any thing injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary, to being happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. I have nothing to do in London; and 'tis indifferent to me if I never see it more. I know not how to answer your mentioning gallantry, nor in what sense to understand you. I am sure in one—whoever I marry, when I am married, I renounce all things of that kind. I am willing to abandon all conversation but yours. If you please I will never see another man. In short, I will part with any thing for you, but you. I will not have you a month, to lose you for the rest of my life. If you can pursue the plan of happiness begun with your friend, and take me for that friend, I am ever yours. I have examined my own heart whether I can leave every thing for you; I think I can: if I change my mind, you shall know before Sunday; after that I will not change my mind. If 'tis necessary for your affairs to stay in England, to assist your father in his business, as I suppose the time will be short, I would be as little injurious to your fortune as I can, and I will do it. But I am still of opinion nothing is so likely to make us both happy, as what I propose. I foresee I may break with you on this point, and I shall certainly be displeased with myself for it, and wish a

thousand times that I had done whatever you pleased; but, however, I hope I shall always remember, how much more miserable, than any thing else could make me, should I be, to live with you, and to please you no longer. You can be pleased with nothing when you are not pleased with yourself. One of the Spectators is very just, that says, A man ought always to be on his guard against spleen and too severe a philosophy; a woman against levity and coquetry. If we go to Naples, I will make no acquaintance there of any kind, and you will be in a place where a variety of agreeable objects will dispose you to be ever pleased. If such a thing is possible, this will secure our everlasting happiness; and I am ready to wait on you without leaving a thought behind me.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Friday night [15th Aug., 1712].

I TREMBLE for what we are doing.—Are you sure you will love me for ever? Shall we never repent? I fear and I hope. I foresee all that will happen on this occasion. I shall incense my family in the highest degree. The generality of the world will blame my conduct, and the relations and friends of ——¹ will invent a thousand stories of me; yet, 'tis possible, you may recompense everything to me. In this letter, which I am fond of, you promise me all that I wish. Since I writ so far, I received your Friday letter. I will be only yours, and I will do what you please.

You shall hear from me again to-morrow, not to contradict, but to give some directions. My resolution is taken. Love me and use me well.²

¹ So in the original. Who was the unfortunate lover does not appear. He is elsewhere spoken of as a "Mr. K." and it appears that he had estates in Ireland.—T.

² From hints in other papers I infer that the intended elopement on the Sunday was frustrated; and that on the following day Lady Mary was sent with her brother to West Dean, from whence she shortly afterwards found means of escaping.—T.

Walling Wells,¹ Oct. 22 [1712], which is the first post I could write, Monday night being so fatigued and sick I went straight to bed from the coach.

I DON'T know very well how to begin; I am perfectly unacquainted with a proper matrimonial stile. After all, I think 'tis best to write as if we were not married at all. I lament your absence, as if you was still my lover, and I am impatient to hear you are got safe to Durham, and that you have fixed a time for your return.

I have not been very long in this family; and I fancy myself in that described in the Spectator. The good people here look upon their children with a fondness that more than recompenses their care of them. I don't perceive much distinction in regard to their merits; and when they speak sense or nonsense, it affects the parents with almost the same pleasure. My friendship for the mother, and kindness for Miss Biddy, make me endure the squalling of Miss Nanny and Miss Mary with abundance of patience: and my foretelling the future conquests of the eldest daughter, makes me very well with the family.—I don't know whether you will presently find out that this seeming impertinent account is the tenderest expressions of my love to you; but it furnishes my imagination with agreeable pictures of our future life; and I flatter myself with the hopes of one day enjoying with you the same satisfactions; and that, after as many years together, I may see you retain the same fondness for me as I shall certainly mine for you, and the noise of a nursery may have more charms for us than the music of an opera.

[*Torn*] as these are the sure effect of my sincere love, since 'tis the nature of that passion to entertain the mind with pleasures in prospect; and I check myself when I grieve for your absence, by remembering how much reason I have to rejoice in the hope of passing my whole life with you. A good for-

¹ Near Worksop, in Nottinghamshire, and about eleven miles from Thoresby. Lady Mary was on a visit to her friends Mr. and Mrs. White, who lived at Walling Wells.—T.

tune not to be valued!—I am afraid of telling you that I return thanks for it to Heaven, because you will charge me with hypocrisy; but you are mistaken: I assist every day at public prayers in this family, and never forget in my private ejaculations how much I owe to Heaven for making me yours. 'Tis candle-light, or I should not conclude so soon.

Pray, my dear, begin at the top, and read till you come to the bottom.¹

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I AM at present in so much uneasiness, my letter is not likely to be intelligible, if it all resembles the confusion of my head. I sometimes imagine you not well, and sometimes that you think it of small importance to write, or that greater matters have taken up your thoughts. This last imagination is too cruel for me. I will rather fancy your letter has miscarried, though I find little probability to think so. I know not what to think, and am very near being distracted, amongst my variety of dismal apprehensions. I am very ill company to the good people of the house, who all bid me make you their compliments. Mr. White begins your health twice every day. You don't deserve all this if you can be so entirely forgetful of all this part of the world. I am peevish with you by fits, and divide my time between anger and sorrow, which are equally troublesome to me. 'Tis the most cruel thing in the world, to think one has reason to complain of what one loves. How can you be so careless?—is it because you don't love writing? You should remember I want to know you are safe at Durham. I shall imagine you have had some fall from your horse, or ill accident by the way, without regard to probability; there is nothing too extravagant for a woman's and a lover's fears. Did you receive my last letter? if you did not, the direction is wrong, you won't receive this, and my

¹ The last sentence is written within the fold of the letter.—D.

question is in vain. I find I begin to talk nonsense, and 'tis time to leave off. Pray, my dear, write to me, or I shall be very mad.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Postmark, "12 Nov.," 1712.]

I WAS not well when I writ to you last. Possibly the disorder of my health might increase the uneasiness of my mind. I am sure the uneasiness of my mind increases the disorder of my health; for I passed the night without sleeping, and found myself the next morning in a fever. I have not since left my chamber. I have been very ill, and kept my bed four days, which was the reason of my silence, which I am afraid you have attributed to being out of humour; but was so far from being in a condition of writing, I could hardly speak; my face being prodigiously swelled, that I was forced to have it lanced, to prevent its breaking, which they said would have been of worse consequence. I would not order Grace to write to you, for fear you should think me worse than I was; though I don't believe the fright would have been considerable enough to have done you much harm. I am now much better, and intend to take the air in the coach to-day; for keeping to my chair so much as I do, will hardly recover my strength.

I wish you would write again to Mr. Phipps, for I don't hear of any money, and am in the utmost necessity for it.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Hinchinbrook. Indorsed "6 Dec.," 1712.]

I DON'T believe you expect to hear from me so soon, if I remember you did not so much as desire it, but I will not be so nice to quarrel with you on that point; perhaps you would

laugh at that delicacy, which is, however, an attendant of a tender friendship.

I opened the closet where I expected to find so many books; to my great disappointment there were only some few pieces of the law, and folios of mathematics; my Lord Hinchbrook¹ and Mr. Twiman having disposed of the rest. But as there is no affliction, no more than no happiness, without alloy, I discovered an old trunk of papers, which to my great diversion I found to be the letters of the first Earl of Sandwich;² and am in hopes that those from his lady will tend much to my edification, being the most extraordinary lessons of economy that ever I read in my life. To the glory of your father, I find that *his* looked upon him as destined to be the honour of the family.

I walked yesterday two hours on the terrace. These are the most considerable events that have happened in your absence; excepting that a good-natured robin red-breast kept me company almost all the afternoon, with so much good humour and humanity as gives me faith for the piece of charity ascribed to these little creatures in the children in the Wood, which I have hitherto thought only a poetical ornament to that history.

I expect a letter next post to tell me you are well in London, and that your business will not detain you long from her that cannot be happy without you.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "9 Dec., 1712.]

I AM not at all surprized at my Aunt Cheyne's³ conduct: people are seldom very much grieved (and never ought to be) at misfortunes they expect. When I gave myself to you, I gave up the very desire of pleasing the rest of the world, and

¹ Son of Lord Sandwich. Mr. Twiman was probably his tutor.—T.

² The great admiral.—T.

³ The wife of William Lord Cheyne, and sister to Lady Mary's father.—T.

am pretty indifferent about it. I think you are very much in the right in designing to visit Lord Pierrepont. As much as you say I love the town, if you think it necessary for your interest to stay some time here, I would not advise you to neglect a certainty for an uncertainty ; but I believe if you pass the Christmas here, great matters will be expected from your hospitality : however you are a better judge than I am.—I continue indifferently well, and endeavour as much as I can to preserve myself from spleen and melancholy ; not for my own sake ; I think that of little importance ; but in the condition I am, I believe it may be of very ill consequence ; yet, passing whole days alone as I do, I do not always find it possible, and my constitution will sometimes get the better of my reason. Human nature itself, without any additional misfortunes, furnishes disagreeable meditations enough. Life itself to make it supportable, should not be considered too near ; my reason represents to me in vain the inutility of serious reflections. The idle mind will sometimes fall into contemplations that serve for nothing but to ruin the health, destroy good humour, hasten old age and wrinkles, and bring on an habitual melancholy. 'Tis a maxim with me to be young as long as one can : there is nothing can pay one for that invaluable ignorance which is the companion of youth ; those sanguine groundless hopes, and that lively vanity, which make all the happiness of life. To my extreme mortification I grow wiser every day than other [*sic*]. I don't believe Solomon was more convinced of the vanity of temporal affairs than I am ; I lose all taste of this world, and I suffer myself to be bewitched by the charms of the spleen, though I know and foresee all the irremediable mischiefs arising from it. I am insensibly fallen into the writing you a melancholy letter, after all my resolutions to the contrary ; but I do not enjoin you to read it : make no scruple of flinging it into the fire at the first dull line. Forgive the ill effects of my solitude, and think me as I am,

Ever yours.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Hinchinbrook. Indorsed "9 or 11 Dec.," 1712.]

YOUR short letter came to me this morning; but I won't quarrel with it, since it brought me good news of your health. I wait with impatience for that of your return. The Bishop of Salisbury¹ writes me word that he hears my L. Pierrepont² declares very much for us. As the Bishop is no infallible prelate, I should not depend much on that intelligence; but my sister Frances tells me the same thing. Since it is so, I believe you'll think it very proper to pay him a visit, if he is in town, and give him thanks for the good offices you hear he has endeavoured to do me, unasked. If his kindness is sincere, 'tis too valuable to be neglected. However, the very appearance of it must be of use to us. If I know him, his desire of making my F. [father] appear in the wrong, will make him zealous for us. I think I ought to write him a letter of acknowledgment for what I hear he has already done. The Bishop tells me he has seen Lord Halifax, who says, besides his great esteem for you, he has particular respects for me, and will take pains to reconcile my F. [father], &c. I think this is near the words of my letter, which contains all the news I know, except that of this place; which is, that an unfortunate burgess of the town of Huntingdon³ was justly disgraced yesterday in the face of the congregation, for being false to his first love, who, with an audible voice, forbid the banns published between him and a greater fortune. This accident causes as many disputes here as the duel⁴ could do

¹ Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. See Lady Mary's letter to him, among Miscellaneous Letters.—T.

² Gervase Pierrepont, created Baron Pierrepont of Hanslope, 1714, great-uncle of Lady M. W. M., being, at that time, an Irish Baron.—D.

³ Hinchinbrook is about a mile from Huntingdon.—T.

⁴ The famous duel between Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton in Hyde Park, in which both were slain, November 15, 1712. A brief but vivid account of it is given by Swift in his Diary to Stella, under that date. Swift says: "The dog Mohun was killed on the spot; but while the duke was over him, Mohun, shortening his sword, stabbed him in at the shoulder to the heart. The duke was helped towards the Cake-house by the Ring, in Hyde Park (where they fought),

where you are, Public actions, you know, always make two parties. The great prudes say the young woman should have suffered in silence; and the pretenders to spirit and fire would have all false men so served, and hope it will be an example for the terror of infidelity throughout the whole country. For my part I never rejoiced at any thing more in my life. You'll wonder what private interest I could have in this affair. You must know it furnished discourse all the afternoon, which was no little service, when I was visited by the young ladies of Huntingdon. This long letter, I know, must be particularly impertinent to a man of business; but idleness is the root of all evil: I write and read till I can't see, and then I walk; sleep succeeds; and thus my whole time is divided. If I was as well qualified all other ways as I am by idleness, I would publish a daily paper called the *Mediator*. The terrace is my place consecrated to meditation, which I observe to be gay or grave, as the sun shews or hides his face. Till to-day I have had no occasion of opening my mouth to speak, since I wished you a good journey. I see nothing, but I think of every thing, and indulge my imagination, which is chiefly employed on you.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Hinchinbrook. Indorsed "Dec.," 1712.]

I **AM** alone, without any amusements to take up my thoughts. I am in circumstances in which melancholy is apt to prevail even over all amusements, dispirited and alone, and you write me quarrelling letters.

I hate complaining; 'tis no sign I am easy that I do not trouble you with my head-aches, and my spleen; to be reasonable one should never complain but when one hopes redress. A physician should be the only confidant of bodily pains; and

and died on the grass, before he could reach the house, and was brought home in his coach by eight, while the poor duchess was asleep." The event created a great sensation.—T

for those of the mind, they should never be spoke of but to them that can and will relieve 'em. Should I tell you that I am uneasy, that I am out of humour, and out of patience, should I see you half an hour the sooner? I believe you have kindness enough for me to be very sorry, and so you would tell me; and things remain in their primitive state; I chuse to spare you that pain; I would always give you pleasure. I know you are ready to tell me that I do not ever keep to these good maxims. I confess I often speak impertinently, but I always repent of it. My last stupid letter was not come to you, before I would have had it back again had it been in my power; such as it was, I beg your pardon for it. I did not expect that my Lord P. [Pierrepont] would speak at all in our favour, much less show zeal upon that occasion, that never showed any in his life. I have writ every post, and you accuse me without reason. I can't imagine how they should miscarry; perhaps you have by this time received two together. Adieu! je suis à vous de tout mon cœur.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Friday [July, 1713].

I SENT for Mr. Banks, according to your order, and find by him the house he mentioned at Sheffield is entirely unfurnished, and he says he told you so. So that I cannot go there. He says there is a house five miles from York, extremely well furnished and every way proper for us; but the gentleman who owns it is gone to France, and nothing can be done till an answer can be had from thence. I have yet no letter from Mrs. Westby concerning Mr. Spencer's, and he says 'tis very doubtful whether we can have Mr. Gills's: that we should be welcome to stay at Scoffton¹ till better provided; but 'tis half down, and all the furniture taken down and locked up—that if we will dispense with the inconveniency of being in a town, we may be easily fitted in York, and not obliged to stay but

¹ Mr. Banks lived at Scoffton.—T.

by the week—that we may be at liberty to remove when we can please ourselves better. I am in a great perplexity what to do. If I go to Pule Hill without giving them warning, I may find the house full of people and no room to be made for us. If I determine to go to York, besides the inconvenience and disagreeableness of a country town, it may be perhaps out of your way. I know not what to do; but I know I shall be unhappy till I see you again, and I would by no means stay where I am. Your absence increases my melancholy so much, I fright myself with imaginary horrors; and shall always be fancying dangers for you while you are out of my sight. I am afraid of Lord H., I am afraid of every thing; there wants but little of my being afraid of the small-pox for you; so unreasonable are my fears, which however proceed from an unlimited love. If I lose you—I cannot bear that if;—which I bless God is without probability; but since the loss of my poor unhappy brother I dread every evil.

Saturday

I have been to-day at Acton to see my poor brother's¹ melancholy family. I cannot describe how much it has sunk my spirits. My eyes are too sore to admit of a long letter.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Walling Wells. Indorsed "25 July," 1713.]

I AM at this minute told I have an opportunity of writing a short letter to you, which will be all reproaches. You know where I am, and I have not once heard from you. I am tired of this place because I do not; and if you persist in your silence, I will return to Wharncliffe.² I had rather be quite alone and hear sometimes from you, than in any company and not have that satisfaction. Your silence makes me more melancholy than any solitude, and I can think on nothing so dismal as that you forget me. I heard from your little boy³

¹ He died on the 1st July.—T.

² Near Sheffield, the residence of Mr. Wortley Montagu's father.—T.

³ Edward Wortley, their first child. He was born in May or June, 1713.—T.

yesterday, who is in good health. I will return and keep him company.

The good people of this family present you their services and good wishes, never failing to drink your health twice a day. I am importuned to make haste; but I have much more to say, which may be however comprehended in these words, I am yours.

Say something of our meeting.

TO ———.¹

[York, about Nov., 1713.]

I RETURN you a thousand thanks, my dear, for so agreeable an entertainment as your letter.

"In this cold climate where the sun appears
Unwillingly:"

wit is as wonderfully pleasing as a sun-shiny day; and, to speak poetically, Phœbus very sparing of all his favours. I fancied your letter an emblem of yourself: in some parts I found there the softness of your voice, and in others the vivacity of your eyes: you are to expect no return but humble and hearty thanks, yet I can't forbear entertaining you with our York lovers. (Strange monsters you'll think, love being as much forced up here as melons.) In the first form of these creatures, is even Mr. Vanbrugh.² Heaven, no doubt, compassionating our dullness, has inspired him with a passion that makes us all ready to die with laughing: 'tis credibly reported that he is endeavouring at the honourable state of matrimony, and vows to lead a sinful life no more.

¹ This letter has neither address nor signature. As it is indorsed by Mr. Wortley Montagu, it was most likely addressed to his sister Katherine, Anne being then dead.—T.

² The architect and dramatic writer, afterwards Sir John Vanbrugh. He built Castle Howard, the seat of Lord Carlisle, whose daughters, Lady Mary's early friends, are often mentioned in her letters. Castle Howard was finished in 1712. Being much patronised by that nobleman, Vanbrugh was frequently a visitor there. Among the manuscript collections of the late Archdeacon Coxe is a copy of a letter from Vanbrugh, dated "Castle Howard, October 29, 1713," in which he says: "I am but lately got to Lord Carlisle's, which is now so agreeable a being [sic] from the nature of the place, the works he has done, and the manner of his living, that I shall have much ado to leave it till I am forced to come to town to take care of several uncomfortable things which I fear will long be alloys to the pleasures I could else have some taste of."—*Add. MSS. in Brit. Mus.*, No. 9123.—T.

Whether pure holiness inspires his mind, or dotage turns his brain, is hard to find. 'Tis certain he keeps Mondays and Thursdays market (assembly day) constant; and for those that don't regard worldly muck, there's extraordinary good choice indeed. I believe last Monday there were two hundred pieces of woman's flesh (fat and lean): but you know Van's taste was always odd; his inclination to ruins has given him a fancy for Mrs. Yarborough;¹ he sighs and ogles that it would do your heart good to see him; and she is not a little pleased, in so small a proportion of men amongst such a number of women, a whole man should fall to her share.

My dear, adieu.

My service to Mr. Congreve.²

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Middlethorpe, near York. Indorsed "26 July, 1714."]

I SHOULD have writ to you the last post, but I slept till it was too late to send my letter. I found our poor boy not so well as I expected. He is very lively, but so weak that my heart aches about him very often. I hope you are well; I should be glad to hear so, and what success you have in your business. I suppose my sister³ is married by this time. I hope you intend to stay some days at Lord Pierrepont's;⁴ I am sure he'll be very much pleased with it. The house is in great disorder, and I want maids so much that I know not what to do till I have some. I have not one bit of paper in the house but this little sheet, or you would have been troubled with a longer scribble. I have not yet had any visitors. Mrs. Elcock has writ me word that she has not found any cook. My first enquiries shall be after a country-house, never for-

¹ Henrietta Maria, daughter of Colonel Yarborough, of Haslington, near York. She became afterwards the wife of Vanbrugh. Vanbrugh was at this time upwards of forty.—T.

² The dramatist.—T.

³ Lady Frances Pierrepont, married to the Earl of Mar. The marriage was announced in the *Post-Boy* of Thursday, July 22, 1714, as having taken place on "Tuesday last."—T.

⁴ Lady Mary had been recently on a visit at her great-uncle Lord Pierrepont's seat at Hanslop, near Newport Pagnel. Lord Pierrepont had desired her to invite her husband to come there.—T.

getting any of my promises to you. I am concerned that I have not heard from you; you might have writ while I was on the road, and the letter would have met me here. I am in abundance of pain about our dear child: though I am convinced in my reason 'tis both silly and wicked to set one's heart too fondly on anything in this world, yet I cannot overcome myself so far as to think of parting with him, with the resignation that I ought to do. I hope and I beg of God he may live to be a comfort to us both. They tell me there is nothing extraordinary in want of teeth at his age, but his weakness makes me very apprehensive; he is almost never out of my sight. Mrs. Behn says that the cold bath is the best medicine for weak children, but I am very fearful and unwilling to try any hazardous remedies. He is very cheerful and full of play. Adieu, my love; my paper is out.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Middlethorpe. Postmark, "4 Au." 1714.]

I AM very much surprised that you do not tell me in your last letter that you have spoke to my F. [father]. I hope after staying in the town on purpose, you do not intend to omit it. I beg you would not leave any sort of business unfinished, remembering those two necessary maxims, Whatever you intend to do as long as you live to do as soon as you can; and, to leave nothing to be done by another that 'tis possible for you to do yourself. I have not yet sent the horses. I intended to do it yesterday, but John is very arbitrary, and will not be persuaded to hire a horse from York to carry the child. [*Illegible.*] He says there is none that can go, and they will spoil ours, and a great many other things that may be all excuses, but I know not what answer to make him, and 'tis absolutely necessary, now the child has begun his bathing he should continue it; therefore I'll send the saddle-horse to-morrow according to your order, to Matthew Northall,¹ and he may hire another to

¹ Matthew Northall and his wife were servants of Mr. Wortley Montagu. The latter, as nurse to their child, accompanied them to Constantinople.—T.

send with it to you. I thank God this cold well agrees very much with the child; and he seems stronger and better every day. But I should be very glad, if you saw Dr. Garth, if you asked his opinion concerning the use of cold baths for young children. I hope you love the child as well as I do; but if you love me at all, you'll desire the preservation of his health, for I should certainly break my heart for him.

I writ in my last all I thought necessary concerning my Lord Pierrepont.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Middlethorpe. Postmark, "Au. 9," 1714.]

I CANNOT forbear taking it something unkindly that you do not write to me, when you may be assured I am in a great fright, and know not certainly what to expect upon this sudden change. The Archbishop of York has been come to Bishopthorpe but three days.¹ I went with my cousin to-day to see the King proclaimed,² which was done; the archbishop walking next the lord mayor, all the country gentry following, with greater crowds of people that I believed to be in York, vast acclamations, and the appearance of a general satisfaction. The Pretender afterwards dragged about the streets and burned. Ringing of bells, bonfires, and illuminations, the mob crying Liberty and Property! and Long live King George! This morning all the principal men of any figure took post for London, and we are alarmed with the fear of attempts from Scotland, though all Protestants here seem unanimous for the Hanover succession. The poor young ladies at Castle Howard³ are as much afraid as I am, being left all alone, without any hopes of seeing their father again (though things should prove well) this eight or nine months.⁴

¹ Sir William Dawes, Baronet. He succeeded Archbishop Sharp, and was enthroned by proxy the 24th March, 1714.—T.

² George I. Queen Anne died 1st of August.—T.

³ The daughters of the Earl of Carlisle.—D. He had three daughters, two of whom are afterwards alluded to in Lady Mary's letters as Lady Irwin, and Lady Lechmere.—T.

⁴ The Earl of Carlisle was chosen one of the Lords Justices for the government of the kingdom till the King's arrival from Hanover. He was afterwards First Commissioner of the Treasury.—T.

They have sent to desire me very earnestly to come to them, and bring my boy; 'tis the same thing as pensioning in a nunnery, for no mortal man ever enters the doors in the absence of their father, who is gone post. During this uncertainty, I think it will be a safe retreat; for Middlethorpe stands exposed to plunderers, if there be any at all. I dare say, after the zeal the A. B. [archbishop] has shewed, they'll visit his house (and consequently this) in the first place. The A. B. [archbishop] made me many compliments on our near neighbourhood, and said he should be overjoyed at the happiness of improving his acquaintance with you. I suppose you may now come in at Aldburgh, and I heartily wish you was in Parliament. I saw the A. B.'s [archbishop's] list of the Lords Regents appointed, and perceive Lord Wn. [Wharton] is not one of them; by which I guess the new scheme is not to make use of any man grossly infamous in either party; consequently, those who have been honest in regard to both, will stand fairest for preferment. You understand these things much better than me; but I hope you will be persuaded by me and your other friends (who I don't doubt will be of opinion) that 'tis necessary for the common good for an honest man to endeavour to be powerful, when he can be the one without losing the first more valuable title; and remember that money is the source of power. I hear that Parliament¹ sits but six months; you know best whether 'tis worth any expense or bustle to be in for so short a time.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "7 Au.," 1714.]

YOU made me cry two hours last night. I cannot imagine why you use me so ill; for what reason you continue silent, when you know at any time your silence cannot fail of giving me a great deal of pain; and now to a higher degree because of the perplexity that I am in, without knowing where you are, what you are doing, or what to do with myself and my dear little boy. However (persuaded there can be no objection to it), I intend to go to-morrow to Castle Howard, and remain

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu had at this time been twelve months without a seat in Parliament.—T.

there with the young ladies, 'till I know when I shall see you, or what you would command. The archbishop and everybody else are gone to London. We are alarmed with a story of a fleet being seen from the coasts of Scotland. An express went from thence through York to the Earl of Mar. I beg you would write to me. 'Till you do I shall not have an easy minute. I am sure I do not deserve from you that you should make me uneasy. I find I am scolding, 'tis better for me not to trouble you with it; but I cannot help taking your silence very unkindly.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

I HOPE the child is better than he was, but I wish you would let Dr. Garth know he has a bigness in his joints, but not much: his ankles seem chiefly to have a weakness. I should be very glad of his advice upon it, and, whether he approves rubbing them with spirits, which I am told is good for him.

I hope you are convinced I was not mistaken in my judgment of Lord Pelham;¹ he is very silly but very good-natured. I don't see how it can be improper for you to get it represented to him that he is obliged in honour to get you chose at Aldburgh, and may more easily get Mr. Jessop² chose at another place. I can't believe but you may manage it in such a manner, Mr. Jessop himself would not be against it, nor would he have so much reason to take it ill, if he should not be chose, as you have after so much money fruitlessly spent. I dare say you may order it so that it may be so, if you talk to Lord Townshend about it, &c. I mention this, because I cannot think you can stand at York, or anywhere else, without a great expense. Lord Morpeth³ is just now of age, but I know not whether he'll think it worth while to return from travel upon that occasion. Lord Carlisle is in town, you may if you

¹ Lord Pelham was soon after created Duke of Newcastle, and was George the Second's Minister.—W.

² William Jessop, Esq., of Broomhall, Yorkshire. He was elected soon afterwards for Aldburgh.—T.

³ The eldest son of Lord Carlisle.—T.

think fit make him a visit, and enquire concerning it. After all, I look upon Aldburgh to be the surest thing. Lord Pelham is easily persuaded to any thing, and I am sure he may be told by Lord Townshend that he has used you ill; and I know he'll be desirous to do all things in his power to make it up. In my opinion, if you resolve upon an extraordinary expense to be in Parliament, you should resolve to have it turn to some account. Your father is very surprizing if he persists in standing at Huntingdon; but there is nothing surprizing in such a world as this.¹

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[1714.]

YOU seem not to have received my letters, or not to have understood them; you had been chose undoubtedly at York, if you had declared in time; but there is not any gentleman or tradesman disengaged at this time; they are treating every night. Lord Carlisle and the Thompsons have given their interest to Mr. Jenkins. I agree with you of the necessity of your standing this Parliament, which, perhaps, may be more considerable than any that are to follow it; but, as you proceed, 'tis my opinion, you will spend your money and not be chose. I believe there is hardly a borough unengaged. I expect every letter should tell me you are sure of some place; and, as far as I can perceive you are sure of none. As it has been managed, perhaps it will be the best way to deposit a certain sum in some friend's hands, and buy some little Cornish borough: it would, undoubtedly, look better to be chose for a considerable town; but I take it to be now too late. If you have any thoughts of Newark, it will be absolutely necessary for you to enquire after Lord Lexington's interest; and your best way to apply yourself to Lord Holderness, who is both a Whig and an honest man. He is now in town, and you may enquire of him if Brigadier Sutton stands there; and if not, try to engage him for you. Lord Lexington is so ill

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu was member for Huntingdon town from 1707 to 1713, when his father, Mr. Sidney Wortley, succeeded him. On the present occasion Mr. Sidney Wortley did "persist" in "standing at Huntingdon," and was elected.—T.

at the Bath, that it is a doubt if he will live 'till the election : and if he dies, one of his heiresses, and the whole interest of his estate, will probably fall on Lord Holderness.

'Tis a surprise to me that you cannot make sure of some borough, when so many of your friends bring in several Parliament-men without trouble or expense. 'Tis too late to mention it now, but you might have applied to Lady Winchester as Sir Joseph Jekyl¹ did last year, and by her interest the Duke of Bolton brought him in for nothing ; I am sure she would be more zealous to serve me than Lady Jekyl. You should understand these things better than me. I heard, by a letter last post, that Lady M. Montagu and Lady Hinchinbrook are to be bedchamber ladies to the Princess, and Lady Townshend groom of the stole.² She must be a strange Princess if she can pick a favourite out of them ; and as she will be one day Queen, and they say has an influence over her husband, I wonder they don't think fit to place women about her with a little common sense.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Postmark, "Sept. 17," 1714.]

I CANNOT be very sorry for your declining at Newark, being very uncertain of your success ; but I am surprized you do not mention where you intend to stand. Dispatch, in things of this nature, if not a security, at least delay is a sure way to lose, as you have done, being easily chose at York, for not resolving in time, and Aldburgh, for not applying soon enough to Lord Pelham. Here are people here had rather choose Fairfax than Jenkins, and others that prefer Jenkins to Fairfax ; but both parties, separately, have wished to me you would have stood,³ with assurances of having preferred you

¹ Sir Joseph Jekyl was re-elected for Lymington in 1713.—T.

² This information proved incorrect. A newspaper of October 28 announces that "the Duchesses of Bolton, St. Albans, and Montague, the Countesses of Berkeley and Dorset, and the Lady Cowper, are made Ladies of Honour [should be Ladies of the Bedchamber] to the Princess of Wales, and Mrs. Selwyn. Mrs. Polexten, Mrs. Howard, and Mrs. Clayton, Bedchamber women." The appointment of the Duchess of St. Albans as groom of the stole to the princess was also announced on November 10. The incorrectness of Lady Mary's information would indicate a date somewhat earlier than the first of these announcements. The princess arrived at St. James's on the 13th October.—T.

³ That is for York. Tobias Jenkins, Esq., was chosen.—T.

to either of them. At Newark, Lord Lexington has a very considerable interest. If you have any thoughts of standing, you must endeavour to know how he stands affected; though I am afraid he will assist Brigadier Sutton, or some other Tory. Sir Matthew Jenison has the best interest of any Whig; but he stood last year himself, and will, perhaps, do so again. Newdigate¹ will certainly be chose there for one. Upon the whole, 'tis the most expensive and uncertain place you can stand at. 'Tis surprizing to me, that you are all this while in the midst of your friends without being sure of a place, when so many insignificant creatures come in without any opposition. They say Mr. Strickland² is sure at Carlisle, where he never stood before. I believe most places are engaged by this time. I am very sorry, for your sake, that you spent so much money in vain last year, and will not come in this, when you might make a more considerable figure than you could have done then. I wish Lord Pelham would compliment Mr. Jessop with his Newark interest, and let you come in at Aldburgh.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "24 Sept.," 1714.]

THOUGH I am very impatient to see you, I would not have you, by hastening to come down, lose any part of your interest. I am surprized you say nothing of where you stand. I had a letter from Mrs. Hewet last post, who said she heard you stood at Newark, and would be chose without opposition; but I fear her intelligence is not at all to be depended on. I am glad you think of serving your friends; I hope it will put you in mind of serving yourself. I need not enlarge upon the advantages of money; every thing we see, and every thing we hear, puts us in remembrance of it. If it was possible to restore liberty to your country, or limit the encroachments of the pre—ve [prerogative], by reducing yourself to a garret, I

¹ Richard Newdigate, Esq. He represented Newark in the preceding Parliament, but was not chosen again.—T.

² William Strickland, Esq. He was soon after elected for Carlisle.—T.

should be pleased to share so glorious a poverty with you ; but as the world is, and will be, 'tis a sort of duty to be rich, that it may be in one's power to do good ; riches being another word for power, towards the obtaining of which the first necessary qualification is impudence, and (as Demosthenes said of pronunciation in oratory) the second is impudence, and the third, still, impudence. No modest man ever did or ever will make his fortune. Your friend Lord H[alifa]x, R. W[alpo]le, and all other remarkable instances of quick advancement, have been remarkably impudent. The Ministry is like a play at Court ; there's a little door to get in, and a great crowd without, shoving and thrusting who shall be foremost ; people who knock others with their elbows, disregard a little kick of the shins, and still thrust heartily forwards, are sure of a good place. Your modest man stands behind in the crowd, is shoved about by every body, his cloaths tore, almost squeezed to death, and sees a thousand get in before him, that don't make so good a figure as himself.

I don't say it is impossible for an impudent man not to rise in the world ; but a moderate merit, with a large share of impudence, is more probable to be advanced, than the greatest qualifications without it.

If this letter is impertinent, it is founded upon an opinion of your merit, which, if it is a mistake, I would not be undeceived in : it is my interest to believe (as I do) that you deserve every thing, and are capable of every thing ; but nobody else will believe you if they see you get nothing.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Postmark, "6 Oct.," 1714.]

I CANNOT imagine why you should desire that I should not be glad, though from a mistake, since, at least, it is an agreeable one. I confess I shall ever be of opinion, if you are in the Treasury, it will be an addition to your figure and facilitate your election, though it is no otherwise advantageous ; and that, if you have nothing when all your acquaintance are preferred, the world generally will not be persuaded that you neglect your fortune, but that you are neglected.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "9 October," 1714.]

YOU do me wrong in imagining (as I perceive you do) that my reason for being solicitous for your having that place, was in view of spending more money than we do. You have no cause of fancying me capable of such a thought. I don't doubt but Lord H[alifa]x will very soon have the staff, and it is my belief you will not be at all the richer: but I think it looks well, and may facilitate your election; and that is all the advantage I hope from it. When all your intimate acquaintance are preferred, I think you would have an ill air in having nothing; upon that account only, I am sorry so many considerable places are disposed on [*sic*]. I suppose, now, you will certainly be chose somewhere or other; and I cannot see why you should not pretend to be Speaker. I believe all the Whigs would be for you, and I fancy you have a considerable interest amongst the Tories, and for that reason would be very likely to carry it. 'Tis impossible for me to judge of this so well as you can do; but the reputation of being thoroughly of no party is (I think) of use in this affair, and I believe people generally esteem you impartial; and being chose by your country is more honourable than holding *any* place from *any* king.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Postmark, "Oct. 27," 1714.]

I AM told that you are very secure at Newark:¹ if you are so in the West, I cannot see why you should set up in three different places, except it be to treble the expence. I am sorry you had not opportunity of paying Lord Pt. [Pierrepont] that compliment, though I hope that it will not weigh much with him in favour of another. I wish you would remember the common useful maxim, whatever is to be done at all, ought to be done as soon as possible. I consider only your own interest when I speak, and I cannot help speaking warmly on that subject. I hope you will think of what I hinted in my

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu never sat for Newark.—T.

last letters; and if you think of it at all, you cannot think of it too soon.

Adieu. I wish you would learn of Mr. Steele to write to your wife.

Pray order me some money, for I am in great want, and must run in debt if you don't do it soon.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "24th November," 1714.]

I HAVE taken up and laid down my pen several times, very much unresolved in what stile I ought to write to you: for once I suffer my inclination to get the better of my reason. I have not oft opportunities of indulging myself, and I will do it in this one letter. I know very well that nobody was ever teized into a liking: and 'tis perhaps harder to revive a past one, than to overcome an aversion; but I cannot forbear any longer telling you, I think you use me very unkindly. I don't say so much of your absence, as I should do if you was in the country and I in London; because I would not have you believe I am impatient to be in town, when I say I am impatient to be with you; but I am very sensible I parted with you in July and 'tis now the middle of November. As if this was not hardship enough, you do not tell me you are sorry for it. You write seldom, and with so much indifference as shews you hardly think of me at all. I complain of ill health, and you only say you hope 'tis not so bad as I make it. You never enquire after your child. I would fain flatter myself you have more kindness for me and him than you express; but I reflect with grief a man that is ashamed of passions that are natural and reasonable, is generally proud of those that [are] shameful and silly.

You should consider solitude, and spleen the consequence of solitude, is apt to give the most melancholy ideas, and there needs at least tender letters and kind expressions to hinder uneasinesses almost inseparable from absence. I am very sensible, how far I ought to be contented when your affairs oblige you to be without me. I would not have you do them any

prejudice; but a little kindness will cost you nothing. I do not bid you lose any thing by hasting to see me, but I would have you think it a misfortune when we are asunder. Instead of that, you seem perfectly pleased with our separation, and indifferent how long it continues. When I reflect on all your behaviour, I am ashamed of my own: I think I am playing the part of my Lady Winchester.¹ At least be as generous as my lord; and as he made her an early confession of his aversion, own to me your inconstancy, and upon my word I will give you no more trouble about it. I have concealed as long as I can, the uneasiness the nothingness of your letters has given me, under an affected indifference; but dissimulation always sits awkwardly upon me; I am weary of it; and must beg you to write to me no more, if you cannot bring yourself to write otherwise. Multiplicity of business or diversions may have engaged you, but all people find time to do what they have a mind to. If your inclination is gone, I had rather never receive a letter from you, than one which, in lieu of comfort for your absence, gives me a pain even beyond it. For my part, as 'tis my first, this is my last complaint, and your next of the kind shall go back enclosed to you in blank paper.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[1714.]

YOUR letter very much vexed me. I cannot imagine why you should doubt being the better for a place of that consideration, which it is in your power to lay down, whenever you dislike the measures that are taken. Supposing the commission lasts but a short time, I believe those that have acted in it will have the offer of some other considerable thing. I am, perhaps, the only woman in the world that would dissuade her husband (if he was inclined to it) from accepting the greatest place in England, upon the condition of his giving one vote disagreeing with his principle, and the true interest

¹ Lady Mary's early friend, Lady Anne Vaughan, daughter to the Earl of Carberry, was married to the Marquis of Winchester, afterwards Duke of Bolton, in July, 1713. They separated soon after their marriage.—T.

of my country; but when it is possible to be of service to your country by going along with the ministry, I know not any reason for declining an honourable post. The world never believes it possible for people to act out of the common track; and whoever is not employed by the public, may talk what they please of having refused or slighted great offers; but they are always looked upon, either as neglected, or discontented because their pretensions have failed; and whatever efforts they make against the court, are thought the effect of spleen and disappointment, or endeavours to get something they have set their heart on. As now Sir T. H^r [Hanmer] is represented (and I believe truly) as aiming at being secretary, no man can make a better figure than when he enjoys a considerable place; being for the Place-bill, and if he finds the ministry in the wrong, withdrawing from them, when 'tis visible that he might still keep his places, if he did not choose to keep his integrity. I have sent you my thoughts of places in general, I solemnly protest, without any thought of any particular advantage to myself; and if I was your friend and not your wife, I should speak in the same manner, which I really do, without any consideration but that of your figure and reputation, which is a thousand times dearer to me than splendour, money, &c.—I suppose this long letter might have been spared; for your resolution, I don't doubt, is already taken.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.

[Indorsed "April," 1716.]

I AM extremely concerned at your illness. I have expected you all this day, and supposed you would be here by this time, if you had set out Saturday afternoon as you say you intended. I hope you have left Wharnccliffe; but however will continue to write, 'till you let me know you have done so. Dr. Clarke¹ has been spoke to, and excused himself from recommending a chaplain,² as not being acquainted with many

¹ No doubt Dr. Samuel Clarke, the learned divine.—T.

² That is, a chaplain to the embassy to Constantinople.—T.

orthodox divines. I don't doubt you know the death of Lord Somers,¹ which will for some time interrupt my commerce with Lady Jekyl. I have heard he is dead without a will; and I have heard he has made young Mr. Cox his heir; I cannot tell which account is the truest. I beg of you with great earnestness, that you would take the first care of your health, there can be nothing worth the least loss of it. I shall be, sincerely, very uneasy till I hear from you again; but I am not without hopes of seeing you to-morrow. Your son presents his duty to you, and improves every day in his conversation, which begins to be very entertaining to me. I directed a letter for you last post to Mr. B——. I cannot conclude without once [more] recommending to you, if you have any sort of value for me, to take care of yourself. If there be any thing you would have me do, pray be particular in your directions. You say nothing positive about the liveries.² Lord B.'s lace is silk, with very little silver in it, but for twenty liveries comes to 110*l*.—Adieu! pray take care of your health.

¹ Lord Somers died April 26, 1716, which gives the year in which this letter was written.—T.

² The liveries were for Mr. Wortley's servants who attended him on his embassy to Turkey, for which he was now preparing. It appears by the official correspondence that much embarrassment was subsequently caused to the ambassador by the non-arrival of these important articles at Constantinople.—T.

LETTERS

DURING

MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY TO CONSTANTINOPLE.

[1716—1718.]

[THE following is a copy of the Title-page of the manuscript copy of these Letters said to have been given by Lady Mary to Mr. Molesworth.—T.]

The Travels
Of an English Lady in
Europe, Asia, and Africa,
Being a series of Letters written by the Right Honourable
Lady M. W. Montagu to her friends in several parts of
Europe, giving a curious account of many entertaining circumstances relative to Germany, Hungary, Adrianople, Constantinople, &c., and particularly concerning some of the manners and customs of the Turks far beyond what any other Traveller has ever done, faithfully transcribed from her original copy at her Ladyship's desire.

Your elder sister in the Lists of Fame
Rose to deserve, but not despise a name.
Persist in this distinction of renown,
And wear a laurel that is all your own;
Still keep concealed this bright and learned store;
For why should *Pope* and *Congreve* write no more?

Let the *male authors*, with an envious eye,
Praise coldly that they may the more decry:
Woman (at least I speak the sense of some)
This little spirit of rivalry o'ercome.
I read with transport, and with joy I greet }
A genius so sublime, and so complete, }
And gladly lay my laurels at her feet.

M. A.

P R E F A C E.¹

I WAS going, like common editors, to advertise the reader of the beauties and excellencies of the work laid before him. To tell him, that the illustrious author had opportunities that other travellers, whatever their quality or curiosity may have been, cannot obtain; and a genius capable of making the best improvement of every opportunity. But if the reader, after perusing *one* letter only, has not discernment to distinguish that natural elegance, that delicacy of sentiment and observation, that easy gracefulness and lovely simplicity (which is the perfection of writing), in which these Letters exceed all that has appeared in this kind, or almost in any other, let him lay the book down, and leave it to those who have.

The noble author had the goodness to lend me her MS. to satisfy my curiosity in some enquiries I had made concerning her travels; and when I had it in my hands, how was it possible to part with it? I once had the vanity to hope I might acquaint the public, that it owed this invaluable treasure to my importunities. But, alas! the most ingenious author has condemned it to obscurity during her life; and conviction, as well as deference, obliges me to yield to her reasons. However, if these Letters appear hereafter, when I am in my grave, let this attend them, in testimony to posterity, that, among her cotemporaries, *one* woman, at least, was just to her merit.

There is not any thing so excellent, but some will carp at

¹ This Preface does not appear to the copy of the Letters in Lady Mary's handwriting, but is found prefixed to the Molesworth manuscript copy, from which it is now added. It was prefixed, with slight variations, to the unauthorised edition 1763.—T.

it: and the rather, because of its excellency. But to such hypercritics I shall only say * * * * *

I confess, I am malicious enough to desire, that the world should see to how much better purpose the LADIES travel than their LORDS; and that, whilst it is surfeited with *male Travels*, all in the same tone, and stuffed with the same trifles, a lady has the skill to strike out a new path, and to embellish a worn-out subject with variety of fresh and elegant entertainment. For, besides the vivacity and spirit which enliven every part, and that inimitable beauty which spreads through the whole; besides the purity of style, for which it may be justly accounted the standard of the *English* tongue; the reader will find a more true and accurate account of the customs and manners of the several nations with whom the lady conversed, than he can in any other author. But, as her ladyship's penetration discovers the inmost follies of the heart, so the candour of her temper passed over them with an air of pity, rather than reproach; treating with the politeness of a court and gentleness of a lady, what the severity of her judgment cannot but condemn.

In short, let her own sex, at least, do her justice; lay aside diabolical Envy, and its brother Malice, with all their accursed company, sly whispering, cruel backbiting, spiteful detraction, and the rest of that hideous crew, which, I hope, are very falsely said to attend the *Tea-table*, being more apt to think they attend those public places where virtuous women never come. Let the men malign one another, if they think fit, and strive to pull down merit, when they cannot equal it. Let us be better-natured, than to give way to any unkind or disrespectful thought of so bright an ornament of our sex merely because she has better sense; for I doubt not but our hearts will tell us, that this is the real and unpardonable offence, whatever may be pretended. Let us be better Christians, than to look upon her with an evil eye, only because the Giver of all good gifts has entrusted and adorned her with the most excellent talents. Rather let us freely own the superiority of this sublime genius, as I do in the sincerity of my soul;

pleased that a *woman* triumphs, and proud to follow in her train. Let us offer her the palm which is so justly her due; and if we pretend to any laurels, lay them willingly at her feet.

M. A.¹

December 18, 1724.

Charm'd into love of what obscures my fame, }
 If I had wit, I'd celebrate her name, }
 And all the beauties of her mind proclaim : }
 Till Malice, deafen'd with the mighty sound,
 Its ill-concerted calumnies confound ;
 Let fall the mask, and with pale Envy meet,
 To ask, and find, their pardon at her feet.

You see, madam, how I lay every thing at your feet. As the tautology shews the poverty of my genius, it likewise shews the extent of your empire over my imagination.

May 31, 1725.

¹ Attributed to Mrs. Mary Astell. See Lady Louisa Stuart's *Introductory Anecdotes*.—T.

LETTERS

DURING MR. WORTLEY'S EMBASSY.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].²

Rotterdam, Friday, Aug. 3, O.S. [1716].³

I FLATTER myself, dear sister, that I shall give you some pleasure in letting you know that I have safely passed the sea, though we had the ill fortune of a storm. We were persuaded by the captain of our yacht to set out in a calm, and he pretended that there was nothing so easy as to tide it over; but, after two days slowly moving, the wind blew so hard, that none of the sailors could keep their feet, and we were all Sunday night tossed very handsomely. I never saw a man more frightened than the captain.

For my part, I have been so lucky neither to suffer from fear or sea-sickness; though, I confess, I was so impatient to

¹ All letters in this section, the sources of which are not specially mentioned, are printed from the manuscript copy deposited by Lady Mary with the Rev. Mr. Sowden. See *Memoir, ante*, p. 18. Mr. Dallaway remarks that "the embassy to Constantinople was formerly of great commercial importance, when the treasures of the East were brought by caravans to the different ports of the Levant, and the Turkey company monopolised the merchandise which now finds its way to England by other channels. Added to his political concerns, Mr. Wortley had the appointment of consul-general of the Levant, which gave considerable influence and emolument to the British Mission."—T.

² Lord Mar joined the Pretender in 1715, and was soon after attainted. Failing in his attempt at insurrection in Scotland, he fled with the Pretender to France, where he was at this time living in exile. Lady Mar, however, remained behind. It appears from a letter of her uncle Lord Cheyne, dated Aug. 9, 1716 (*Harleian MSS.*, No. 7523), that she was at this time still in England. See section of letters to her in Paris.—T.

³ Mr. Wortley's departure is thus announced in the *Weekly Journal of Saturday*, August 4, 1716: "On Wednesday Edward Wortley Montagu, Esq., set forward on his embassy to Constantinople, and Thursday embarked at Gravesend for Holland." Wednesday probably meant Wednesday se'nnight; but in this as in many other instances, the dates of Mr. Wortley's movements, given in the newspapers, do not appear to tally exactly with the dates given by Lady Mary.—T.

see myself once more upon dry land, that I would not stay till the yacht could get to Rotterdam, but went in the long-boat to Helvoetsluys, where we had voitures to carry us to the Brill.

I was charmed with the neatness of that little town; but my arrival at Rotterdam presented me a new scene of pleasure. All the streets are paved with broad stones, and before the meanest artificers' doors seats of various-coloured marbles, and so neatly kept, that, I will assure you, I walked almost all over the town yesterday, *incognita*, in my slippers, without receiving one spot of dirt; and you may see the Dutch maids washing the pavement of the street with more application than ours do our bed-chambers. The town seems so full of people, with such busy faces, all in motion, that I can hardly fancy that it is not some celebrated fair; but I see it is every day the same. 'Tis certain no town can be more advantageously situated for commerce. Here are seven large canals, on which the merchants' ships come up to the very doors of their houses. The shops and warehouses are of a surprising neatness and magnificence, filled with an incredible quantity of fine merchandise, and so much cheaper than what we see in England, I have much ado to persuade myself I am still so near it. Here is neither dirt nor beggary to be seen. One is not shocked with those loathsome cripples, so common in London, nor teased with the importunities of idle fellows and wenches, that choose to be nasty and lazy. The common servants and little shopwomen here are more nicely clean than most of our ladies; and the great variety of neat dresses (every woman dressing her head after her own fashion) is an additional pleasure in seeing the town.

You see, hitherto, dear sister, I make no complaints; and, if I continue to like travelling as well as I do at present, I shall not repent my project. It will go a great way in making me satisfied with it, if it affords me opportunities of entertaining you. But it is not from Holland that you must expect a disinterested offer. I can write enough in the style of Rotterdam to tell you plainly, in one word, I expect returns of all the London news. You see I have already learnt to

make a good bargain ; and that it is not for nothing I will so much as tell you that I am your affectionate sister.

TO MRS. S—— [SMITH].¹

Hague, Aug. 5, O.S. [1716].

I MAKE haste to tell you, dear madam, that, after all the dreadful fatigues you threatened me with, I am hitherto very well pleased with my journey. We take care to make such short stages every day, I rather fancy myself upon parties of pleasure than upon the road ; and sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden ; the roads all well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees, and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them. The place I am now at is certainly one of the finest villages in the world. Here are several squares finely built, and (what I think a particular beauty) set with thick large trees. The *Vor-hout* is, at the same time, the Hyde-Park and the Mall of the people of quality ; for they take the air in it both on foot and in coaches. There are shops for wafers, cool liquors, &c.

I have been to see several of the most celebrated gardens, but I will not tease you with their descriptions. I dare swear you think my letter already long enough. But I must not conclude without begging your pardon for not obeying your commands, in sending the lace you ordered me. Upon my word, I can yet find none that is not dearer than you may buy it in London. If you want any Indian goods, here are great variety of pennyworths ; and I shall follow your orders with great pleasure and exactness, being,

Dear madam, &c. &c.

¹ In Mr. Dallaway's edition this letter is addressed to Miss Skerritt. It has no address in either of the manuscript copies. There is no reason to believe that Lady Mary was acquainted with Miss Skerritt at this period. It appears, from Lady Mary's memorandum given in the *Memoir*, *anté* that she corresponded while on her journey with a "Mrs. S^h," who was probably her early friend Miss Smith, a daughter of the Speaker.—T.

TO MRS. S. C. [SARAH CHISWELL].¹

Nimeguen, Aug. 13, O.S. [1716].

I AM extremely sorry, my dear S., that your fears of dis-obliging your relations, and their fears for your health and safety, have hindered me the happiness of your company, and you the pleasure of a diverting journey. I receive some degree of mortification from every agreeable novelty, or pleasing prospect, by the reflection of your having so unluckily missed the same pleasure which I know it would have given you.

If you were with me in this town, you would be ready to expect to receive visits from your Nottingham friends. No two places were ever more resembling; one has but to give the Maese the name of the Trent, and there is no distinguishing the prospects—the houses, like those of Nottingham, built one above another, and are intermixed in the same manner with trees and gardens. The tower they call Julius Cæsar's has the same situation with Nottingham Castle; and I cannot help fancying I see from it the Trent-field, Adboulton, &c., places so well known to us.² 'Tis true, the fortifications make a considerable difference. All the learned in the art of war bestow great commendations on them; for my part, that know nothing of the matter, I shall content myself with telling you, 'tis a very pretty walk on the ramparts, on which there is a tower, very deservedly called the Belvidere; where people go to drink coffee, tea, &c., and enjoy one of the finest prospects in the world. The public walks have no great beauty, but the thick shade of the trees. But I must not forget to take notice of the bridge, which appeared very surprising to me. It is large enough to hold hundreds of men, with horses and carriages. They give the value of an English twopence to get upon it, and then away they go, bridge and all, to the other side of the river, with so slow a motion one is hardly sensible of any at all.

¹ A Nottinghamshire lady and an early friend of Lady Mary.—T.

² Lady Mary had probably spent some part of her early years at Holme Pierrepont, near Nottingham, an ancient seat of the Pierrepont family inherited by her father.—T.

I was yesterday at the French church, and stared very much at their manner of service. The parson claps on a broad-brimmed hat in the first place, which gave him entirely the air of *what d'ye call him*, in Bartholomew Fair, which he kept up by extraordinary antic gestures, and talking much such stuff as the other preached to the puppets. However, the congregation seemed to receive it with great devotion; and I was informed by some of his flock that he is a person of particular fame amongst them. I believe you are by this time as much tired with my account of him, as I was with his sermon; but I am sure your brother will excuse a digression in favour of the church of England. You know, speaking disrespectfully of Calvinists, is the same thing as speaking honourably of the church. Adieu, my dear S., always remember me; and be assured I can never forget you.

TO THE LADY —.

Cologne, Aug. 16, O.S. [1716].

If my Lady — could have any notion of the fatigues that I have suffered these last two days, I am sure she would own it a great proof of regard that I now sit down to write to her. We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologne: our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my own bed, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came in from a thousand places. We left this wretched lodging at daybreak, and about six this morning came safe here, where I got immediately into bed, and slept so well for three hours, that I found myself perfectly recovered, and have had spirits enough to go see all that is curious in the town, that is to say, the churches. for here is nothing else worth seeing, though it is a very large town, but most part of it old built. The Jesuits' church is the neatest, which was shewed me, in a very complaisant

manner, by a handsome young Jesuit; who, not knowing who I was, took a liberty in his compliments and railleries, which very much diverted me. Having never before seen anything of that nature, I could not enough admire the magnificence of the altars, the rich images of the saints (all massy silver), and the *enchassures* of the relics; though I could not help murmuring, in my heart, at that profusion of pearls, diamonds, and rubies, bestowed on the adornment of rotten teeth, dirty rags, &c. I own that I had wickedness enough to covet St. Ursula's pearl necklaces; though perhaps it was no wickedness at all, an image not being certainly one's neighbour; but I went yet farther, and wished even she herself converted into dressing-plate, and a great St. Christopher I imagined would have looked very well in a cistern.

These were my pious reflections; though I was very well satisfied to see, piled up to the honour of our nation, the skulls of the eleven thousand virgins. I have seen some hundreds of relics here of no less consequence; but I will not imitate the common style of travellers so far as to give you a list of them, being persuaded that you have no manner of curiosity for the titles given to jaw-bones and bits of worm-eaten wood.—Adieu, I am just going to supper, where I shall drink your health in an admirable sort of Lorraine wine, which I am sure is the same you call Burgundy in London, &c. &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B. [BRISTOL].¹

Nuremberg, Aug. 22, O.S. [1716].

AFTER five days travelling post, I am sure I could sit down to write on no other occasion, but to tell my dear Lady —, that I have not forgot her obliging command, of sending her some account of my travels.

I have already passed a large part of Germany, have seen all that is remarkable in Cologne, Frankfort, Wurtsburg, and

¹ Elizabeth, daughter and heir of Sir Thomas Felton, Bart., of Playford, co. Suffolk. second wife of John Hervey, first Earl of Bristol.—D. In one of the letters to the Countess of B., the name "Bristol" appears, but struck through.—T.

this place; and 'tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops loaded with merchandise, and the commonalty clean and cheerful. In the other, a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms. I cannot help fancying one under the figure of a handsome clean Dutch citizen's wife, and the other like a poor town lady of pleasure, painted and ribboned out in her head-dress, with tarnished silver-laced shoes and a ragged under-petticoat, a miserable mixture of vice and poverty.

They have sumptuary laws in this town, which distinguish their rank by their dress, and prevent the excess which ruins so many other cities, and has a more agreeable effect to the eye of a stranger than our fashions. I think, after the Archbishop of Cambray¹ having declared for them, I need not be ashamed to own, that I wish these laws were in force in other parts of the world. When one considers impartially the merits of a rich suit of clothes in most places, the respect and the smiles of favour that it procures, not to speak of the envy and the sighs it occasions (which is very often the principal charm to the wearer), one is forced to confess, that there is need of an uncommon understanding to resist the temptation of pleasing friends and mortifying rivals; and that it is natural to young people to fall into a folly, which betrays them to that want of money which is the source of a thousand basenesses. What numbers of men have begun the world with generous inclinations, that have afterwards been the instruments of bringing misery on a whole people, led by a vain expence into debts, that they could clear no other way but by the forfeit of their honour, and which they would never have contracted, if the respect the many pay to habits was

¹ The celebrated Fénelon.—T

fixed by law only to a particular colour or cut of plain cloth! These reflections draw after them others that are too melancholy. I will make haste to put them out of your head by the farce of relics, with which I have been entertained in all the Romish churches.

The Lutherans are not quite free from those follies. I have seen here, in the principal church, a large piece of the cross set in jewels, and the point of the spear, which they told me, very gravely, was the same that pierced the side of our Saviour. But I was particularly diverted in a little Roman Catholic church which is permitted here, where the professors of that religion are not very rich, and consequently cannot adorn their images in so rich a manner as their neighbours. For, not to be quite destitute of all finery, they have dressed up an image of our Saviour over the altar in a fair full-bottomed wig very well powdered. I imagine I see your ladyship stare at this article, of which you very much doubt the veracity; but, upon my word, I have not yet made use of the privilege of a traveller; and my whole account is writ with the same plain sincerity of heart, with which I assure you that I am, dear madam, your ladyship's, &c.

TO MRS. T. [THISTLETHWAYTE].¹

Ratisbon, Aug. 30, O.S. [1716].

I HAD the pleasure of receiving yours but the day before I left London. I give you a thousand thanks for your good wishes, and have such an opinion of their efficacy, I am persuaded that I owe in part to them the good luck of having proceeded so far in my long journey without any ill accident. For I don't reckon it any, being stopped a few days in this town by a cold, since it has not only given me an opportunity of seeing all that is curious in it, but of making some acquaintance with the ladies, who have all been to see me with great civility, particularly Madame —, the wife of our

¹ See *Memoir, antè*, p. 10. Mrs. Thistlethwayte was probably Anne, daughter of Alexander Thistlethwayte and Catherine Chaldeote, of Winterslow, in Wiltshire. She was born 1669.—T.

King's envoy from Hanover. She has carried me to all the assemblies, and I have been magnificently entertained at her house, which is one of the finest here.

You know that all the nobility of this place are envoys from different states. Here are a great number of them, and they might pass their time agreeably enough, if they were less delicate on the point of ceremony. But, instead of joining in the design of making the town as pleasant to one another as they can, and improving their little societies, they amuse themselves no other way than with perpetual quarrels, which they take care to eternise, by leaving them to their successors; and an envoy to Ratisbon receives, regularly, half a dozen quarrels among the perquisites of his employment.

You may be sure the ladies are not wanting, on their side, in cherishing and improving these important *piques*, which divide the town almost into as many parties as there are families, and they choose rather to suffer the mortification of sitting almost alone on their assembly nights, than to recede one jot from their pretensions. I have not been here above a week, and yet I have heard from almost every one of them the whole history of their wrongs, and dreadful complaints of the injustice of their neighbours, in hopes to draw me to their party. But I think it very prudent to remain neuter, though, if I was to stay among them, there would be no possibility of continuing so, their quarrels running so high, they will not be civil to those that visit their adversaries. The foundation of these everlasting disputes turns entirely upon place, and the title of Excellency, which they all pretend to; and, what is very hard, will give it to nobody. For my part, I could not forbear advising them (for the public good) to give the title of Excellency to every body, which would include receiving it from every body; but the very mention of such a dishonourable peace was received with as much indignation as Mrs. Blackacre¹ did the notion of a reference; and, I began to think myself ill-natured, to offer to take from them, in a town where there are so few diversions, so enter-

¹ A character in Wycherley's comedy of the "Plain Dealer."—T.

taining an amusement. I know that my peaceable disposition already gives me a very ill-figure, and that it is *publicly* whispered, as a piece of impertinent pride in me, that I have hitherto been saucily civil to everybody, as if I thought nobody good enough to quarrel with. I should be obliged to change my behaviour if I did not intend to pursue my journey in a few days.

I have been to see the churches here, and had the permission of touching the relics, which was never suffered in places where I was not known. I had, by this privilege, the opportunity of making an observation, which, I don't doubt, might have been made in all the other churches, that the emeralds and rubies that they shew round their relics and images are most of them false; though they tell you, that many of the Crosses and Madonnas, set round with these stones, have been the gifts of the emperors and other great princes, and I don't doubt but they were at first jewels of value; but the good fathers have found it convenient to apply them to other uses, and the people are just as well satisfied with bits of glass. Among these relics they shewed me a prodigious claw set in gold, which they called a claw of a griffin; and I could not forbear asking the reverend priest that shewed it, Whether the griffin was a saint? This question almost put him beside his gravity; but he answered, They only kept it as a curiosity. But I was very much scandalised at a large silver image of the Trinity, where the Father is represented under the figure of a decrepit old man, with a beard down to his knees, and a triple crown on his head, holding in his arms the Son, fixed on the cross, and the Holy Ghost, in the shape of a dove, hovering over him.

Madame — is come this minute to call me to the assembly, and forces me to tell you, very abruptly, that I am ever you—

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Vienna, September 8, O.S. [1716].¹

I AM now, my dear sister, safely arrived at Vienna; and, I

¹ "Vienna, September 8.—Mr. Wortley Montagu . . . arrived here on the 3rd with his lady. The 4th he had an audience of the Emperor, and on the 5th of the Empress. It is said he will remain here till the end of the campaign."—*Weekly Journal*, Saturday, September 29, 1716.—T.

thank God, have not at all suffered in my health, nor (what is dearer to me) in that of my child,¹ by all our fatigues.

We travelled by water from Ratisbon, a journey perfectly agreeable, down the Danube, in one of those little vessels, that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them almost all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, &c. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with an incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects; and, within a few hours' space of time one has the different diversion of seeing a populous city adorned with magnificent palaces, and the most romantic solitudes, which appear distant from the commerce of mankind, the banks of the Danube being charmingly diversified with woods, rocks, mountains covered with vines, fields of corn, large cities, and ruins of ancient castles. I saw the great towns of Passau and Lintz, famous for the retreat of the Imperial court when Vienna was besieged.

This town, which has the honour of being the emperor's residence, did not at all answer my ideas of it, being much less than I expected to find it; the streets are very close, and so narrow, one cannot observe the fine fronts of the palaces, though many of them very well deserve observation, being truly magnificent, all built of fine white stone, and excessive high, the town being so much too little for the number of the people that desire to live in it, the builders seem to have projected to repair that misfortune, by clapping one town on the top of another, most of the houses being of five, and some of them of six stories. You may easily imagine, that the streets being so narrow, the upper rooms are extremely dark; and, what is an inconveniency much more intolerable, in my opinion, there is no house that has so few as five or six families in it. The apartments of the greatest ladies, and even of the ministers of state, are divided but by a partition from that of a tailor or a shoemaker; and I know nobody that has above two floors in any house, one for their own use, and one higher for their servants. Those that have houses of their own, let out the rest of them to whoever will take them; thus the

¹ Her only child, Edward Wortley, now three years old.—T.

great stairs (which are all of stone) are as common and as dirty as the street. 'Tis true, when you have once travelled through them, nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments. They are commonly a *suite* of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries—the hangings the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole made gay by pictures, and vast jars of japan china, and almost in every room large lustres of rock crystal.

I have already had the honour of being invited to dinner by several of the first people of quality; and I must do them the justice to say, the good taste and magnificence of their tables very well answers to that of their furniture. I have been more than once entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed; the dessert proportionable, served in the finest china. But the variety and richness of their wines is what appears the most surprising. The constant way is, to lay a list of their names upon the plates of the guests, along with the napkins; and I have counted several times to the number of eighteen different sorts, all exquisite in their kinds.

I was yesterday at Count Schönbrunn,¹ the vice-chancellor's garden, where I was invited to dinner, and I must own that I never saw a place so perfectly delightful as the Fauxbourgs of Vienna. It is very large, and almost wholly composed of delicious palaces; and if the emperor found it proper to permit the gates of the town to be laid open, that the Fauxbourgs might be joined to it, he would have one of the largest and best-built cities of Europe. Count Schönbrunn's villa is one of the most magnificent; the furniture, all rich brocades, so well fancied and fitted up, nothing can look more gay and

¹ The palace of Schönbrunn is distant about two miles from Vienna. It was designed by John Bernard Fischers, the Palladio of Germany, in 1696, and was afterwards used as a hunting-seat by the emperor and his court.—D.

splendid; not to speak of a gallery, full of rarities of coral, mother of pearl, &c., and, throughout the whole house, a profusion of gilding, carving, fine paintings, the most beautiful porcelain, statues of alabaster and ivory, and vast orange and lemon trees in gilt pots. The dinner was perfectly fine and well ordered, and made still more agreeable by the good-humour of the count.

I have not yet been at court, being forced to stay for my gown, without which there is no waiting on the empress; though I am not without a great impatience to see a beauty that has been the admiration of so many different nations.¹ When I have had that honour, I will not fail to let you know my real thoughts, always taking a particular pleasure in communicating them to my dear sister.

TO MR. P. [POPE].²

Vienna, Sept. 14, O.S. [1716].

PERHAPS you'll laugh at me for thanking you very gravely for all the obliging concern you express for me. 'Tis certain that I may, if I please, take the fine things you say to me for wit and raillery; and, it may be, it would be taking them right. But I never in my life was half so well disposed to believe you in earnest; and that distance which makes the continuation of your friendship improbable, has very much increased my faith for it, and I find that I have (as well as the rest of my sex), whatever face I set on't, a strong disposition to believe in miracles. Don't fancy, however, that I am infected by the air of these popish countries; though I have so far wandered from the discipline of the Church of England,³ to have been

¹ Elizabeth Christina, daughter of Louis Rodolph, Duke of Brunswick.—T.

² In Lord Wharnccliffe's edition, some of the letters of Pope to Lady Mary, written during the embassy, were inserted in this section; but it has been found impossible to arrange them in any regular sequence of letter and reply; a fact which confirms the view that the letters of Lady Mary are wholly, or in part, compilations. In the present edition, the letters of Pope are therefore given in a separate section.—T.

³ This appears to refer to words in Pope's letter. The letter is undated, and might therefore, to Lady Mary when preparing her Turkish letters, have presented no inconsistency; but Pope's letter must have been written as late as October, 1716. See note on that letter; also remarks generally on the preparation of the Letters during Mr. Wortley's Embassy, *anté*, p. 13, &c.—T.

last Sunday at the opera, which was performed in the garden of the Favorita ; and I was so much pleased with it, I have not yet repented my seeing it. Nothing of that kind ever was more magnificent ; and I can easily believe what I am told, that the decorations and habits cost the emperor thirty thousand pounds sterling. The stage was built over a very large canal, and, at the beginning of the second act, divided into two parts, discovering the water, on which there immediately came, from different parts, two fleets of little gilded vessels, that gave the representation of a naval fight. It is not easy to imagine the beauty of this scene, which I took particular notice of. But all the rest were perfectly fine in their kind. The story of the opera is the Enchantments of Alcina, which gives opportunity for a great variety of machines, and changes of the scene, which are performed with a surprising swiftness. The theatre is so large, that it is hard to carry the eye to the end of it ; and the habits in the utmost magnificence, to the number of one hundred and eight. No house could hold such large decorations ; but the ladies all sitting in the open air, exposes them to great inconveniences, for there is but one canopy for the imperial family ; and the first night it was represented, a shower of rain happening, the opera was broken off, and the company crowded away in such confusion, I was almost squeezed to death.

But if their operas are thus delightful, their comedies are in as high a degree ridiculous. They have but one playhouse, where I had the curiosity to go to a German comedy, and was very glad it happened to be the story of Amphitryon, that subject having been already handled by a Latin, French, and English poet, I was curious to see what an Austrian author would make of it. I understand enough of the language to comprehend the greatest part of it ; and besides, I took with me a lady, who had the goodness to explain to me every word. The way is, to take a box, which holds four, for yourself and company. The fixed price is a gold ducat. I thought the house very low and dark ; but I confess, the comedy admirably recompensed that defect. I never laughed so much in my

life. It began with Jupiter's falling in love out of a peep-hole in the clouds, and ended with the birth of Hercules. But what was most pleasant, was the use Jupiter made of his metamorphosis; for you no sooner saw him under the figure of Amphitryon, but, instead of flying to Alcmena with the raptures Mr. Dryden puts into his mouth, he sends for Amphitryon's tailor and cheats him of a laced coat, and his banker of a bag of money, a Jew of a diamond ring, and bespeaks a great supper in his name; and the greatest part of the comedy turns upon poor Amphitryon's being tormented by these people for their debts, and Mercury uses Sosia in the same manner. But I could not easily pardon the liberty the poet has taken of larding his play with not only indecent expressions, but such gross words as I don't think our mob would suffer from a mountebank; and the two Sosias very fairly let down their breeches in the direct view of the boxes, which were full of people of the first rank, that seemed very well pleased with their entertainment, and they assured me that this was a celebrated piece.

I shall conclude my letter with this remarkable relation, very well worthy the serious consideration of Mr. Collier.¹ I won't trouble you with farewell compliments, which I think generally as impertinent as curtseys at leaving the room, when the visit has been too long already.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Vienna, Sept. 14, O.S. [1716].

THOUGH I have so lately troubled you, my dear sister, with a long letter, yet I will keep my promise in giving you an account of my first going to court.

In order to that ceremony, I was squeezed up in a gown, and adorned with a gorget and the other implements thereunto belonging: a dress very inconvenient, but which certainly shews the neck and shape to great advantage. I cannot forbear in this place giving you some description of the

¹ Jeremy Collier, alluding to his famous dispute with Congreve and others on the "Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage."—T.

fashions here, which are more monstrous and contrary to all common sense and reason, than 'tis possible for you to imagine. They build certain fabrics of gauze on their heads about a yard high, consisting of three or four stories, fortified with numberless yards of heavy ribbon. The foundation of this structure is a thing they call a *Bourle*, which is exactly of the same shape and kind, but about four times as big, as those rolls our prudent milk-maids make use of to fix their pails upon. This machine they cover with their own hair, which they mix with a great deal of false, it being a particular beauty to have their heads too large to go into a moderate tub. Their hair is prodigiously powdered, to conceal the mixture, and set out with three or four rows of bodkins (wonderfully large, that stick [out] two or three inches from their hair), made of diamonds, pearls, red, green, and yellow stones, that it certainly requires as much art and experience to carry the load upright, as to dance upon May-day with the garland. Their whale-bone petticoats outdo ours by several yards' circumference, and cover some acres of ground.

You may easily suppose how much this extraordinary dress sets off and improves the natural ugliness with which God Almighty has been pleased to endow them all generally. Even the lovely empress herself is obliged to comply, in some degree, with these absurd fashions, which they would not quit for all the world. I had a private audience (according to ceremony) of half an hour, and then all the other ladies were permitted to come [and] make their court. I was perfectly charmed with the empress: I cannot, however, tell you that her features are regular; her eyes are not large, but have a lively look, full of sweetness; her complexion the finest I ever saw; her nose and forehead well made, but her mouth has ten thousand charms that touch the soul. When she smiles, 'tis with a beauty and sweetness that force adoration. She has a vast quantity of fine fair hair; but then her person!—one must speak of it poetically to do it rigid justice; all that the poets have said of the mien of Juno, the air of Venus, come not up to the truth. The Graces move with her; the famous statue

of Medecis was not formed with more delicate proportions; nothing can be added to the beauty of her neck and hands. Till I saw them, I did not believe there were any in nature so perfect, and I was almost sorry that my rank here did not permit me to kiss them; but they are kissed sufficiently; for every body that waits on her pays that homage at their entrance, and when they take leave.

When the ladies were come in, she sat down to Quinze. I could not play at a game I had never seen before, and she ordered me a seat at her right hand, and had the goodness to talk to me very much, with that grace so natural to her. I expected every moment, when the men were to come in to pay their court; but this drawing-room is very different from that of England; no man enters it but the old grand-master, who comes in to advertise the empress of the approach of the emperor. His imperial majesty¹ did me the honour of speaking to me in a very obliging manner; but he never speaks to any of the other ladies; and the whole passes with a gravity and air of ceremony that has something very formal in it.

The Empress Amelia,² dowager of the late emperor Joseph, came this evening to wait on the reigning empress, followed by the two archduchesses her daughters, who are very agreeable young princesses. Their imperial majesties rise and go to meet her at the door of the room, after which she is seated in an armed chair, next the empress, and in the same manner at supper, and there the men had the permission of paying their court. The archduchesses sit on chairs with backs without arms. The table is entirely served, and all the dishes set on by the empress's maids of honour, which are twelve young ladies of the first quality. They have no salary, but their chambers at court, where they live in a sort of confinement, not being suffered to go to the assemblies or public places in town, except in compliment to the wedding of a sister maid, whom the empress always presents with her picture set in diamonds. The three first of them are called *Ladies of the*

¹ Charles the Sixth, Emperor of Germany.—T.

² Amelia Wilhelmina, daughter of John Frederick, Duke of Hanover, born in 1673.—T.

Key, and wear gold keys by their sides; but what I find most pleasant, is the custom which obliges them, as long as they live, after they have left the empress's service, to make her some present every year on the day of her feast. Her majesty is served by no married women but the *grande maitresse*, who is generally a widow of the first quality, always very old, and is at the same time groom of the stole, and mother of the maids. The dressers are not at all in the figure they pretend to in England, being looked upon no otherwise than as down-right chambermaids.

I had audience next day of the empress mother,¹ a princess of great virtue and goodness, but who piques herself so much on a violent devotion, she is perpetually performing extraordinary acts of penance, without having ever done anything to deserve them. She has the same number of maids of honour, whom she suffers to go in colours; but she herself never quits her mourning; and sure nothing can be more dismal than the mourning here, even for a brother. There is not the least bit of linen to be seen; all black crape instead of it. The neck, ears, and side of the face covered with a plaited piece of the same stuff, and the face that peeps out in the midst of it, looks as if it were pilloried. The widows wear, over and above, a crape forehead cloth; and in this solemn weed go to all the public places of diversion without scruple.

The next day I was to wait on the empress Amelia, who is now at her palace of retirement half a mile from the town. I had there the pleasure of seeing a diversion wholly new to me, but which is the common amusement of this court. The empress herself was seated on a little throne at the end of a fine alley in the garden, and on each side of her were ranged two parties of her ladies of honour with other young ladies of quality, headed by the two young archduchesses, all dressed in their hair full of jewels, with fine light guns in their hands; and at proper distances were placed three oval pictures, which were the marks to be shot at. The first was that of a CUPID, filling a bumper of Burgundy, and the motto, *'Tis easy to be*

¹ Eleanora Magdalen, a Princess of Palatine Newburgh, third wife of the Emperor Leopold.—T.

valiant here. The second a FORTUNE, holding a garland in her hand, the motto, *For her whom Fortune favours.* The third was a SWORD, with a laurel wreath on the point, the motto, *Here is no shame to the vanquished.*—Near the empress was a gilded trophy wreathed with flowers, and made of little crooks, on which were hung rich Turkish handkerchiefs, tippets, ribbons, laces, &c., for the small prizes. The empress gave the first with her own hand, which was a fine ruby ring set round with diamonds, in a gold snuff-box. There was for the second, a little Cupid set with brilliants: and besides these, a set of fine china for a tea-table enchased in gold, japan trunks, fans, and many gallantries of the same nature. All the men of quality at Vienna were spectators; but only the ladies had permission to shoot, and the Archduchess Amelia carried off the first prize. I was very well pleased with having seen this entertainment, and I do not know but it might make as good a figure as the prize-shooting in the Eneid, if I could write as well as Virgil. This is the favourite pleasure of the emperor, and there is rarely a week without some feast of this kind, which makes the young ladies skilful enough to defend a fort, and they laughed very much to see me afraid to handle a gun.

My dear sister, you will easily pardon an abrupt conclusion. I believe, by this time, you are ready to fear I would never conclude at all.

TO THE LADY R. [RICH].¹

Vienna, Sept. 20, O.S. [1716].

I AM extremely pleased, but not at all surprised, at the long delightful letter you have had the goodness to send me. I know that you can think of an absent friend even in the midst of a court, and that you love to oblige, where you can have no view of a return; and I expect from you that you should love me, and think of me, when you don't see me.

I have compassion for the mortifications that you tell me befall our little friend, and I pity her much more, since I

¹ It appears from Lady Mary's memoranda, that she corresponded during the embassy with her friend Lady Rich, mentioned in the Introductory Anecdotes.—T.

know that they are only owing to the barbarous customs of our country. Upon my word, if she was here, she would have no other fault but being something too young for the fashion, and she has nothing to do but to transplant hither about seven years hence, to be again a young and blooming beauty. I can assure you that wrinkles, or a small stoop in the shoulders, nay, grey hair itself, is no objection to the making new conquests. I know you cannot easily figure to yourself a young fellow of five-and-twenty ogling my Lady Suff— [Suffolk] with passion, or pressing to lead the Countess of O—d [Oxford] from an opera. But such are the sights I see every day, and I don't perceive any body surprised at them but myself. A woman, till five-and-thirty, is only looked upon as a raw girl, and can possibly make no noise in the world till about forty. I don't know what your ladyship may think of this matter; but 'tis a considerable comfort to me, to know there is upon earth such a paradise for old women; and I am content to be insignificant at present, in the design of returning when I am fit to appear nowhere else. I cannot help lamenting upon this occasion, the pitiful case of too many good English ladies, long since retired to prudery and ratafia, whom if their stars had luckily conducted hither, would still shine in the first rank of beauties; and then that perplexing word reputation has quite another meaning here than what you give it at London; and getting a lover is so far from losing, that 'tis properly getting reputation; ladies being much more respected in regard to the rank of their lovers, than that of their husbands.

But what you'll think very odd, the two sects that divide our whole nation of petticoats, are utterly unknown. Here are neither coquettes nor prudes. No woman dares appear coquette enough to encourage two lovers at a time. And I have not seen any such prudes as to pretend fidelity to their husbands, who are certainly the best natured set of people in the world, and they look upon their wives' gallants as favourably as men do upon their deputies, that take the troublesome part of their business off of their hands; though they have not the less to do; for they are generally deputies in another place themselves; in one word, 'tis the established custom for every

lady to have two husbands, one that bears the name, and another that performs the duties. And these engagements are so well known, that it would be a downright affront, and publicly resented, if you invited a woman of quality to dinner, without at the same time inviting her two attendants of lover and husband, between whom she always sits in state with great gravity. These sub-marriages generally last twenty years together, and the lady often commands the poor lover's estate even to the utter ruin of his family; though they are as seldom begun by any passion as other matches. But a man makes but an ill figure that is not in some commerce of this nature; and a woman looks out for a lover as soon as she's married, as part of her equipage, without which she could not be genteel; and the first article of the treaty is establishing the pension, which remains to the lady though the gallant should prove inconstant; and this chargeable point of honour I look upon as the real foundation of so many wonderful instances of constancy. I really know several women of the first quality, whose pensions are as well known as their annual rents, and yet nobody esteems them the less; on the contrary, their discretion would be called in question, if they should be suspected to be mistresses for nothing; and a great part of their emulation consists in trying who shall get most; and having no intrigue at all is so far a disgrace, that, I'll assure you, a lady, who is very much my friend here, told me but yesterday, how much I was obliged to her for justifying my conduct in a conversation on my subject, where it was publicly asserted that I could not possibly have common sense, that I had been about town above a fortnight, and had made no steps towards commencing an amour. My friend pleaded for me that my stay was uncertain, and she believed that was the cause of my seeming stupidity; and this was all she could find to say in my justification.

But one of the pleasantest adventures I ever met in my life was last night, and which will give you a just idea after what delicate manner the *belles passions* are managed in this country. I was at the assembly of the Countess of —, and the young Count of — led me down stairs, and he asked me how long I intended to stay here? I made answer that my

stay depended on the emperor, and it was not in my power to determine it. Well, madam, (said he,) whether your time here is to be long or short, I think you ought to pass it agreeably, and to that end you must engage in a little affair of the heart.—My heart (answered I gravely enough) does not engage very easily, and I have no design of parting with it. I see, madam, (said he sighing,) by the ill nature of that answer, that I am not to hope for it, which is a great mortification to me that am charmed with you. But, however, I am still devoted to your service; and since I am not worthy of entertaining you myself, do me the honour of letting me know whom you like best among us, and I'll engage to manage the affair entirely to your satisfaction.—You may judge in what manner I should have received this compliment in my own country; but I was well enough acquainted with the way of this, to know that he really intended me an obligation, and thanked him with a grave courtesy for his zeal to serve me, and only assured him that I had no occasion to make use of it.

Thus you see, my dear, gallantry and good-breeding are as different, in different climates, as morality and religion. Who have the rightest notions of both, we shall never know till the day of judgment, for which great day of *éclaircissement*, I own there is very little impatience in your, &c.

TO MRS. T * * * T [THISTLETHWAYTE].

Vienna, Sept 26, O.S. [1716].

I WAS never more agreeably surprised than by your obliging letter. 'Tis a particular mark of my esteem that I tell you so; and I can assure you, that if I loved you one grain less than I do, I should have been very sorry to see it as diverting as it is. The mortal aversion I have to writing, makes me tremble at the thoughts of a new correspondent; and I believe I disoblige no less than a dozen of my London acquaintance by refusing to hear from them, though I did verily think they intended to send me very entertaining letters. But I had rather lose the pleasure of reading several witty things, than be forced to write many stupid ones.

Yet, in spite of these considerations, I am charmed with this proof of your friendship, and beg a continuation of the same goodness, though I fear the dulness of this will make you immediately repent of it. It is not from Austria that one can write with vivacity, and I am already infected with the phlegm of the country. Even their amours and their quarrels are carried on with a surprising temper, and they are never lively but upon points of ceremony. There, I own, they show all their passions; and 'tis not long since two coaches, meeting in a narrow street at night, the ladies in them not being able to adjust the ceremonial of which should go back, sat there with equal gallantry till two in the morning, and were both so fully determined to die upon the spot, rather than yield in a point of that importance, that the street would never have been cleared till their deaths, if the emperor had not sent his guards to part them; and even then they refused to stir, till the expedient was found out of taking them both out in chairs exactly at the same moment; after which it was with some difficulty the *pas* was decided between the two coachmen, no less tenacious of their rank than the ladies.

Nay, this passion is so omnipotent in the breasts of the women, that even their husbands never die but they are ready to break their hearts, because that fatal hour puts an end to their rank, no widows having any place at Vienna. The men are not much less touched with this point of honour, and they do not only scorn to marry, but to make love to any woman of a family not as illustrious as their own; and the pedigree is much more considered by them, than either the complexion or features of their mistresses. Happy are the shes that can number amongst their ancestors counts of the empire; they have neither occasion for beauty, money, or good conduct, to get them husbands. 'Tis true, as to money, it is seldom any advantage to the man they marry; the laws of Austria confine a woman's portion not to exceed two thousand florins (about two hundred pounds English), and whatever they have beside remains in their own possession and disposal. Thus, here are many ladies much richer than their husbands,

who are, however, obliged to allow them pin-money agreeable to their quality; and I attribute to this considerable branch of prerogative, the liberty that they take upon other occasions.

I am sure you, that know my laziness and extreme indifference on this subject, will pity me, entangled amongst all these ceremonies, which are wonderful burthensome to me, though I am the envy of the whole town, having, by their own customs, the *pas* before them all. But, they revenge upon the poor envoys this great respect shewn to ambassadors, using them with a contempt that (with all my indifference) I should be very uneasy to suffer. Upon days of ceremony they have no entrance at court, and on other days must content themselves with walking after every soul, and being the very last taken notice of. But I must write a volume to let you know all the ceremonies, and I have already said too much on so dull a subject, which, however, employs the whole care of the people here. I need not, after this, tell you how agreeably the time slides away with me; you know as well as I do the taste of,

Your, &c.

TO THE LADY X——.¹

Vienna, Oct. 1, O.S. [1716].

YOU desire me, madam, to send you some account of the customs here, and at the same time a description of Vienna. I am always willing to obey your commands; but I must upon this occasion, desire you to take the will for the deed. If I should undertake to tell you all the particulars, in which the manner here differs from ours, I must write a whole quire of the dullest stuff that ever was read, or printed without being read. Their dress agrees with the French or English in no one article but wearing petticoats, and they have many fashions peculiar to themselves; as that it is indecent for a widow ever to wear green or rose colour, but all the other gayest colours at her own discretion. The assemblies here are the only regular diversion, the operas being always at court, and commonly on some particular occasion. Madam Rabutin has the assembly

¹ *Sic* in MS.—T.

constantly every night at her house; and the other ladies, whenever they have a mind to display the magnificence of their apartments, or oblige a friend by complimenting them on the day of their saint, they declare that on such a day the assembly shall be at their house in honour of the feast of the Count or Countess — such a one. These days are called days of Gala, and all the friends or relations of the lady whose saint it is, are obliged to appear in their best clothes and all their jewels. The mistress of the house takes no particular notice of any body, nor returns any body's visit; and whoever pleases may go, without the formality of being presented. The company are entertained with ice in several forms, winter and summer: afterwards they divide into parties of ombre, piquet, or conversation, all games of hazard being forbid.

I saw t'other day the gala for Count Altheim, the emperor's favourite, and never in my life saw so many fine clothes ill-fancied. They embroider the richest gold stuffs; and provided they can make their clothes expensive enough, that is all the taste they shew in them. On other days, the general dress is a scarf, and what you please under it.

But now I am speaking of Vienna, I am sure you expect I should say something of the convents; they are of all sorts and sizes, but I am best pleased with that of St. Lawrence, where the ease and neatness they seem to live with, appears to me much more edifying than those stricter orders, where perpetual penance and nastiness must breed discontent and wretchedness. The nuns are all of quality. I think there are to the number of fifty. They have each of them a little cell perfectly clean, the walls covered with pictures more or less fine, according to their quality. A long white stone gallery runs by all of them, furnished with the pictures of exemplary sisters; the chapel extremely neat and richly adorned. But I could not forbear laughing at their shewing me a wooden head of our Saviour, which, they assured me, spoke during the siege of Vienna; and, as a proof of it, bid me remark his mouth, which had been open ever since. Nothing can be more becoming than the dress of these nuns. It is a fine

white camlet, the sleeves turned up with fine white calico, and their head-dress and [?] the same, only a small veil of black crape that falls behind. They have a lower sort of serving nuns, that wait on them as their chambermaids. They receive all visits of women, and play at ombre in their chambers, with permission of the abbess, which is very easy to be obtained. I never saw an old woman so good-natured; she is near fourscore, and yet shews very little sign of decay, being still lively and cheerful. She caressed me as if I had been her daughter, giving me some pretty things of her own work, and sweet-meats in abundance. The grate is not one of the most rigid; it is not very hard to put a head through, and I don't doubt but a man, a little more slender than ordinary, might squeeze in his whole person. The young Count of Salmes came to the grate while I was there, and the abbess gave him her hand to kiss. But I was surprised to find here the only beautiful young woman I have seen at Vienna, and not only beautiful, but genteel, witty, and agreeable, of a great family, and who had been the admiration of the town. I could not forbear shewing my surprise at seeing a nun like her. She made me a thousand obliging compliments, and desired me to come often. It will be an infinite pleasure to me, (said she, sighing,) to see you; but I avoid, with the greatest care, seeing any of my former acquaintance, and whenever they come to our convent, I lock myself in my cell. I observed tears come into her eyes; which touched me extremely, and I began to talk to her in that strain of tender pity she inspired me with; but she would not own to me that she is not perfectly happy. I have since endeavoured to learn the real cause of her retirement, without being able to get any other account, but that every body was surprised at it, and nobody guessed the reason.

I have been several times to see her; but it gives me too much melancholy to see so agreeable a young creature buried alive, and I am not surprised that nuns have so often inspired violent passions; the pity one naturally feels for them, when they seem worthy of another destiny, making an easy way for

yet more tender sentiments; and I never in my life had so little charity for the Roman-catholic religion, as since I see the misery it occasions; so many poor unhappy women! and the gross superstition of the common people, who are, some or other of them, day and night offering bits of candle to the wooden figures that are set up almost in every street. The processions I see very often, are a pageantry as offensive, and apparently contradictory to all common sense, as the pagods of China. God knows whether it be the womanly spirit of contradiction that works in me; but there never before was so much zeal against popery in the heart of,

Dear madam, &c.

TO MR. ——. [?]¹

Vienna, Oct. 10, O.S. [1716].

I DESERVE not all the reproaches you make me. If I have been some time without answering your letter, it is not that I don't know how many thanks are due to you for it; or that I am stupid enough to prefer any amusements to the pleasure of hearing from you; but after the professions of esteem you have so obligingly made me, I cannot help delaying, as long as I can, shewing you that you are mistaken, and if you are sincere when you say you expect to be extremely entertained by my letters, I ought to be mortified at the disappointment that I am sure you will receive when you hear from me; though I have done my best endeavours to find out something worth writing to you.

I have seen every thing that is to be seen with a very diligent curiosity. Here are some fine villas, particularly the late Prince of Lichtenstein's; but the statues are all modern, and the pictures not of the first hands. 'Tis true the emperor has some of great value. I was yesterday to see that repository, which they call his treasure, where they seem to have been more diligent in amassing a great quantity of things than in

¹ This letter is addressed in Mr. Dallaway's and Lord Wharnccliffe's edition "To Mr. Pope." The heading in the manuscript cannot be deciphered, but it bears no resemblance to "Pope."—T.

the choice of them. I spent above five hours there, and yet there were very few things that stopped me long to consider them. But the number is prodigious, being a very long gallery filled on both sides, and five large rooms. There are a vast quantity of paintings, among which are many fine miniatures; but the most valuable pictures are a few of Corregio, those of Titian being at the Favorita.

The cabinet of jewels did not appear to me so rich as I expected to see it. They showed me there a cup, about the size of a tea-dish, of one entire emerald, which they had so particular a respect for, only the emperor has the privilege of touching it. There is a large cabinet full of curiosities of clock-work, only one of which I thought worth observing, that was a craw-fish, with all the motions so natural, it was hard to distinguish it from the life.¹

The next cabinet was a large collection of agates, some of them extremely beautiful, and of an uncommon size, and several vases of lapis lazuli. I was surprised to see the cabinet of medals so poorly furnished; I did not remark one of any value, and they are kept in a most ridiculous disorder. As to the antiques, very few of them deserve that name. Upon my saying they were modern, I could not forbear laughing at the answer of the profound antiquary that shewed them, that they were ancient enough; for, to his knowledge, they had been there these forty years. But the next cabinet diverted me yet better, being nothing else but a parcel of wax babies, and toys in ivory, very well worthy to be presented [to] children of five years old. Two of the rooms were wholly filled with relics of all kinds, set in jewels, amongst which I was desired to observe a crucifix, that they assured me had spoken very wisely to the Emperor Leopold. I won't trouble you with the catalogue of the rest of the lumber; but I must not forget to mention a small piece of loadstone that held up an anchor of

¹ The Imperial cabinet at Vienna has been greatly improved since 1716, by the Emperors Joseph and Ferdinand. In the classes of mineralogy, and a collection of medals, it now yields to few others in Europe. See Eckel. *Catal. Mussæi Cæsarei Vindobon. Numm. Vet. fol.* 1779, and Baron Bornn's *Shells of the Imp. Mus. at Vienna*, fol. 1780.—D.

steel too heavy for me to lift. This is what I thought most curious in the whole treasure. There are some few heads of ancient statues; but several of them defaced by modern additions.

I perceive that you will be very little satisfied with this letter, and I dare hardly ask you to be good-natured enough to charge the dulness of it on the barrenness of the subject, and overlook the stupidity of,

Your, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS — [OF MAR].

Prague, Nov. 17, O.S. [1716].¹

I HOPE my dear sister wants no new proof of my sincere affection for her: but I am sure, if you did, I could not give you a stronger than writing at this time, after three days, or, more properly speaking, three nights and days, hard post-travelling.

The kingdom of Bohemia is the most desert of any I have seen in Germany; the villages so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be found, and better accommodation not to be hoped. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents.

This town was once the royal seat of the Bohemian kings, and is still the capital of the kingdom. There are yet some remains of its former splendour, being one of the largest towns in Germany, but, for the most part, old built and thinly inhabited, which makes the houses very cheap, and those people of quality, who cannot easily bear the expence of Vienna, choose to reside here, where they have assemblies,

¹ Vienna, Nov. 28 [N.S. Nov. 17]. On the 24th [N.S. 13th], Mr. Wortley Montague, Ambassador Extraordinary from his Britannic Majesty to the Ottoman Porte, set out from hence for Hanover, designing to return in a short time.—*Paragraph in London Gazette*, Dec. 4-8, 1716.—T.

music, and all other diversions (those of a court excepted), at very moderate rates, all things being here in great abundance, especially the best wild-fowl I ever tasted. I have already been visited by some of the most considerable ladies, whose relations I knew at Vienna. They are dressed after the fashions there, as people at Exeter imitate those of London; that is, their imitation is more excessive than the original: 'tis not easy to describe what extraordinary figures they make. The person is so much lost between head-dress and petticoat, they have as much occasion to write upon their backs, "This is a Woman," for the information of travellers, as ever sign-post painter had to write, "This is a Bear."

I will not forget to write to you again from Dresden and Leipzig, being much more solicitous to content your curiosity, than to indulge my own repose.

I am, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Leipzig, Nov. 21, O.S. [1716].

I BELIEVE, dear sister, you will easily forgive my not writing to you from Dresden, as I promised, when I tell you that I never went out of my chaise from Prague to that place.

You may imagine how heartily I was tired with twenty-four hours' post-travelling, without sleep or refreshment (for I can never sleep in a coach, however fatigued). We passed by moonshine the frightful precipices that divide Bohemia from Saxony, at the bottom of which runs the river Elbe; but I cannot say that I had reason to fear drowning in it, being perfectly convinced that, in case of a tumble, it was utterly impossible to come alive to the bottom. In many places the road is so narrow, that I could not discern an inch of space between the wheels and the precipice. Yet I was so good a wife not to wake Mr. W——, who was fast asleep by my side, to make him share in my fears, since the danger was unavoidable, till I perceived, by the bright light of the moon, our postilions nodding on horseback, while the horses were on a full gallop, and I thought it very convenient to call out to desire them to

look were they were going. My calling waked Mr. W——, and he was much more surprised than myself at the situation we were in, and assured me that he had passed the Alps five times in different places, without ever having gone a road so dangerous. I have been told since it is common to find the bodies of travellers in the Elbe; but, thank God, that was not our destiny; and we came safe to Dresden, so much tired with fear and fatigue, it was not possible for me to compose myself to write.

After passing these dreadful rocks, Dresden appeared to me a wonderful agreeable situation, in a fine large plain on the banks of the Elbe. I was very glad to stay there a day to rest myself. The town is the neatest I have seen in Germany; most of the houses are new built; the elector's palace very handsome, and his repository full of curiosities of different kinds, with a collection of medals very much esteemed. Sir ——,¹ our king's envoy, came to see me here, and Madame de L ——, whom I knew in London, when her husband was minister to the King of Poland there. She offered me all things in her power to entertain me, and brought some ladies with her, whom she presented to me. The Saxon ladies resemble the Austrian no more than the Chinese those of London; they are very genteelly dressed after the French and English modes, and have generally pretty faces, but the most determined *minaudières* in the whole world. They would think it a mortal sin against good-breeding, if they either spoke or moved in a natural manner. They all affect a little soft lisp, and a pretty pitty-pat step; which female frailties ought, however, to be forgiven them, in favour of their civility and good-nature to strangers, which I have a great deal of reason to praise.

The Countess of Cozelle is kept prisoner in a melancholy castle, some leagues from hence;² and I cannot forbear telling

¹ Mr. Dallaway here inserted the name Sir Robert Sutton; but no name appears in the manuscript, and Sir Robert Sutton was at this time at Constantinople, where Mr. Wortley Montagu succeeded him.—T.

² The countess was seized at Halle, and imprisoned by the King of Prussia's orders in October, 1716.—T.

you what I have heard of her, because it seems to me very extraordinary, though I foresee I shall swell my letter to the size of a packet.—She was mistress to the King of Poland (Elector of Saxony), with so absolute a dominion over him, that never any lady had had so much power in that court. They tell a pleasant story of his majesty's first declaration of love, which he made in a visit to her, bringing in one hand a bag of a hundred thousand crowns, and in the other a horse-shoe, which he snapped asunder before her face, leaving her to draw consequences from such remarkable proofs of strength and liberality. I know not which charmed her; but she consented to leave her husband, to give herself up to him entirely, being divorced publicly in such a manner, as, by their laws, permits either party to marry again. God knows whether it was at this time, or in some other fond fit, but it is certain the king had the weakness to make her a formal contract of marriage, which, though it could signify nothing during the life of the queen, pleased her so well, that she could not be contented without telling all the people she saw, and giving herself the airs of a queen. Men endure every thing while they are in love; but when the excess of passion was cooled by long possession, his majesty began to reflect on the ill consequences of leaving such a paper in her hands, and desired to have it restored to him. She rather chose to endure all the most violent effects of his anger, than give it up; and though she is one of the richest and most avaricious ladies of her country, she has refused the offer of the continuation of a large pension, and the security of a vast sum of money she has amassed; and has at last provoked the king to confine her person, where she endures all the terrors of a strait imprisonment, and remains still inflexible either to threats or promises though her violent passions have brought her into fits, which it is supposed will soon put an end to her life. I cannot forbear having some compassion for a woman that suffers for a point of honour, however mistaken, especially in a country where points of honour are not over-scrupulously observed among ladies.

I could have wished Mr. W.'s business had permitted a longer stay at Dresden.

Perhaps I am partial to a town where they profess the Protestant religion; but every thing seemed to me with quite another air of politeness than I have found in other places. Leipzig, where I am at present, is a town very considerable for its trade; and I take this opportunity of buying pages' liveries, gold stuffs for myself, &c., all things of that kind being at least double the price at Vienna; partly because of the excessive customs, and partly the want of genius and industry in the people, who make no one sort of thing there; and the ladies are obliged to send even for their shoes out of Saxony. The fair here is one of the most considerable in Germany, and the resort of all the people of quality, as well as the merchants. This is a fortified town; but I avoid ever mentioning fortifications, being sensible that I know not how to speak of them. I am the more easy under my ignorance, when I reflect that I am sure you will willingly forgive the omission; for if I made you the most exact description of all the ravelins and bastions I see in my travels, I dare swear you would ask me, What is a ravelin? and, What is a bastion?

Adieu, my dear sister.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Brunswick, Nov. 23. O.S. [1716].

I AM just come to Brunswick, a very old town, but which has the advantage of being the capital of the Duke of Wolfenbittel's dominions, a family (not to speak of its ancient honours) illustrious by having its younger branch on the throne of England, and having given two empresses to Germany.¹ I have not forgotten to drink your health here in mum, which I think very well deserves its reputation of being the best in the world. This letter is the third I have writ to you during my journey, and I declare to you, that if you

¹ It appears from Lady Mary's memoranda that she wrote to the Duchess of Wolfenbittel [Brunswick] from Adrianople, giving her an account of her travels, and a description of Adrianople.—T.

don't send me immediately a full and true account of all the changes and chances among our London acquaintance, I will not write you any description of Hanover (where I hope to be to-night), though I know you have more curiosity to hear of that place than of any other.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B. [BRISTOL].

Hanover, Nov. 25, O.S. [1716].

I RECEIVED your ladyship's [letter] but the day before I left Vienna, though, by the date, I ought to have had it much sooner; but nothing was ever worse regulated than the post in most parts of Germany. I can assure you, the packet at Prague was tied behind my chaise, and in that manner conveyed to Dresden; the secrets of half the country were at my mercy, if I had had any curiosity for them. I would not longer delay my thanks for yours, though the number of my acquaintances here, and my duty of attending at court, leave me hardly any time to dispose of. I am extremely pleased that I can tell you, without either flattery or partiality, that our young prince¹ has all the accomplishments that it is possible to have at his age, with an air of sprightliness and understanding, and something so very engaging and easy in his behaviour, that he needs not the advantage of his rank to appear charming. I had the honour of a long conversation with him last night, before the King came in. His governor retired on purpose (as he told me afterwards) that I might make some judgment of his genius, by hearing him speak without constraint; and I was surprised at the quickness and politeness that appeared in every thing he said; joined to a person perfectly agreeable, and the fine fair hair of the princess.

This town is neither large nor handsome; but the palace capable of holding a greater court than that of St. James's. The King has had the goodness to appoint us a lodging in one part of it, without which we should be very ill accommodated; for the vast number of English crowds the town so much, it

¹ Afterwards Frederick Prince of Wales.—W.

is very good luck to be able to get one sorry room in a miserable tavern. I dined to-day with the Portuguese ambassador, who thinks himself very happy to have two wretched parlours in an inn. I have now made the tour of Germany, and cannot help observing a considerable difference between travelling here and in England. One sees none of those fine seats of noblemen that are so common amongst us, nor any thing like a country gentleman's house, though they have many situations perfectly fine. But the whole people are divided into absolute sovereignties, where all the riches and magnificence are at court, or communities of merchants, such as Nuremburg and Frankfort, where they live always in town for the convenience of trade. The King's company of French comedians play here every night. They are very well dressed, and some of them not ill actors. His Majesty dines and sups constantly in public. The court is very numerous, and his affability and goodness make it one of the most agreeable places in the world, to

Dear madam, your Ladyship's, &c.

TO THE LADY R. [RICH].

Hanover, Dec. 1, O.S. [1716].

I AM very glad, my dear Lady R., that you have been so well pleased, as you tell me, at the report of my returning to England; though, like other pleasures, I can assure you it has no real foundation. I hope you know me enough to take my word against any report concerning myself. 'Tis true, as to distance of place, I am much nearer to London than I was some weeks ago; but as to the thoughts of a return, I never was farther off in my life. I own, I could with great joy indulge the pleasing hopes of seeing you, and the very few others that share my esteem; but while Mr. — [Wortley] is determined to proceed in his design, I am determined to follow him.

I am running on upon my own affairs, that is to say, I am going to write very dully, as most people do when they write of themselves. I will make haste to change the disagreeable subject, by telling you that I have now got into the region of

beauty. All the women have literally rosy cheeks, snowy foreheads and bosoms, jet eye-brows, and scarlet lips, to which they generally add coal-black hair. These perfections never leave them till the hour of their deaths, and have a very fine effect by candle-light; but I could wish they were handsome with a little more variety. They resemble one another as much as Mrs. Salmon's court of Great Britain,¹ and are in as much danger of melting away by too near approaching the fire, which they for that reason carefully avoid, though it is now such excessive cold weather, that I believe they suffer extremely by that piece of self-denial.

The snow is already very deep, and people begin to slide about in their traineaux. This is a favourite diversion all over Germany. They are little machines fixed upon a sledge, that hold a lady and gentleman, and are drawn by one horse. The gentleman has the honour of driving, and they move with a prodigious swiftness. The lady, the horse, and the traineau, are all as fine as they can be made; and when there are many of them together, it is a very agreeable show. At Vienna, where all pieces of magnificence are carried to excess, there are sometimes traineaux that cost five or six hundred pounds English.

The Duke of Wolfenbuttel is now at this court; you know he is nearly related to our king, and uncle to the reigning empress, who is, I believe, the most beautiful queen upon earth. She is now with child, which is all the consolation of the imperial court for the loss of the archduke. I took my leave of her the day before I left Vienna, and she began to speak to me with so much grief and tenderness, of the death of that young prince, I had much ado to withhold my tears. You know that I am not at all partial to people for their titles: but I own that I love that charming princess (if I may use so familiar an expression); and if I did not, I should have been very much moved at the tragical end of an only son, born after being so long desired, and at length killed by want of good management, weaning him in the beginning of the winter.

¹ A celebrated waxwork show in London.—T.

Adieu, my dear Lady R. ; continue to write to me, and believe none of your goodness is lost upon

Your, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Blankenburg, Dec. 17. O.S. [1716].

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, the very day I left Hanover. You may easily imagine I was then in too great a hurry to answer it ; but you see I take the first opportunity of doing myself that pleasure.

I came here the 15th, very late at night, after a terrible journey, in the worst roads and weather that ever poor traveller suffered. I have taken this little fatigue merely to oblige the reigning empress, and carry a message from her imperial majesty to the Duchess of Blankenburg, her mother, who is a princess of great address and good-breeding, and may be still called a fine woman. It was so late when I came to this town, I did not think it proper to disturb the duke and duchess with the news of my arrival ; and took up my quarters in a miserable inn : but as soon as I had sent my compliments to their highnesses, they immediately sent me their own coach and six horses, which had however enough to do to draw us up the very high hill on which the castle is situated. The duchess is extremely obliging to me, and this little court is not without its diversions. The duke taillys at basset every night ; and the duchess tells me that she is so well pleased with my company that it makes her play less than she used to do. I should find it very difficult to steal time to write, if she was not now at church, where I cannot wait on her, not understanding the language enough to pay my devotions in it.

You will not forgive me, if I do not say something of Hanover ; I cannot tell you that the town is either large or magnificent. The opera-house, which was built by the late Elector, is much finer than that at Vienna. I was very sorry that the ill weather did not permit me to see Hernhausen in all its beauty ; but, in spite of the snow, I thought the gardens very

fine. I was particularly surprised at the vast number of orange-trees, much larger than any I have ever seen in England, though this climate is certainly colder. But I had more reason to wonder that night at the king's table. There was brought to him from a gentleman of this country, two large baskets full of ripe oranges and lemons of different sorts, many of which were quite new to me; and, what I thought worth all the rest, two ripe ananas, which, to my taste, are a fruit perfectly delicious. You know they are naturally the growth of Brazil, and I could not imagine how they could come there but by enchantment. Upon enquiry, I learnt that they have brought their stoves to such perfection, they lengthen the summer as long as they please, giving to every plant the degree of heat it would receive from the sun in its native soil. The effect is very near the same; I am surprised we do not practise in England so useful an invention.

This reflection naturally leads me to consider our obstinacy in shaking with cold six months in the year, rather than make use of stoves, which are certainly one of the greatest conveniences of life; and so far from spoiling the form of a room, they add very much to the magnificence of it, when they are painted and gilt, as at Vienna, or at Dresden, where they are often in the shapes of china jars, statues, or fine cabinets, so naturally represented, they are not to be distinguished. If ever I return, in defiance to the fashion, you shall certainly see one in the chamber of,

Dear sister, &c.

I will write often, since you desire it: but I must beg you to be a little more particular in yours; you fancy me at forty miles' distance, and forget that, after so long an absence, I cannot understand hints.

TO THE LADY —.

Vienna, Jan. 1, O.S., 1717.

I HAVE just received here at Vienna, your ladyship's compliment on my return to England, sent me from Hanover.

You see, madam, all things that are asserted with confi-

dence are not absolutely true ; and that you have no sort of reason to complain of me for making my designed return a mystery to you, when you say, all the world are informed of it. You may tell all the world in my name, that they are never so well informed of my affairs as I am myself ; and that I am very positive I am at this time at Vienna, where the Carnival is begun, and all sorts of diversions in perpetual practice, except that of masquing, which is never permitted during a war with the Turks. The balls are in public places, where the men pay a gold ducat¹ at entrance, but the ladies nothing. I am told that these houses get sometimes a thousand ducats on a night. They are very magnificently furnished, and the music good, if they had not that detestable custom of mixing hunting horns with it, that almost deafen the company. But that noise is so agreeable here, they never make a concert without them. The ball always concludes with English country dances, to the number of thirty or forty couple, and so ill danced, that there is very little pleasure in them. They know but half a dozen, and they have danced them over and over these fifty years. I would fain have taught them some new ones, but I found it would be some months' labour to make them comprehend them.

Last night there was an Italian comedy acted at court. The scenes were pretty, but the comedy itself such intolerable lowfarce, without either wit or humour, that I was surprized how all the court could sit there attentively for four hours together. No women are suffered to act on the stage, and the men dressed like them were such awkward figures, they very much added to the ridicule of the spectacle. What completed the diversion, was the excessive cold, which was so great, I thought I should have died there.

It is now the very extremity of the winter here ; the Danube is entirely frozen, and the weather not to be supported without stoves and furs ; but, however, the air so clear, almost every body is well, and colds not half so common as in England, and I am persuaded there cannot be a purer air, nor

¹ About nine shillings.—D.

more wholesome, than that of Vienna. The plenty and excellence of all sorts of provisions are greater here than in any place I was ever in, and it is not very expensive to keep a splendid table. It is really a pleasure to pass through the markets, and see the abundance of what we should think rarities, of fowls and venison, that are daily brought in from Hungary and Bohemia. They want nothing but shell-fish, and are so fond of oysters, they have them sent from Venice, and eat them very greedily, stink or not stink.

Thus I obey your commands, madam, in giving you an account of Vienna, though I know you will not be satisfied with it. You chide me for my laziness, in not telling you a thousand agreeable and surprising things, that you say you are sure I have seen and heard. Upon my word, madam, it is my regard to truth, and not laziness, that I do not entertain you with as many prodigies as other travellers use to divert their readers with. I might easily pick up wonders in every town I pass through, or tell you a long series of popish miracles; but I cannot fancy that there is any thing new in letting you know that priests can lie, and the mob believe, all over the world. Then as for news, that you are so inquisitive about, how can it be entertaining to you (that don't know the people) that the Prince of — has forsaken the Countess of —? or that the Princess such a one has an intrigue with Count such a one? Would you have me write novels like the Countess d'Aunois? and is it not better to tell you a plain truth,

That I am, &c.

TO THE ABBOT —.¹

Vienna, Jan. 2, O.S., 1717.

I AM really almost tired with the life of Vienna. I am not, indeed, an enemy to dissipation and hurry, much less to amusement and pleasure; but I cannot endure long even

¹ This letter is not in the manuscript book. It was first published in the "Additional Volume." &c., 1767, and is of doubtful authenticity. The heading was probably imitated from some of the letters previously published. See note on letter "To Mr. P.," *post*, p. 336.—T.

pleasure, when it is fettered with formality, and assumes the air of system. 'Tis true, I have had here some very agreeable connexions, and what will perhaps surprize you, I have particular pleasure in my Spanish acquaintances, Count Oropesa and General Puebla. These two noblemen are much in the good graces of the Emperor, and yet they seem to be brewing mischief. The court of Madrid cannot reflect without pain upon the territories that were cut off from the Spanish monarchy by the peace of Utrecht, and it seems to be looking wishfully out for an opportunity of getting them back again. That is a matter about which I trouble myself very little; let the court be in the right, or in the wrong, I like mightily the two counts, its ministers. I dined with them both some days ago at Count Wurmbbrand's, an Aulic-counsellor and a man of letters, who is universally esteemed here. But the first man at this court in point of knowledge and abilities is certainly Count Schlick, High Chancellor of Bohemia, whose immense reading is accompanied with a fine taste and a solid judgment; he is a declared enemy to Prince Eugene, and a warm friend to the honest hot-headed Marshal Staremberg. One of the most accomplished men I have seen at Vienna is the young Count Tarrocco, who accompanies the amiable Prince of Portugal. I am almost in love with them both, and wonder to see such elegant manners, and such free and generous sentiments in two young men that have hitherto seen nothing but their own country. The count is just such a Roman-catholic as you; he succeeds greatly with the devout beauties here; his first overtures in gallantry are disguised under the luscious strains of spiritual love, that were sung formerly by the sublimely voluptuous Fenelon, and the tender Madam Guion, who turned the fire of carnal love to divine objects: thus the count begins with the spirit, and ends generally with the flesh, when he makes his addresses to holy virgins.

I made acquaintance yesterday with the famous poet Rousseau,¹ who lives here under the peculiar protection of Prince

¹ J. B. Rousseau. See notes on the section of letters from Pope.—T

Eugene, by whose liberality he subsists. He passes here for a free-thinker, and, what is still worse in my esteem, for a man whose heart does not feel the encomiums he gives to virtue and honour in his poems. I like his odes mightily, they are much superior to the lyrick productions of our English poets, few of whom have made any figure in that kind of poetry. I don't find that learned men abound here : there is indeed a prodigious number of alchymists at Vienna ; the philosopher's stone is the great object of zeal and science ; and those who have more reading and capacity than the vulgar, have transported their superstition (shall I call it ?) or fanaticism from religion to chymistry ; and they believe in a new kind of transubstantiation, which is designed to make the laity as rich as the other kind has made the priesthood. This pestilential passion has already ruined several great houses. There is scarcely a man of opulence or fashion, that has not an alchymist in his service ; and even the Emperor is supposed to be no enemy to this folly in secret, though he has pretended to discourage it in publick.

Prince Eugene was so polite as to shew me his library yesterday ; we found him attended by Rousseau, and his favourite Count Bonneval, who is a man of wit, and is here thought to be a very bold and enterprizing spirit. The library, though not very ample, is well chosen ; but as the Prince will admit into it no editions but what are beautiful and pleasing to the eye, and there are nevertheless numbers of excellent books that are but indifferently printed, this finnikin and foppish taste makes many disagreeable chasms in this collection. The books are pompously bound in Turkey leather, and two of the most famous bookbinders of Paris were expressly sent for to do this work. Bonneval pleasantly told me that there were several quartos on the art of war, that were bound with the skins of spahis and janissaries ; and this jest, which was indeed elegant, raised a smile of pleasure on the grave countenance of the famous warrior. The Prince, who is a connoisseur in the fine arts, shewed me, with particular pleasure, the famous collection of portraits, that formerly be-

longed to Fouquet, and which he purchased at an excessive price. He has augmented it with a considerable number of new acquisitions, so that he has now in his possession such a collection in that kind as you will scarcely find in any ten cabinets in Europe. If I told you the number, you would say that I make an indiscreet use of the permission to lie, which is more or less given to travellers by the indulgence of the candid.

Count Tarrocco is just come in—he is the only person I have excepted this morning in my general order to receive no company.—I think I see you smile,—but I am not so far gone as to stand in need of absolution; tho' as the human heart is deceitful, and the Count very agreeable, you may think that even though I should not want an absolution, I would nevertheless be glad to have an indulgence.—No such thing.—However, as I am a heretick, and you no confessor, I shall make no declarations on this head.—The design of the Count's visit is a ball;—more pleasure.—I shall be surfeited.

Adieu, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Vienna, Jan. 16, O.S. [1717].

I AM now, dear sister, to take leave of you for a long time, and of Vienna for ever; designing to-morrow to begin my journey through Hungary, in spite of the excessive cold, and deep snows, which are enough to damp a greater courage than I am mistress of. But my principles of passive obedience carry me through every thing.

I have had my audiences of leave of the Empresses. His Imperial Majesty was pleased to be present when I waited on the reigning Empress; and after a very obliging conversation, both their Imperial Majesties invited me to take Vienna in my road back; but I have no thoughts of enduring over again so great a fatigue. I delivered a letter to the Empress from the Duchess of Blankenburg. I staid but few days at that court, though her highness pressed me very much to stay; and when I left her, engaged me to write to her.

I wrote you a long letter from thence, which I hope you have received, though you don't mention it; but I believe I forgot to tell you one curiosity in all the German courts, which I cannot forbear taking notice of: all the princes keep favourite dwarfs. The Emperor and Empress have two of these little monsters, as ugly as devils, especially the female; but all bedaubed with diamonds, and stand at her Majesty's elbow in all public places. The Duke of Wolfenbittel has one, and the Duchess of Blankenburg is not without hers, but indeed the most proportionable I ever saw. I am told the King of Denmark has so far improved upon this fashion, that his dwarf is his chief minister. I can assign no reason for their fondness for these pieces of deformity, but the opinion that all absolute princes have, that it is below them to converse with the rest of mankind; and, not to be quite alone, they are forced to seek their companions among the refuse of human nature, these creatures being the only part of their court privileged to talk freely to them.

I am at present confined to my chamber by a sore throat; and am really glad of the excuse, to avoid seeing people that I love well enough to be very much mortified when I think I am going to part with them for ever. It is true, the Austrians are not commonly the most polite people in the world, or the most agreeable. But Vienna is inhabited by all nations, and I had formed to myself a little society of such as were perfectly to my own taste. And though the number was not very great, I could never pick up, in any other place, such a number of reasonable, agreeable people. We were almost always together, and you know I have ever been of opinion that a chosen conversation, composed of a few that one esteems, is the greatest happiness of life.

Here are some Spaniards of both sexes, that have all the vivacity and generosity of sentiments anciently ascribed to their nation; and, could I believe the whole kingdom were like them, I should wish nothing more than to end my days there. The ladies of my acquaintance have so much goodness for me, they cry whenever they see me, since I am deter-

mined to undertake this journey. And, indeed, I am not very easy when I reflect on what I am going to suffer. Almost every body I see frights me with some new difficulty. Prince Eugene has been so good to say all things he could to persuade me to stay till the Danube is thawed, that I may have the conveniency of going by water; assuring me, that the houses in Hungary are such as are no defence against the weather; and that I shall be obliged to travel three or four days between Buda and Essek, without finding any house at all, through desert plains covered with snow, where the cold is so violent, many have been killed by it. I own these terrors have made a very deep impression on my mind, because I believe he tells me things truly as they are, and nobody can be better informed of them.

Now I have named that great man, I am sure you expect I should say something particular of him, having the advantage of seeing him very often; but I am as unwilling to speak of him at Vienna, as I should be to talk of Hercules in the court of Omphale, if I had seen him there. I don't know what comfort other people find in considering the weaknesses of great men (because, it brings them nearer to their level), but 'tis always a mortification to me to observe that there is no perfection in humanity. The young Prince of Portugal is the admiration of the whole court; he is handsome and polite, with a great vivacity. All the officers tell wonders of his gallantry the last campaign. He is lodged at court with all the honours due to his rank.—Adieu, dear sister: this is the last account you will have from me of Vienna. If I survive my journey, you shall hear from me again. I can say with great truth, in the words of Moneses, I have long learnt to hold myself at nothing; but when I think of the fatigue my poor infant must suffer, I have all a mother's fondness in my eyes, and all her tender passions in my heart.

P.S. I have written a letter to my Lady —, that I believe she won't like; and, upon cooler reflection, I think I had done better to have let it alone; but I was downright peevish at

all her questions, and her ridiculous imagination that I have certainly seen abundance of wonders that I keep to myself out of mere malice. She is very angry that I won't lie like other travellers. I verily believe she expects I should tell her of the *Anthropophagi*, men whose heads grow below their shoulders; however, pray say something to pacify her.

TO MR. P.

Vienna, Jan. 16,¹ O.S. [1717].

I HAVE not time to answer your letter, being in all the hurry of preparing for my journey; but I think I ought to bid adieu to my friends with the same solemnity as if I was going to mount a breach, at least, if I am to believe the information of the people here, who denounce all sorts of terrors to me; and, indeed, the weather is at present such, as very few ever set out in. I am threatened at the same time, with being frozen to death, buried in the snow, and taken by the Tartars, who ravage that part of Hungary I am to pass. 'Tis true, we shall have a considerable *escorte*, so that possibly I may be diverted with a new scene, by finding myself in the midst of a battle.

How my adventures will conclude, I leave entirely to Providence; if comically, you shall hear of them.—Pray be so good to tell Mr. [Congreve?] I have received his letter. Make him my adieus; if I live, I will answer it. The same compliment to my Lady R. [Rich?].

TO THE COUNTESS OF ——— [MAR].

Peterwaradin, Jan. 30, O.S. [1717].

AT length, dear sister, I am safely arrived, with all my family, in good health, at Peterwaradin; having suffered so little from the rigour of the season (against which we were well provided by furs), and found every where, by the care of sending before, such tolerable accommodation; I can hardly forbear laughing when I recollect all the frightful ideas that

¹ It appears from the *London Gazette*, Feb. 2-5, 1716-17, that Lady Mary and her husband left Vienna on this day, or N.S. January 27.—T.

were given me of this journey, which were wholly owing to the tenderness of my Vienna friends, and their desire of keeping me with them for this winter.

Perhaps it will not be disagreeable to you to give you a short journal of my journey, being through a country entirely unknown to you, and very little passed even by the Hungarians themselves, who generally choose to take the convenience of going down the Danube. We have had the blessing of being favoured by finer weather than is common at this time of the year; though the snow was so deep, we were obliged to have our coaches fixed upon traineaux, which move so swift and so easily, 'tis by far the most agreeable manner of travelling post. We came to Raab (the second day from Vienna) on the seventeenth instant, where Mr. — sending word of our arrival to the governor, we had the best house in the town provided for us, the garrison put under arms, a guard ordered at our door, and all other honours paid to us. The governor and officers immediately waited on Mr. —, to know if there was any thing to be done for his service. The Bishop of Temeswar came to visit us with great civility, earnestly pressing us to dine with him the next day; which we refusing, as being resolved to pursue our journey, he sent us several baskets of winter fruit, and a great variety of fine Hungarian wines, with a young hind just killed. This is a prelate of great power in this country, of the ancient family of Nadasti, so considerable for many ages in this kingdom. He is a very polite, agreeable, cheerful old man, wearing the Hungarian habit, with a venerable white beard down to his girdle.

Raab is a strong town, well garrisoned and fortified, and was a long time the frontier town between the Turkish and German empires. It has its name from the river Rab, on which it is situated, just on its meeting with the Danube, in an open champaign country. It was first taken by the Turks, under the command of Pashá Sinan, in the reign of Sultan Amurath III., fifteen hundred and ninety-four. The governor, being supposed to have betrayed it, was afterwards beheaded

by the emperor's command. The Counts of Swartzenburg and Palfi retook it by surprise, 1598; since which time it has remained in the hands of the Germans, though the Turks once more attempted to gain it by stratagem 1642. The cathedral is large and well built, which is all that I saw remarkable in the town.

Leaving Comora on the other side [of] the river, we went the eighteenth to Nosmuhl, a small village, where, however, we made shift to find tolerable accommodation. We continued two days travelling between this place and Buda, through the finest plains in the world, as even as if they were paved, and extremely fruitful; but for the most part desert and uncultivated, laid waste by the long war between the Turk and emperor, and the more cruel civil war occasioned by the barbarous persecution of the Protestant religion by the Emperor Leopold. That prince has left behind him the character of an extraordinary piety, and was naturally of a mild merciful temper; but, putting his conscience into the hands of a Jesuit, he was more cruel and treacherous to his poor Hungarian subjects, than ever the Turk has been to the Christians; breaking, without scruple, his coronation oath, and his faith, solemnly given in many public treaties. Indeed, nothing can be more melancholy than, travelling through Hungary, reflecting on the former flourishing state of that kingdom, and seeing such a noble spot of earth almost uninhabited. This is also the present circumstances of Buda (where we arrived very early the twenty-second), once the royal seat of the Hungarian kings, where their palace was reckoned one of the most beautiful buildings of the age, now wholly destroyed, no part of the town having been repaired since the last siege, but the fortifications and the castle, which is the present residence of the governor-general Ragule, an officer of great merit. He came immediately to see us, and carried us in his coach to his house, where I was received by his lady with all possible civility, and magnificently entertained.

This city is situated upon a little hill on the south side of the Danube, the castle being much higher than the town,

from whence the prospect is very noble. Without the walls lie a vast number of little houses, or rather huts, that they call the Rascian town, being altogether inhabited by that people. The governor assured me it would furnish twelve thousand fighting men. These towns look very odd; their houses stand in rows, many thousands of them so close together, they appear at a little distance like odd-fashioned thatched tents. They consist, every one of them, of one hovel above, and another under ground; these are their summer and winter apartments. Buda was first taken by Solyman the Magnificent, 1526, and lost the following year to Ferdinand I. King of Bohemia. Solyman regained it, 1529, by the treachery of the garrison, and voluntarily gave it into the hand of King John of Hungary; after whose death, his son being an infant, Ferdinand laid siege to it, and the Queen mother was forced to call Solyman to her aid, who raised the siege, but left a Turkish garrison in the town, and commanded her to remove her court from thence, which she was forced to submit to, 1541. It resisted afterwards the sieges laid to it by the Marquis of Brandenburg, 1542; the Count of Swartzenburg, 1598; General Rosworm, 1602; and the Duke of Lorraine, commander of the Emperor's forces, 1684; to whom it yielded, 1686, after an obstinate defence, Apti Bassa, the governor, being killed, fighting in the breach with a Roman bravery. The loss of this town was so important, and so much resented by the Turks, it occasioned the deposing of their Emperor Mahomet the Fourth the year following.

We did not proceed on our journey till the twenty-third, passing through Adam and Todowar, both considerable towns when in the hands of the Turks. These are now quite ruined; only the remains of some Turkish towers shew something of what they have been. This part of the country is very much overgrown with wood, and so little frequented, 'tis incredible what vast numbers of wild-fowl we saw, who often live here to a good old age,

“And undisturbed by guns, in quiet sleep.”

We came the twenty-fifth to Mohatch, and were shewed the

field near it, where Lewis, the young King of Hungary, lost his army and his life, being drowned in a ditch, trying to fly from Balybeus, general of Solymán the Magnificent. This battle opened the first passage for the Turks into the heart of Hungary.—I don't name to you the little villages, of which I can say nothing remarkable; but I'll assure you I have always found a warm stove, and great plenty, particularly of wild boar, venison, and all kind of *gibier*. The few people that inhabit Hungary live easily enough; they have no money, but the woods and plains afford them provision in great abundance: they were ordered to give us all things necessary, even what horses we pleased to demand, *gratis*; but Mr. W—— [Wortley] would not oppress the poor country people by making use of this order, and always paid them the full worth of what we had from them. They were so surprized at this unexpected generosity, which they are very little used to, they always pressed upon us, at parting, a dozen of fat pheasants, or something of that sort, for a present. Their dress is very primitive, being only a plain sheep's skin, without other dressing than being dried in the sun, and a cap and boots of the same stuff. You may imagine this lasts them for many winters; and thus they have very little occasion for money.

The twenty-sixth, we passed over the frozen Danube, with all our equipage and carriages. We met on the other side General Veterani, who invited us, with great civility, to pass the night at a little castle of his, a few miles off, assuring us we should have a very hard day's journey to reach Essek; which we found but too true, the woods being scarcely passable and very dangerous, from the vast quantity of wolves that hoard in them. We came, however, safe, though late, to Essek, where we stayed a day to despatch a courier with letters to the Pasha of Belgrade; and I took that opportunity of seeing the town, which is not very large, but fair built, and well fortified. This was a town of great trade, very rich and populous, when in the hands of the Turks. It is situated on the Drave, which runs into the Danube. The bridge was esteemed one of the most extraordinary in the world, being

eight thousand paces long, and all built of oak, which was burnt, and the city laid in ashes by Count Lesley, 1685, but again repaired and fortified by the Turks, who, however, abandoned it, 1687, and General Dunnewalt took possession of it for the Emperor, in whose hands it has remained ever since, and is esteemed one of the bulwarks of Hungary.

The twenty-eighth, we went to Bocorwar, a very large Rascian town, all built after the manner I have described to you. We were met there by Colonel —, who would not suffer us to go anywhere but to his quarters, where I found his wife, a very agreeable Hungarian lady, and his niece and daughter, two pretty young women, crowded into three or four Rascian houses cast into one, and made as neat and convenient as those places were capable of being made. The Hungarian ladies are much handsomer than those of Austria. All the Vienna beauties are of that country; they are generally very fair and well-shaped, their dress I think extremely becoming. This lady was in a gown of scarlet velvet, lined and faced with sables, made exact to her shape, and the skirt falling to her feet. The sleeves are strait to their arms, and the stays buttoned before, with two rows of little buttons of gold, pearl, or diamonds. On their heads they wear a cap embroidered with a tassel of gold, that hangs low on one side, lined with sable or some other fine fur.—They gave us a handsome dinner, and I thought the conversation very polite and agreeable. They would accompany us part of our way.

The twenty-ninth, we arrived here, where we were met by the commandant at the head of all the officers of the garrison. We are lodged in the best apartment of the governor's house, and entertained in a very splendid manner by the Emperor's order. We wait here till all points are adjusted, concerning our reception on the Turkish frontiers. Mr. —'s [Wortley's] courier, which he sent from Essek, returned this morning, with the pasha's answer in a purse of scarlet satin, which the interpreter here has translated. It is to promise him to be honourably received, and desires him to appoint where he would be met by the Turkish convoy.—He has dispatched the

courier back, naming Betsko, a village in the midway between Peterwaradin and Belgrade. We shall stay here till we receive the answer.¹

Thus, dear sister, I have given you a very particular, and (I'm afraid you'll think) a tedious account, of this part of my travels. It was not an affectation of shewing my reading, that has made me tell you some little scraps of the history of the towns I have passed through; I have always avoided anything of that kind, when I spoke of places which I believed you knew the story of as well as myself. But Hungary being a part of the world that I believe quite new to you, I thought you might read with some pleasure an account of it, which I have been very solicitous to get from the best hands. However, if you don't like it, 'tis in your power to forbear reading it. I am, dear sister, &c.

I am promised to have this letter carefully sent to Vienna.

TO MR. P. [POPE].

Belgrade,² Feb. 12, O.S. [1717].

I DID verily intend to write you a long letter from Peterwaradin, where I expected to stay three or four days; but the pasha here was in such haste to see us, he dispatched our

¹ "I set out from Essek on the 6th, the day after I had despatched a courier to the Seraskier of Belgrade, who, after having detained him longer than he needed to have done, dismissed him last night, and this morning he has brought me a letter in which the seraskier desires me to name where I would be received, and the number of the convoy. The commanding officer of Peterwaradin makes me the same offer. I shall this afternoon despatch the courier back to Belgrade, and I propose to go on the 11th to Besko, near Salankment, at a league beyond which place I have desired to be received by the Turks. The Grand Signior is at Adrianople."—*Letter of Mr. Wortley Montagu to Secretary Stanhope, dated "Peterwardein, 9 Feb., 1717," in the State Paper Office.*—T.

² A paragraph in the London Gazette of Mar. 5-9, 1717, gives the following account of the ambassador's journey to Belgrade:—"As soon as he arrived there [Peterwaradin] he despatched a courier to the Seraskier of Belgrade to notify his coming, and to desire him to make the necessary preparations for his reception. At the same time he would have had the commanding officer at Peterwaradin send another courier to the same effect on his part, it having been customary so to do. But he excused himself upon his having orders to furnish him with everything necessary, but not to send any messenger to the Turks lest they should interpret it as an argument of the emperor's desire of peace. The Turks, seeing the ambassador's courier come alone contrary to the practice in like cases, suspected he might be a spy sent under that pretence, and thought fit to send him back with one of their officers to see if the ambassador was at Peterwaradin, and to settle the number of men who should convoy him, and the place of their meeting; which being done,

courier back¹ (which Mr. — [Wortley] had sent to know the time he would send the convoy to meet us) without suffering him to pull off his boots.

My letters were not thought important enough to stop our journey; and we left Peterwaradin the next day, being waited on by the chief officers of the garrison, and a considerable convoy of Germans and Rascians. The Emperor has several regiments of these people; but, to say truth, they are rather plunderers than soldiers; having no pay, and being obliged to furnish their own arms and horses: they rather look like vagabond gipsies, or stout beggars, than regular troops.

I cannot forbear speaking a word of this race of creatures, who are very numerous all over Hungary. They have a patriarch of their own at Grand Cairo, and are really of the Greek church; but their extreme ignorance gives their priests occasion to impose several new notions upon them. These fellows, letting their hair and beards grow inviolate, make exactly the figure of the Indian brahmins. They are heirs-general to all the money of the laity; for which, in return, they give them formal passports signed and sealed for heaven; and the wives and children only inherit the houses and cattle. In most other points they follow the Greek Rites.

This little digression has interrupted my telling you we passed over the fields of Carlowitz, where the last great victory was obtained by Prince Eugene over the Turks. The marks of that glorious bloody day are yet recent, the field being strewed with the skulls and carcases of unburied men, horses, and camels. I could not look without horror, on such numbers of mangled human bodies, and reflect on the injustice of war, that makes murder not only necessary but meritorious. Nothing seems to me a plainer proof of the irrationality of mankind (whatever fine claims we pretend to reason) than the rage

the ambassador set out on the 11th instant from Peterwaradin with a guard of 150 horse and as many foot. On the 12th he was met about a league and a half beyond the ancient limits by a guard of Turks of the same number, who at taking him under their care gave the imperial officer a receipt."—T.

¹ Yet see Pope's letter, evidently written in the summer of 1717, in which he says: "The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin."—T.

with which they contest for a small spot of ground, when such vast parts of fruitful earth lie quite uninhabited. It is true, custom has now made it unavoidable; but can there be a greater demonstration of want of reason, than a custom being firmly established, so plainly contrary to the interest of man in general? I am a good deal inclined to believe Mr. Hobbes, that the state of nature is a state of war; but thence I conclude human nature not rational, if the word reason means common sense, as I suppose it does. I have a great many admirable arguments to support this reflection; but I won't trouble you with them, but return, in a plain style, to the history of my travels.

We were met at Betsko (a village in the midway between Belgrade and Peterwaradin) by an aga of the janissaries, with a body of Turks, exceeding the Germans by one hundred men, though the pasha had engaged to send exactly the same number. You may judge by this of their fears. I am really persuaded, that they hardly thought the odds of one hundred men set them even with the Germans; however, I was very uneasy till they were parted, fearing some quarrel might arise, notwithstanding the parole given.

We came late to Belgrade,¹ the deep snows making the ascent to it very difficult. It seems a strong city, fortified on the east side by the Danube, and on the south by the river Save, and was formerly the barrier of Hungary. It was first taken by Solyman [the] Magnificent, and since by the Emperor's forces, led by the Elector of Bavaria, who held it only two years, it being retaken by the Grand Vizier, and is now fortified with the utmost care and skill the Turks are capable of, and strengthened by a very numerous garrison of their bravest janissaries, commanded by a pasha seraskiér (*i. e.* general). This last expression is not very just; for, to say

¹ Lord Paget, in 1698, had made a similar procession to Belgrade on the frontiers of Turkey, in which nothing was omitted to impress the Turks with ideas of the splendour of the nation he represented, the expense of that single mission amounting to three thousand pounds. Both these ambassadors travelled with three hundred horses, and had their tents placed nearest to that of the Grand Vizier.—*Dallaway's Memoir of Lady Mary.*—T.

truth, the seraskiér is commanded by the janissaries, who have an absolute authority here, not much unlike a rebellion, which you may judge of by the following story, which, at the same time, will give you an idea of the admirable intelligence of the governor of Peterwaradin, though so few hours distant. We were told by him at Peterwaradin, that the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade were so weary of the war, they had killed their pasha about two months ago, in a mutiny, because he had suffered himself to be prevailed upon, by a bribe of five purses (five hundred pounds sterling), to give permission to the Tartars to ravage the German frontiers. We were very well pleased to hear of such favourable dispositions in the people; but when we came hither, we found the governor had been ill-informed, and this the real truth of the story. The late pasha fell under the displeasure of his soldiers, for no other reason but restraining their incursions on the Germans. They took it into their heads, from that mildness, he was of intelligence with the enemy, and sent such information to the Grand Signior at Adrianople; but, redress not coming quick from thence, they assembled themselves in a tumultuous manner, and by force dragged their pasha before the cadi and mufti, and there demanded justice in a mutinous way; one crying out, Why he protected the infidels? Another, Why he squeezed them of their money? that [*sic*] easily guessing their purpose, he calmly replied to them, that they asked him too many questions; he had but one life, which must answer for all. They immediately fell upon him with their scimitars (without waiting the sentence of their heads of the law), and in a few moments cut him in pieces. The present pasha has not dared to punish the murder; on the contrary, he affected to applaud the actors of it, as brave fellows, that knew how to do themselves justice.¹ He takes all pretences of throwing

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu thus alludes to these circumstances in a letter preserved in the State Paper Office, and dated "Adrianople. April 10, 1717:" "This pasha's predecessor was stabbed and cut into small pieces by the janissaries in the market-place. Their chief reason was his not having agreed to their desire of plundering the German country from whence, at that time, and when I went by, they bought the greatest part of their provisions. From his not complying with them they argued that he was not enough inclined to carry on the war. They stabbed a

money among the garrison, and suffers them to make little excursions into Hungary, where they burn some poor Rascian houses.

You may imagine, I cannot be very easy in a town which is really under the government of an insolent soldiery.—We expected to be immediately dismissed, after a night's lodging here; but the pasha detains us till he receives orders from Adrianople, which may possibly be a month a-coming. In the mean time, we are lodged in one of the best houses, belonging to a very considerable man amongst them, and have a whole chamber of janissaries to guard us. My only diversion is the conversation of our host, Achmet Beg, a title something like that of count in Germany. His father was a great pasha, and he has been educated in the most polite eastern learning, being perfectly skilled in the Arabic and Persian languages, and is an extraordinary scribe, which they call *effendi*. This accomplishment makes way to the greatest preferments; but he has had the good sense to prefer an easy, quiet, secure life, to all the dangerous honours of the Porte. He sups with us every night, and drinks wine very freely. You cannot imagine how much he is delighted with the liberty of conversing with me. He has explained to me many pieces of Arabian poetry, which, I observed, are in numbers not unlike ours, generally alternate verse, and of a very musical sound. Their expressions of love are very passionate and lively. I am so much pleased with them, I really believe I should learn to read Arabic, if I was to stay here a few months. He has a very good library of their books of all kinds; and, as he tells me, spends the greatest part of his life there. I pass for a great scholar with him, by relating to him some of the Persian tales, which I find are genuine.¹ At first

citizen in the streets when I was there for no reason but his being a Christian. Not one man was asked any questions about either of these facts, and the pasha used no other method to hinder these disorders, which differed little from a mutiny, but gave them money in great quantity."—T.

¹ The Persian tales appeared first in Europe as a translation, by Monsieur Petit de la Croix; and what are called "The Arabian Nights," in a similar manner, by Monsieur Galland. The Tales of the Genii, said in the title-page to have been translated by Sir Charles Morell, were, in fact, entirely composed by James Ridley, Esq.—D.

he believed I understood Persian. I have frequent disputes with him concerning the difference of our customs, particularly the confinement of women. He assures me, there is nothing at all in it; only, says he, we have the advantage, that when our wives cheat us, nobody knows it. He has wit, and is more polite than many Christian men of quality. I am very much entertained with him. He has had the curiosity to make one of our servants set him an alphabet of our letters, and can already write a good Roman hand.

But these amusements do not hinder my wishing heartily to be out of this place; though the weather is colder than I believed it ever was any where but in Greenland. We have a very large stove constantly kept hot, and yet the windows of the room are frozen on the inside.—God knows when I may have an opportunity of sending this letter: but I have written it in the discharge of my own conscience; and you cannot now reproach me, that one of yours can make ten of mine.

TO HER R. H. THE P—— [PRINCESS OF WALES].¹

Adrianople, April 1.² O.S. [1717].

I HAVE now, madam, past a journey that has not been undertaken by any Christian since the time of the Greek emperors: and I shall not regret all the fatigues I have suffered in it, if it gives me an opportunity of amusing your R. H. by an account of places utterly unknown amongst us; the Emperor's ambassadors, and those few English that have come hither, always going on the Danube to Nicopolis.³ But

¹ Afterwards Queen Caroline, wife of George II.—W.

² It appears from official correspondence in the State Paper Office that Mr. Wortley Montagu arrived at Adrianople 13th March, O.S.—T.

³ Mr. Wortley Montagu, in a letter in the State Paper Office, remarks that "Sir William Hussey, who was sent by King William, travelled with his lady [to Constantinople], and by setting out too late, was obliged to stay all the winter at Vienna." Lady Mary does not allude to these facts, which is the more remarkable, as they are almost exactly parallel with the circumstances of her own journey. Mr. Dallaway also observes that "it has been said that Lady Mary was the first Englishwoman who had the curiosity and spirit to visit the Levant:" but that he recollected "seeing an account at Constantinople that both Lady Paget and Lady Winchelsea were included in the suite of their lords during their several embassies."—T.

that river was now frozen, and Mr. — [Wortley] so zealous for the service of his Majesty, he would not defer his journey to wait for the conveniency of that passage.

We crossed the deserts of Servia, almost quite overgrown with wood, though a country naturally fertile, and the inhabitants industrious ; but the oppression of the peasants is so great, they are forced to abandon their houses, and neglect their tillage, all they have being a prey to the janissaries, whenever they please to seize upon it. We had a guard of five hundred of them, and I was almost in tears every day to see their insolencies in the poor villages through which we passed.

After seven days' travelling through thick woods, we came to Nissa, once the capital of Servia, situate in a fine plain on the river Nissava, in a very good air, and so fruitful a soil, that the great plenty is hardly credible. I was certainly assured, that the quantity of wine last vintage was so prodigious, they were forced to dig holes in the earth to put it in, not having vessels enough in the town to hold it. The happiness of this plenty is scarce perceived by the oppressed people. I saw here a new occasion for my compassion. The wretches that had provided twenty waggons for our baggage from Belgrade hither for a certain hire, being all sent back without payment, some of their horses lamed, and others killed, without any satisfaction made for them. The poor fellows came round the house weeping and tearing their hair and beards in the most pitiful manner, without getting anything but drubs from the insolent soldiers. I cannot express to your R. H. how much I was moved at this scene. I would have paid them the money out of my own pocket, with all my heart ; but it had been only giving so much to the aga, who would have taken it from them without any remorse.

After four days' journey from this place over the mountains, we came to Sophia, situate in a large beautiful plain on the river Isca, or Iscæ, surrounded with distant mountains. It is hardly possible to see a more agreeable landscape. The city itself is very large, and extremely populous. Here are

hot baths, very famous for their medicinal virtues.—Four days' journey from hence we arrived at Philipopoli, after having passed the ridges between the mountains of Hæmus and Rhodope, which are always covered with snow. This town is situate on a rising ground near the river Hebrus, and is almost wholly inhabited by Greeks: here are still some ancient Christian churches. They have a bishop; and several of the richest Greeks live here; but they are forced to conceal their wealth with great care, the appearance of poverty (which includes part of its inconveniences) being all their security against feeling it in earnest. The country from hence to Adrianople is the finest in the world. Vines grow wild on all the hills; and the perpetual spring they enjoy makes every thing look gay and flourishing. But this climate, as happy as it seems, can never be preferred to England, with all its snows and frosts, while we are blessed with an easy government, under a king who makes his own happiness consist in the liberty of his people, and chooses rather to be looked upon as their father than their master.

This theme would carry me very far, and I am sensible that I have already tired out your R. H.'s patience. But my letter is in your hands, and you may make it as short as you please, by throwing it into the fire, when you are weary of reading it.

I am, madam,

With the greatest respect, &c.

TO THE LADY —.

Adrianople,¹ April 1, O.S. [1717].

I AM now got into a new world, where every thing I see appears to me a change of scene; and I write to your ladyship

¹ The Daily Courant of June 24, 1717, quotes from the Leyden Gazette an advice dated Adrianople, April 21, as follows: "Mr. Wortley Montagu arrived here the 24th of last month [13th March, O.S.] . . . the 11th instant [N.S.] he had audience of the Prime Vizier, and on the 18th he was admitted to audience of the Grand Signior with the usual ceremonies. Sir Robert Sutton, his predecessor, having been recalled, took his audience of leave of the Prime Vizier the beginning of last month by writing, and had audience of the Caimacan of Constantinople, and soon after departed in an English man-of-war named the Assurance."—T.

with some content of mind, hoping at least that you will find the charm of novelty in my letters, and no longer reproach me, that I tell you nothing extraordinary.

I won't trouble you with a relation of our tedious journey ; but I must not omit what I saw remarkable at Sophia, one of the most beautiful towns in the Turkish empire, and famous for its hot baths, that are resorted to both for diversion and health. I stopped here one day on purpose to see them. Designing to go *incognita*, I hired a Turkish coach. These voitures are not at all like ours, but much more convenient for the country, the heat being so great that glasses would be very troublesome. They are made a good deal in the manner of the Dutch coaches, having wooden lattices painted and gilded ; the inside being painted with baskets and nosegays of flowers, intermixed commonly with little poetical mottoes. They are covered all over with scarlet cloth, lined with silk, and very often richly embroidered and fringed. This covering entirely hides the persons in them, but may be thrown back at pleasure, and the ladies peep through the lattices. They hold four people very conveniently, seated on cushions, but not raised.

In one of these covered waggons, I went to the bagnio about ten o'clock. It was already full of women. It is built of stone, in the shape of a dome, with no windows but in the roof, which gives light enough. There were five of these domes joined together, the outmost being less than the rest, and serving only as a hall, where the portress stood at the door. Ladies of quality generally give this woman the value of a crown or ten shillings ; and I did not forget that ceremony. The next room is a very large one paved with marble, and all round it, raised, two sofas of marble, one above another. There were four fountains of cold water in this room, falling first into marble basins, and then running on the floor in little channels made for that purpose, which carried the streams into the next room, something less than this, with the same sort of marble sofas, but so hot with steams of sulphur proceeding from the baths joining to it, it was impossible to stay there with one's clothes on. The two other domes were

the hot baths, one of which had cocks of cold water turning into it, to temper it to what degree of warmth the bathers have a mind to.

I was in my travelling habit, which is a riding dress, and certainly appeared very extraordinary to them. Yet there was not one of them that shewed the least surprize or impertinent curiosity, but received me with all the obliging civility possible. I know no European court where the ladies would have behaved themselves in so polite a manner to a stranger. I believe in the whole, there were two hundred women, and yet none of those disdainful smiles, or satiric whispers, that never fail in our assemblies when any body appears that is not dressed exactly in the fashion. They repeated over and over to me, "Uzelle, pék uzelle," which is nothing but Charming, very charming.—The first sofas were covered with cushions and rich carpets, on which sat the ladies; and on the second, their slaves behind them, but without any distinction of rank by their dress, all being in the state of nature, that is, in plain English, stark naked, without any beauty or defect concealed. Yet there was not the least wanton smile or immodest gesture amongst them. They walked and moved with the same majestic grace which Milton describes of our general mother. There were many amongst them as exactly proportioned as ever any goddess was drawn by the pencil of Guido or Titian, —and most of their skins shiningly white, only adorned by their beautiful hair divided into many tresses, hanging on their shoulders, braided either with pearl or ribbon, perfectly representing the figures of the Graces.

I was here convinced of the truth of a reflection I had often made, that if it was the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. I perceived that the ladies with the finest skins and most delicate shapes had the greatest share of my admiration, though their faces were sometimes less beautiful than those of their companions. To tell you the truth, I had wickedness enough to wish secretly that Mr. Jervas¹ could have been there invisible. I fancy it would

¹ Charles Jervas was a pupil of Sir Godfrey Kneller. He was the friend of

have very much improved his art, to see so many fine women naked, in different postures, some in conversation, some working, others drinking coffee or sherbet, and many negligently lying on their cushions, while their slaves (generally pretty girls of seventeen or eighteen) were employed in braiding their hair in several pretty fancies. In short, it is the women's coffee-house, where all the news of the town is told, scandal invented, &c.—They generally take this diversion once a-week, and stay there at least four or five hours, without getting cold by immediate coming out of the hot bath into the cold room, which was very surprizing to me. The lady that seemed the most considerable among them, entreated me to sit by her, and would fain have undressed me for the bath. I excused myself with some difficulty. They being all so earnest in persuading me, I was at last forced to open my shirt, and shew them my stays; which satisfied them very well for, I saw, they believed I was so locked up in that machine, that it was not in my own power to open it, which contrivance they attributed to my husband.¹—I was charmed with their civility and beauty, and should have been very glad to pass more time with them; but Mr. W—— [Wortley] resolving to pursue his journey the next morning early, I was in haste to see the ruins of Justinian's church, which did not afford me so agreeable a prospect as I had left, being little more than a heap of stones.

Adieu, madam: I am sure I have now entertained you with an account of such a sight as you never saw in your life, and what no book of travels could inform you of. 'Tis

Pope, and much celebrated for his portraits of females. The beauties of his day were proud to be painted by his hand, after Pope had published his celebrated epistle to him, in which he is complimented as "selling a thousand years of bloom."—D.

¹ One of the highest entertainments in Turkey is having you to their baths. When I was introduced to one the lady of the house came to undress me; another high compliment they pay to strangers. After she had slipped off my gown and saw my stays she was very struck at the sight of them, and cried out to the other ladies in the bath: "Come hither and see how cruelly the poor English ladies are used by their husbands. You need boast indeed of the superior liberties allowed you, when they lock you thus up in a box."—*Lady M. W. Montagu to Spence, 1741.*—T.

no less than death for a man to be found in one of these places.¹

TO THE ABBOT — [THE ABBE CONTI].²

Adrianople, April 1. O.S. [1717].

YOU see that I am very exact in keeping the promise you engaged me to make; but I know not whether your curiosity will be satisfied with the accounts I shall give you, though I can assure you, that the desire I have to oblige you to the utmost of my power, has made me very diligent in my enquiries and observations. It is certain we have but very imperfect relations of the manners and religion of these people; this part of the world being seldom visited but by merchants, who mind little but their own affairs, or travellers, who make too short a stay to be able to report any thing exactly of their own knowledge. The Turks are too proud to converse familiarly with merchants, &c.; who can only pick up some confused informations, which are generally false; and they can give no better account of the ways here, than a French refugee, lodging in a garret in Greek-street, could write of the court of England.

The journey we have made from Belgrade hither by land, cannot possibly be passed by any out of a public character.

¹ Dr. Russel, an author of great credit, in his History of Aleppo, questions the truth of the account here given by Lady Mary Wortley, affirming that the native ladies of that city, with whom, as their physician, he had permission to converse through a lattice, denied to him the prevalence, and almost the existence of the custom she describes, and even seemed as much scandalised at hearing of it, as if they had been born and bred in England. The writer of this note confesses to having entertained doubts upon this point, arising from the statement of Dr. Russel: but these doubts were removed by the testimony of a lady, who travelled some years ago in Turkey, and was several months an inmate of the English ambassador's house at Pera, whose veracity no one who knew her, could doubt, and whose word would have been taken, before the oaths of a whole haram. That lady, having been prevented, by circumstances, from visiting the baths at Constantinople, had an opportunity of doing so at Athens, and there she found Lady Mary's account strictly correct in the main points, although the sight did not inspire her with the same degree of admiration. To use a trite metaphor, she found Lady Mary's outline faithful, but her colouring too vivid. It may therefore be fairly presumed that the Aleppo ladies, perceiving the doctor's opinion of the custom, thought fit to disclaim it, or that it really did not prevail in that particular city, and their knowledge went no further.—W.

² See Memoir, *anté*, p. 20.—T.

The desert woods of Servia are the common refuge of thieves, who rob, fifty in a company, [so] that we had need of all our guards to secure us; and the villages so poor, that only force could extort from them necessary provisions. Indeed the janissaries had no mercy on their poverty, killing all the poultry and sheep they could find, without asking whom they belonged to; while the wretched owners durst not put in their claim, for fear of being beaten. Lambs just fallen, geese and turkies big with egg, all massacred without distinction! I fancied I heard the complaints of Melibœus for the hope of his flock. When the pashas travel, it is yet worse. Those oppressors are not content with eating all that is to be eaten belonging to the peasants; after they have crammed themselves and their numerous retinue, they have [the] impudence to exact what they call *teeth-money*, a contribution for the use of their teeth, worn with doing them the honour of devouring their meat. This is a literal known truth, however extravagant it seems; and such is the natural corruption of a military government, their religion not allowing of this barbarity no more than ours does.

I had the advantage of lodging three weeks at Belgrade with a principal effendi, that is to say, a scholar. This set of men are equally capable of preferments in the law or the church, those two sciences being cast into one, a lawyer and a priest being the same word. They are the only men really considerable in the empire; all the profitable employment and church revenues are in their hands. The Grand Signior though general heir to his people, never presumes to touch their lands or money, which go, in an uninterrupted succession, to their children. It is true, they lose this privilege by accepting a place at court, or the title of pasha; but there are few examples of such fools among them. You may easily judge the power of these men, who have engrossed all the learning, and almost all the wealth, of the empire. 'Tis they that are the real authors, though the soldiers are the actors, of revolutions. They deposed the late Sultan Mustapha; and

their power is so well known, it is the Emperor's interest to flatter them.

This is a long digression. I was going to tell you that an intimate daily conversation with the effendi Achmet-Beg gave me an opportunity of knowing their religion and morals in a more particular manner than perhaps any Christian ever did. I explained to him the difference between the religion of England and Rome; and he was pleased to hear there were Christians that did not worship images, or adore the Virgin Mary. The ridicule of transubstantiation appeared very strong to him. — Upon comparing our creeds together, I am convinced that if our friend Dr. — had free liberty of preaching here, it would be very easy to persuade the generality to Christianity, whose notions are already little different from his. Mr. Wh— [Whiston] would make a very good apostle here. I don't doubt but his zeal will be much fired, if you communicate this account to him; but tell him, he must first have the gift of tongues, before he could possibly be of any use.

Mahometism is divided into as many sects as Christianity; and the first institution as much neglected and obscured by interpretations. I cannot here forbear reflecting on the natural inclination of mankind to make mysteries and novelties.— The Zeidi, Kudi, Jabari, &c., put me in mind of the Catholic, Lutheran, and Calvinist, &c., and are equally zealous against one another. But the most prevailing opinion, if you search into the secret of the effendis, is plain deism. But this is kept from the people, who are amused with a thousand different notions, according to the different interests of their preachers. — There are very few amongst them (Achmet-Beg denied there were any) so absurd, as to set up for wit by declaring they believe no God at all. Sir Paul Rycaut is mistaken (as he commonly is) in calling the sect *muterin*¹ (i.e. the secret with us) atheists, they being deists, and their impiety consists in making a jest of their prophet. Achmet-Beg did not own to

¹ See D'Osson. Tableau Général de l'Empire Othoman, 5 vols. 8vo, 1791. in which the religious code of the Mohammedans, and of each sect, is very satisfactorily detailed.—D.

me that he was of this opinion ; but made no scruple of deviating from some part of Mahomet's law, by drinking wine with the same freedom we did. When I asked him how he came to allow himself that liberty ? he made answer, all the creatures of God were good, and designed for the use of man ; however, that the prohibition of wine was a very wise maxim, and meant for the common people, being the source of all disorders among them ; but that the prophet never designed to confine those that knew how to use it with moderation. However, scandal ought to be avoided, and that he never drank it in public. This is the general way of thinking among them, and very few forbear drinking wine that are able to afford it. He assured me, that if I understood Arabic, I should be very well pleased with reading the Alcoran, which is so far from the nonsense we charge it with, it is the purest morality, delivered in the very best language. I have since heard impartial Christians speak of it in the same manner ; and I don't doubt but all our translations are from copies got from the Greek priests, who would not fail to falsify it with the extremity of malice. No body of men ever were more ignorant, and more corrupt : yet they differ so little from the Romish church, I confess nothing gives me a greater abhorrence of the cruelty of your clergy, than the barbarous persecution of them, whenever they have been their masters, for no other reason than not acknowledging the pope. The dissenting in that one article has got them the titles of heretics, schismatics ; and, what is worse, the same treatment. I found at Philipopolis a sect of Christians that call themselves Paulines. They shew an old church, where, they say, St. Paul preached ; and he is the favourite saint, after the same manner as St. Peter is at Rome ; neither do they forget to give him the same preference over the rest of the apostles.

But of all the religions [*sic*] I have seen, the Arnaöut [*sic*] seem to me the most particular. They are natives of Arnaöutlich, the ancient Macedonia, and still retain something of the courage and hardiness, though they have lost the name, of Macedonians, being the best militia in the Turkish empire, and the

only check upon the janissaries. They are foot soldiers; we had a guard of them, relieved in every considerable town we passed: they are all clothed and armed at their own expense, generally lusty young fellows, dressed in clean white coarse cloth, carrying guns of a prodigious length, which they run with on their shoulders as if they did not feel the weight of them, the leader singing a sort of rude tune, not unpleasant, and the rest making up the chorus. These people, living between Christians and Mahometans, and not being skilled in controversy, declare that they are utterly unable to judge which religion is best; but, to be certain of not entirely rejecting the truth, they very prudently follow both, and go to the mosques on Fridays and the church on Sundays, saying for their excuse, that at the day of judgment they are sure of protection from the true prophet; but which that is, they are not able to determine in this world. I believe there is no other race of mankind have so modest an opinion of their own capacity.

These are the remarks I have made on the diversity of religions I have seen. I don't ask your pardon for the liberty I have taken in speaking of the Roman. I know you equally condemn the quackery of all churches, as much as you revere the sacred truths, in which we both agree.

You will expect I should say something to you of the antiquities of this country; but there are few remains of ancient Greece. We passed near the piece of an arch, which is commonly called Trajan's Gate, as supposing he made it to shut up the passage over the mountains between Sophia and Philipopolis. But I rather believe it the remains of some triumphal arch (though I could not see any inscription); for if that passage had been shut up, there are many others that would serve for the march of an army; and, notwithstanding the story of Baldwin Earl of Flanders being overthrown in these straits, after he won Constantinople, I don't fancy the Germans would find themselves stopped by them. It is true, the road is now made (with great industry) as commodious as possible, for the march of the Turkish army; there is not one

ditch or puddle between this place and Belgrade that has not a large strong bridge of planks built over it; but the precipices were not so terrible as I had heard them represented. At the foot of these mountains we lay at the little village of Kiskoi, wholly inhabited by Christians, as all the peasants of Bulgaria are. Their houses are nothing but little huts, raised of dirt baked in the sun; and they leave them, and fly into the mountains, some months before the march of the Turkish army, who would else entirely ruin them, by driving away their whole flocks. This precaution secures them in a sort of plenty: for, such vast tracts of land lying in common, they have liberty of sowing what they please, and are generally very industrious husbandmen. I drank here several sorts of delicious wine. The women dress themselves in a great variety of coloured glass beads, and are not ugly, but of tawny complexions.

I have now told you all that is worth telling you, and perhaps more, relating to my journey. When I am at Constantinople, I'll try to pick up some curiosities, and then you shall hear again from

Yours, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF B. [BRISTOL].

Adrianople, April 1, O.S. [1717].

As I never can forget the smallest of your ladyship's commands, my first business here has been to enquire after the stuffs you ordered me to look for, without being able to find what you would like. The difference of the dress here and at London is so great, the same sort of things are not proper for *caftáns* and *manteaus*. However, I will not give over my search, but renew it again at Constantinople, though I have reason to believe there is nothing finer than what is to be found here, being the present residence of the court. The Grand Signior's eldest daughter was married some few days before I came; and, upon that occasion, the Turkish ladies display all their magnificence. The bride was conducted to her husband's house in very great splendour. She is widow

of the late Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin, though that ought rather to be called a contract than a marriage, not having ever lived with him; however, the greatest part of his wealth is hers. He had the permission of visiting her in the seraglio; and, being one of the handsomest men in the empire, had very much engaged her affections.—When she saw this second husband, who is at least fifty, she could not forbear bursting into tears. He is a man of merit, and the declared favourite of the Sultan (which they call *mos-typ*), but that is not enough to make him pleasing in the eyes of a girl of thirteen.¹

The government here is entirely in the hands of the army; and the Grand Signior, with all his absolute power, as much a slave as any of his subjects, and trembles at a janissary's frown. Here is, indeed, a much greater appearance of subjection than among us: a minister of state is not spoken to, but upon the knee: should a reflection on his conduct be dropped in a coffee-house (for they have spies everywhere), the house would be rased to the ground, and perhaps the whole company put to the torture. No huzzaing mobs, senseless pamphlets, and tavern disputes about politics:

“ A consequential ill that freedom draws;
A bad effect,—but from a noble cause.”

None of our harmless calling names! but when a minister here displeases the people, in three hours' time he is dragged even from his master's arms. They cut off his hands, head,

¹ In a letter dated Adrianople, April 10, 1717, preserved in the State Paper Office. Mr. Wortley Montagu writes as follows: “ I . . . had an audience of the Vizier Azem by his appointment on the 31st [March, O.S.], at which nothing was said but the usual compliments. The next day I was with the Mosaip, or favourite, who has all the business of the empire upon his hands, and has the entire confidence of the Grand Signior The Mosaip, it is certain, has very earnestly pressed for an order to consummate his marriage with the Grand Signior's daughter, who is the widow of the late Vizier, and is now in this favourite's house. It is refused him, as it is said the Grand Signior declares this is not a proper time for the rejoicings that are usually made at this Court upon such an occasion, and that he chose him for his son-in-law to take care of his affairs. That his request shall be granted when he has got the better of the Germans: and it does seem upon the whole very probable that he has undertaken to do it. If he fails in his attempt the changes at this court are likely to be very great.” Notwithstanding the reverses experienced by the Turks, the Sultan's son-in-law, Ibrahim Pasha, continued in favour. In the following year Azem the Vizier was deposed, and Ibrahim appointed in his place.—T.

and feet, and throw them before the palace gate, with all the respect in the world; while that Sultan (to whom they all profess an unlimited adoration) sits trembling in his apartment, and dare neither defend nor revenge his favourite. This is the blessed condition of the most absolute monarch upon earth, who owns no *law* but his *will*.

I cannot help wishing, in the loyalty of my heart, that the parliament would send hither a ship-load of your passive-obedient men, that they might see arbitrary government in its clearest strongest light, where it is hard to judge whether the prince, people, or ministers, are most miserable. I could make many reflections on this subject; but I know, madam, your own good sense has already furnished you with better than I am capable of.

I went yesterday with the French embassadress¹ to see the Grand Signior² in his passage to the mosque. He was preceded by a numerous guard of janissaries, with vast white feathers on their heads, *spahis* and *bostangees* (these are foot and horse guard), and the royal gardeners, which are a very considerable body of men, dressed in different habits of fine lively colours, that, at a distance, they appeared like a parterre of tulips. After them the aga of the janissaries, in a robe of purple velvet, lined with silver tissue, his horse led by two slaves richly dressed. Next him the *kızılár-aga* (your ladyship knows this is the chief guardian of the seraglio ladies) in a deep yellow cloth (which suited very well to his black face) lined with sables, and last his Sublimity himself, in green lined with the fur of a black Muscovite fox, which is supposed worth a thousand pounds sterling, mounted on a fine horse with furniture embroidered with jewels. Six more horse

¹ Madame de Bonnac. She was a daughter of the Duc de Biron, Peer of France and Lieutenant-General of the Royal Armies, and was married to the Marquis de Bonnac in 1715, during his embassy. They had a son born in Constantinople the 7th of December, 1716. She and her husband were the same Monsieur and Madame de Bonnac whom Rousseau visited at Soleurres, as related in his Confessions. Lady Mary contracted a friendship with Madame de Bonnac, and continued to correspond with her some years later than the date of this letter.—T.

² Achmet III., who reigned from 1703 to 1730, recovered the Morea from the Venetians, but lost Belgrade, Peterwaradin, and Temesvar, to the Imperialists. He preferred his palace at Adrianople to the Ottoman Porte, which lost him the favour of the janissaries.—D.

richly furnished were led after him ; and two of his principal courtiers bore, one his gold, and the other his silver coffee-pot, on a staff ; another carried a silver stool on his head for him to sit on.

It would be too tedious to tell your ladyship the various dresses and turbans by which their rank is distinguished : but they were all extremely rich and gay, to the number of some thousands ; [so] that, perhaps, there cannot be seen a more beautiful procession. The Sultan appeared to us a handsome man of about forty, with a very graceful air, but something severe in his countenance, his eyes very full and black. He happened to stop under the window where we stood, and (I suppose being told who we were) looked upon us very attentively, [so] that we had full leisure to consider him, and the French embassadress agreed with me as to his good mien : I see that lady very often ; she is young, and her conversation would be a great relief to me, if I could persuade her to live without those forms and ceremonies that make life formal and tiresome. But she is so delighted with her guards, her four-and-twenty footmen, gentlemen ushers, &c., that she would rather die than make me a visit without them : not to reckon a coachful of attending damsels yclep'd maids of honour. What vexes me is, that as long as she will visit with a troublesome equipage, I am obliged to do the same : however, our mutual interest makes us much together.

I went with her the other day all round the town, in an open gilt chariot, with our joint train of attendants, preceded by our guards, who might have summoned the people to see what they had never seen, nor ever would see again—two young Christian embassadresses never yet having been in this country at the same time, nor I believe ever will again. Your ladyship may easily imagine that we drew a vast crowd of spectators, but all silent as death. If any of them had taken the liberties of our mob upon any strange sight, our janissaries had made no scruple of falling on them with their scimitars, without danger for so doing, being above law. Yet these people have some good qualities ; they are very zealous and

faithful where they serve, and look upon it as their business to fight for you upon all occasions. Of this I had a very pleasant instance in a village on this side Philipopolis, where we were met by our domestic guard. I happened to bespeak pigeons for my supper, upon which one of my janissaries went immediately to the *cadi* (the chief civil officer of the town), and ordered him to send in some dozens. The poor man answered, that he had already sent about, but could get none. My janissary, in the height of his zeal for my service, immediately locked him up prisoner in his room, telling him he deserved death for his impudence, in offering to excuse his not obeying my command; but, out of respect to me, he would not punish him but by my order, and accordingly, came very gravely to me, to ask what should be done to him; adding, by way of compliment, that if I pleased he would bring me his head.—This may give you some idea of the unlimited power of these fellows, who are all sworn brothers, and bound to revenge the injuries done to one another, whether at Cairo, Aleppo, or any part of the world; and this inviolable league makes them so powerful, the greatest man at the court never speaks to them but in a flattering tone; and in Asia, any man that is rich is forced to enrol himself a janissary, to secure his estate.

But I have already said enough; and I dare swear, dear madam, that, by this time, 'tis a very comfortable reflection to you that there is no possibility of your receiving such a tedious letter but once in six months; 'tis that consideration has given me the assurance to entertain you so long, and will, I hope, plead the excuse of, dear madam, &c.

TO THE COUNTESS OF ——— [MAR].

Adrianople, April 1, O.S. [1717].

I WISH to God, dear sister, that you were as regular in letting me have the pleasure of knowing what passes on your side of the globe, as I am careful in endeavouring to amuse you by the account of all I see that I think you care to hear of. You content yourself with telling me over and over, that the town

is very dull : it may possibly be dull to you, when every day does not present you with something new : but for me that am in arrear at least two months' news, all that seems very stale with you would be fresh and sweet here. Pray let me into more particulars, and I will try to awaken your gratitude, by giving you a full and true relation of the novelties of this place, none of which would surprise you more than a sight of my person, as I am now in my Turkish habit, though I believe you would be of my opinion, that 'tis admirably becoming.— I intend to send you my picture ; in the mean time accept of it here.

The first piece of my dress is a pair of drawers, very full, that reach to my shoes, and conceal the legs more modestly than your petticoats. They are of a thin rose-coloured damask, brocaded with silver flowers, my shoes of white kid leather, embroidered with gold. Over this hangs my smock, of a fine white silk gauze, edged with embroidery. This smock has wide sleeves, hanging half way down the arm, and is closed at the neck with a diamond button ; but the shape and colour of the bosom very well to be distinguished through it. The *antery* is a waistcoat, made close to the shape, of white and gold damask, with very long sleeves falling back, and fringed with deep gold fringe, and should have diamond or pearl buttons. My *caftan*, of the same stuff with my drawers, is a robe exactly fitted to my shape, and reaching to my feet, with very long strait falling sleeves. Over this is the girdle of about four fingers broad, which all that can afford have entirely of diamonds or other precious stones ; those who will not be at that expense, have it of exquisite embroidery on satin ; but it must be fastened before with a clasp of diamonds. The *curdee* is a loose robe they throw off or put on according to the weather, being of a rich brocade (mine is green and gold), either lined with ermine or sables ; the sleeves reach very little below the shoulders. The head-dress is composed of a cap, called *talpock*, which is in winter of fine velvet embroidered with pearls or diamonds, and in summer of a light shining silver stuff. This is fixed on one side of the head,

hanging a little way down with a gold tassel, and bound on, either with a circle of diamonds (as I have seen several) or a rich embroidered handkerchief. On the other side of the head, the hair is laid flat; and here the ladies are at liberty to shew their fancies; some putting flowers, others a plume of heron's feathers, and, in short, what they please; but the most general fashion is a large *bouquet* of jewels, made like natural flowers; that is, the buds of pearl; the roses, of different coloured rubies; the jessamines, of diamonds; jonquils, of topazes, &c. so well set and enamelled, 'tis hard to imagine any thing of that kind so beautiful. The hair hangs at its full length behind, divided into tresses braided with pearl or ribbon, which is always in great quantity.

I never saw in my life so many fine heads of hair. I have counted a hundred and ten of these tresses of one lady's all natural; but it must be owned, that every beauty is more common here than with us. 'Tis surprising to see a young woman that is not very handsome. They have naturally the most beautiful complexions in the world, and generally large black eyes. I can assure you with great truth, that the court of England (though I believe it the fairest in Christendom) cannot shew so many beauties as are under our protection here. They generally shape their eyebrows; and the Greeks and Turks have a custom of putting round their eyes (on the inside) a black tincture, that, at a distance, or by candle-light, adds very much to the blackness of them. I fancy many of our ladies would be overjoyed to know this secret; but 'tis too visible by day. They dye their nails a rose-colour. I own, I cannot enough accustom myself to this fashion to find any beauty in it.

As to their morality or good conduct, I can say, like Harlequin, that 'tis just as it is with you; and the Turkish ladies don't commit one sin the less for not being Christians. Now I am a little acquainted with their ways, I cannot forbear admiring either the exemplary discretion or extreme stupidity of all the writers that have given accounts of them. 'Tis very

easy to see they have more liberty than we have. No woman, of what rank soever, being permitted to go into the streets without two muslins; one that covers her face all but her eyes, and another that hides the whole dress of her head, and hangs half way down her back, and their shapes are wholly concealed by a thing they call a *ferigee*, which no woman of any sort appears without; this has strait sleeves, that reach to their finger-ends, and it laps all round them, not unlike a riding-hood. In winter 'tis of cloth, and in summer plain stuff or silk. You may guess how effectually this disguises them, [so] that there is no distinguishing the great lady from her slave. 'Tis impossible for the most jealous husband to know his wife when he meets her; and no man dare either touch or follow a woman in the street.

This perpetual masquerade gives them entire liberty of following their inclinations without danger of discovery. The most usual method of intrigue is, to send an appointment to the lover to meet the lady at a Jew's shop, which are as notoriously convenient as our Indian-houses; and yet, even those who don't make that use of them, do not scruple to go to buy pennyworths, and tumble over rich goods, which are chiefly to be found amongst that sort of people. The great ladies seldom let their gallants know who they are; and it is so difficult to find it out, that they can very seldom guess at her name they have corresponded with above half a year together. You may easily imagine the number of faithful wives very small in a country where they have nothing to fear from a lover's indiscretion, since we see so many that have the courage to expose themselves to that in this world, and all the threatened punishment of the next, which is never preached to the Turkish damsels. Neither have they much to apprehend from the resentment of their husbands; those ladies that are rich having all their money in their own hands, which they take with them upon a divorce, with an addition which he is obliged to give them.

Upon the whole, I look upon the Turkish women as the

only free people in the empire : the very Divan pays a respect to them ; and the Grand Signior himself, when a pasha is executed, never violates the privileges of the *harém* (or women's apartment), which remains unsearched entire to the widow. They are queens of their slaves, whom the husband has no permission so much as to look upon, except it be an old woman or two that his lady chooses. 'Tis true their law permits them four wives ; but there is no instance of a man of quality that makes use of this liberty, or of a woman of rank that would suffer it. When a husband happens to be inconstant (as those things will happen), he keeps his mistress in a house apart, and visits her as privately as he can, just as it is with you. Amongst all the great men here, I only know the *tefterdar* (*i. e.* treasurer), that keeps a number of she slaves for his own use (that is, on his own side of the house ; for a slave once given to serve a lady is entirely at her disposal), and he is spoken of as a libertine, or what we should call a rake, and his wife won't see him, though she continues to live in his house.

Thus, you see, dear sister, the manners of mankind do not differ so widely as our voyage writers would make us believe. Perhaps it would be more entertaining to add a few surprising customs of my own invention ; but nothing seems to me so agreeable as truth, and I believe nothing so acceptable to you. I conclude with repeating the great truth of my being,

Dear sister, &c.

TO MR. P—— [POPE].

Adrianople, April 1, O.S. [1717].

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me, was my being very near over-turned into the Hebrus ; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since :

"Caput a cervice revulsum.
 Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus.
 Volveret, Eurydiceen vox ipsa, et frigida lingua,
 Ah! miseram Eurydiceen! anima fugiente vocabat.
 Eurydiceen toto referebant flumine ripæ."

[Vind. Georg. lib. iv.]

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

"As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates?"

I despair of ever having so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present writing in a house situated on the banks of the Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning till night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my head at this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry, in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the river set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *psstula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels;¹ there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues, that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and foot-ball to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruit and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of their trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained, that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained, and

¹ "It would perhaps be no impertinent design to take off all their models in wood, which might not only give us some notion of the ancient music, but help us to pleasanter instruments than are now in use."—*Addison's Remarks on several Parts of Italy.*—T.

I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to the present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see (as I do very often) half a dozen of old pashas with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages, that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or a lady, as it

would be to talk broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you would be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse himself, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling *The Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES addressed to the SULTANA, eldest daughter of Sultan ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

- Verse 1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.
2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.¹

STANZA II.

1. The wish'd possession is delay'd from day to day;
The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks more vermilion than roses.
2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Pasha Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart
2. Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

¹ Sir W. Jones, in the preface to his Persian Grammar, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the "Βουωνις" of Homer.—D.

Verse 3. Ah! Sultana! stag-ey'd—an angel amongst angels!
 I de-ire,—and, my de-ire, remains unsati-died.—
 Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

STANZA IV

1. My cries pierce the heavens!
 My eyes are without sleep!
 Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.
2. Adieu! I go down to the grave.
 If you call me I return.
 My heart is hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.
3. Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!
 My Sultana! my princess!
 I rub my face against the earth;—I am drown'd in scalding tears—
 I rave!
 Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-ey'd* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and is I think a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author by the sound it carries with us; which may be extremely fine with them, at the same time, it looks low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and agreeable to the ancient manner of writing, the music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered; and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject where the heart is concerned, and is far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country

being now full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same thing as if an English poem should begin by saying—"Now Philomela sings." Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

"Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:
I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.
Your large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

In vain I'm promised such a heav'nly prize;
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delays my joys!
While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart.
Those eyes! like, &c.

STANZA III.

Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.
When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?
Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you, unpitying, see the pain I bear?

STANZA IV,

The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries,
I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:
Sinking to earth I sigh the last adieu;
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.
My queen! my angel! my fond heart's desire!
I rave—my bosom burns with heav'nly fire!
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose is the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul, I understand by this a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes to those of a stag, though, perhaps, the novelty of it may give

it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us; and we want those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning: and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from it by, &c.

TO MRS. S. C—— [MISS SARAH CHISWELL].

Adrianople, April 1. O.S. [1717].

IN my opinion, dear S., I ought rather to quarrel with you for not answering my Nimeguen letter of August till December, than to excuse my not writing again till now. I am sure there is on my side a very good excuse for silence, having gone such tiresome land-journeys, though I don't find the conclusion of them so bad as you seem to imagine. I am very easy here, and not in the solitude you fancy me. The great quantity of Greek, French, English, and Italians, that are under our protection, make their court to me from morning till night; and, I'll assure you, are many of them very fine ladies; for there is no possibility for a Christian to live easily under this government but by the protection of an ambassador—and the richer they are, the greater their danger.

Those dreadful stories you have heard of the plague have very little foundation in truth. I own I have much ado to reconcile myself to the sound of a word which has always given me such terrible ideas, though I am convinced there is little more in it than a fever. As a proof of which we passed through two or three towns most violently infected. In the very next house where we lay (in one of them) two persons died of it. Luckily for me, I was so well deceived that I knew nothing of the matter; and I was made believe, that our second cook who fell ill here had only a great cold. However, we left our doctor to take care of him, and yesterday they both

arrived here in good health ; and I am now let into the secret that he has had the *plague*. There are many that escape it ; neither is the air ever infected. I am persuaded it would be as easy to root it out here as out of Italy and France ; but it does so little mischief, they are not very solicitous about it, and are content to suffer this distemper instead of our variety, which they are utterly unacquainted with.

A propos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that I am sure will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal, and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox : they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much venom as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell ; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, in each arm, and on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross ; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark ; and in eight days' time they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I

don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it: and you may believe I am very well satisfied of the safety of the experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

TO MRS. T—— [THISTLETHWAYTE].

Adrianople, April 1, O.S. [1717].

I CAN now tell dear Mrs. T. that I am safely arrived at the end of my very long journey. I will not tire you with the account of the many fatigues I have suffered. You would hear something of what I see here; and a letter out of Turkey that has nothing extraordinary in it, would be as great a disappointment as my visitors will receive at London if I return thither without any rarities to shew them.

What shall I tell you of?—You never saw camels in your life; and, perhaps, the description of them will appear new to you: I can assure you the first sight of them was very much so to me; and though I have seen hundreds of pictures of those animals, I never saw any that was resembling enough to give a true idea of them. I am going to make a bold observation, and possibly a false one, because no body has ever made it before me; but I do take them to be of the stag kind; their legs, bodies, and necks, are exactly shaped like them, and their colour very near the same. 'Tis true, they are much

larger, being a great deal higher than a horse; and so swift, that, after the defeat of Peterwaradin, they far outran the swiftest horses, and brought the first news of the loss of the battle to Belgrade. They are never thoroughly tamed; the drivers take care to tie them one to another with strong ropes, fifty in string, led by an ass, on which the driver rides. I have seen three hundred in one caravan. They carry the third part more than any horse; but, 'tis a particular art to load them, because of the hunch on their back. They seem to me very ugly creatures; their heads being ill-formed and disproportioned to their bodies. They carry all the burthens; and the beasts destined to the plough are buffaloes, an animal you are also unacquainted with. They are larger and more clumsy than an ox; they have short, black horns close to their heads, which grow turning backwards. They say this horn looks very beautiful when 'tis well polished. They are all black, with very short hair on their hides, and extremely little white eyes, that make them look like devils. The country people dye their tails, and the hair of their forehead, red, by way of ornament.

Horses are not put here to any laborious work, nor are they at all fit for it. They are beautiful and full of spirit, but generally little, and not so strong, as the breed of colder countries; very gentle, with all their vivacity, swift and sure-footed. I have a little white favourite that I would not part with on any terms; he prances under me with so much fire, you would think that I had a great deal of courage to dare to mount him; yet, I'll assure you, I never rid a horse in my life so much at my command. My side-saddle is the first was ever seen in this part of the world, and gazed at with as much wonder as the ship of Columbus was in America. Here are some birds held in a sort of religious reverence, and, for that reason, multiply prodigiously: turtles, on the account of their innocence; and storks, because they are supposed to make every winter the pilgrimage to Mecca. To say truth, they are the happiest subjects under the Turkish government, and are so sensible of their privileges, they walk the streets with-

out fear, and generally build in the low parts of houses. Happy are those that are so distinguished. The vulgar Turks are perfectly persuaded that they will not be that year either attacked by fire or pestilence. I have the happiness of one of their sacred nests just under my chamber-window.

Now I am talking of my chamber, I remember the description of the houses here would be as new to you as any of the birds or beasts. I suppose you have read, in most of our accounts of Turkey that their houses are the most miserable pieces of building in the world. I can speak very learnedly on that subject, having been in so many of them; and I assure you 'tis no such thing. We are now lodged in a palace belonging to the Grand Signior. I really think the manner of building here very agreeable, and proper for the country. 'Tis true they are not at all solicitous to beautify the outsides of their houses, and they are generally built of wood, which I own is the cause of many inconveniences; but this is not to be charged on the ill taste of the people, but the oppression of the government. Every house upon the death of its master is at the Grand Signior's disposal; and, therefore, no man cares to make a great expense, which he is not sure his family will be the better for.¹ All their design is to build a house commodious, and that will last their lives; and [they] are very indifferent if it falls down the year after.

Every house, great and small, is divided into two distinct parts, which only join together by a narrow passage. The first house has a large court before it, and open galleries all round it, which is to me a thing very agreeable. This gallery leads to all the chambers, which are commonly large, and with two rows of windows, the first being of painted glass: they seldom build above two stories, each of which has such galleries. The stairs are broad, and not often above thirty steps. This is the house belonging to the lord, and the adjoining one is called the *harém*, that is, the ladies' apartment (for the name of *seraglio* is peculiar to the Grand Signior's); it has also a gallery running round it towards the

¹ If it be not put into "*vacúf*:" that is, annexed to some mosque, or fountain.—D.

garden, to which all the windows are turned, and the same number of chambers as the other, but more gay and splendid, both in painting and furniture. The second row of windows is very low, with grates like those of convents; the rooms are all spread with Persian carpets, and raised at one end of them (my chamber is raised at both ends) about two feet. This is the sofa, and is laid with a richer sort of carpet, and all round it a sort of couch, raised half a foot, covered with rich silk according to the fancy or magnificence of the owner. Mine is of scarlet cloth, with a gold fringe; round this are placed, standing against the wall, two rows of cushions, the first very large, and the next little ones; and here the Turks display their greatest magnificence. They are generally brocade, or embroidery of gold wire upon satin;—nothing can look more gay and splendid. These seats are so convenient and easy, I shall never endure chairs as long as I live. The rooms are low, which I think no fault, the ceiling is always of wood, generally inlaid or painted and gilded. They use no hangings, the rooms being all wainscoted with cedar set off with silver nails or painted with flowers, which open in many places with folding-doors, and serve for cabinets, I think, more conveniently than ours. Between the windows are little arches to set pots of perfume, or baskets of flowers. But what pleases me best is the fashion of having marble fountains in the lower part of the room, which throw up several spouts of water, giving at the same time an agreeable coolness, and a pleasant dashing sound, falling from one basin to another. Some of these fountains are very magnificent. Each house has a bagnio, which is generally two or three little rooms, leaded on the top, paved with marble, with basins, cocks of water, and all conveniences for either hot or cold baths.

You will perhaps be surprised at an account so different from what you have been entertained with by the common voyage-writers, who are very fond of speaking of what they don't know. It must be under a very particular character, or on some extraordinary occasion, when a Christian is admitted into the house of a man of quality; and their *haréms* are

always forbidden ground. Thus they can only speak of the outside, which makes no great appearance; and the women's apartments are all built backward, removed from sight, and have no other prospect than the gardens, which are inclosed with very high walls. There are none of our parterres in them; but they are planted with high trees, which give an agreeable shade, and, to my fancy, a pleasing view. In the midst of the garden is the *chiosk*, that is, a large room, commonly beautified with a fine fountain in the midst of it. It is raised nine or ten steps, and inclosed with gilded lattices, round which vines, jessamines, and honeysuckles twining, make a sort of green wall. Large trees are planted round this place, which is the scene of their greatest pleasures, and where the ladies spend most of their hours, employed by their music or embroidery. In the public gardens there are public *chiosks*, where people go that are not so well accommodated at home, and drink their coffee, sherbet, &c. Neither are they ignorant of a more durable manner of building: their mosques are all of freestone, and the public *hanns*, or inns, extremely magnificent, many of them taking up a large square, built round with shops under stone arches, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. They have always a mosque joining to them, and the body of the *hann* is a most noble hall, capable of holding three or four hundred persons, the court extremely spacious, and cloisters round it, that give it the air of our colleges. I own I think these foundations a more reasonable piece of charity than the founding of convents.

I think I have now told you a great deal for once. If you don't like my choice of subjects, tell me what you would have me write upon; there is nobody more desirous to entertain you than, dear Mrs. T.,

Yours, &c.

TO MRS. HEWET.¹

Adrianople. April 1, 1717.

I DARE say my dear Mrs. Hewet thinks me the most stupid

¹ This letter was not included in Lady Mary's manuscript book, and has, therefore, not hitherto been inserted in this section. It was first published by Dallaway from the original among the letters to Mrs. Hewet.—T.

thing alive, to neglect so agreeable a correspondence; but it has hitherto been utterly out of my power to continue it. I have been hurried up and down, without intermission, these last eight months. Wholly taken up either in going post, or unavoidable court attendance. You know very well how little leisure it is possible to find on either of those employments. I like travelling extremely, and have had no reason to complain of having had too little of it, having now gone through all the Turkish dominions in Europe, not to reckon my journeys through Hungary, Bohemia, and the whole tour of Germany; but those are trifles to this last. I cannot, however, (thank God,) complain of having suffered by fatigue, either in my own health or that of my family. My son never was better in his life. This country is certainly one of the finest in the world; hitherto all I see is so new to me, it is like a fresh scene of an opera every day. I will not tire you with descriptions of places or manners, which perhaps you have no curiosity for; but only desire you would be so good as to let me hear as oft as you can (which can be no other than very seldom), what passes on your side of the globe. Before you can receive this, you must consider all things as six months old, which now appear new to me. There will be a great field for you to write, if your charity extends so far, as it will be entirely disinterested and free from ostentation (it not being possible for me here to boast of your letters), and it will be very beneficial to your precious soul, which I pray Heaven to put into your head to consider and practise accordingly.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Adrianople, April 18, O.S. [1717].

I WROTE to you, dear sister, and all my other English correspondents, by the last ship, and only Heaven can tell when I shall have another opportunity of sending to you; but I cannot forbear writing, though perhaps my letter may lie upon my hands this two months. To confess the truth, my head is so full of my entertainment yesterday, that 'tis abso-

lutely necessary for my own repose to give it some vent. Without farther preface, I will then begin my story.

I was invited to dine with the Grand Vizier's lady,¹ and it was with a great deal of pleasure I prepared myself for an entertainment which was never given before to any Christian. I thought I should very little satisfy her curiosity (which I did not doubt was a considerable motive to the invitation) by going in a dress she was used to see, and therefore dressed myself in the court habit of Vienna, which is much more magnificent than ours. However, I chose to go *incognito*, to avoid any disputes about ceremony, and went in a Turkish coach, only attended by my woman that held up my train, and the Greek lady who was my interpretress. I was met at the court door by her black eunuch, who helped me out of the coach with great respect, and conducted me through several rooms, where her she-slaves, finely dressed, were ranged on each side. In the innermost I found the lady sitting on her sofa, in a sable vest. She advanced to meet me, and presented me half a dozen of her friends with great civility. She seemed a very good-[looking] woman, near fifty years old. I was surprised to observe so little magnificence in her house, the furniture being all very moderate; and, except the habits and number of her slaves, nothing about her that appeared expensive. She guessed at my thoughts, and told me that she was no longer of an age to spend either her time or money in superfluities; that her whole expense was in charity, and her whole employment praying to God. There was no affectation in this speech; both she and her husband are entirely given up to devotion. He never looks upon any other woman; and, what is much more extraordinary, touches no bribes, notwithstanding the example of all his predecessors. He is so scrupulous in this point, that he would not accept Mr. W——'s [Wortley's] present, till he had been assured over and over that it was a settled perquisite of his place at the entrance of every ambassador.

¹ This was the Sultana Haliçén, the favourite and widow of the Sultan Mustapha II., who died in 1703.—D.

She entertained me with all kind of civility till dinner came in, which was served, one dish at a time, to a vast number, all finely dressed after their manner, which I do not think so bad as you have perhaps heard it represented. I am a very good judge of their eating, having lived three weeks in the house of an *effendi* at Belgrade, who gave us very magnificent dinners, dressed by his own cooks, which the first week pleased me extremely; but I own I then began to grow weary of it, and desired our own cook might add a dish or two after our manner. But I attribute this to custom. I am very much inclined to believe an Indian, that had never tasted of either, would prefer their cookery to ours. Their sauces are very high, all the roast very much done. They use a great deal of rich spice. The soup is served for the last dish; and they have at least as great variety of ragouts as we have. I was very sorry I could not eat of as many as the good lady would have had me, who was very earnest in serving me of every thing. The treat concluded with coffee and perfumes, which is a high mark of respect; two slaves kneeling *censed* my hair, clothes, and handkerchief. After this ceremony, she commanded her slaves to play and dance, which they did with their guitars in their hands; and she excused to me their want of skill, saying she took no care to accomplish them in that art.

I returned her thanks, and soon after took my leave. I was conducted back in the same manner I entered; and would have gone straight to my own house; but the Greek lady with me earnestly solicited me to visit the *küyâya's* lady,¹ saying, he was the second officer in the empire, and ought indeed to be looked upon as the first, the Grand Vizier having only the name, while he exercised the authority. I had found so little diversion in this *harém*,² that I had no mind to go into another. But her importunity prevailed with me, and I am extreme glad that I was so complaisant.

¹ *Kyhaîd*, lieutenant. The deputy to the Grand Vizier.—D.

² *Harém*, literally "The Forbidden," the apartment sacredly appropriate to females, into which every man in Turkey, but the master of the house, is interdicted from entering.—D.

All things here were with quite another air than at the Grand Vizier's; and the very house confessed the difference between an old devote and a young beauty. It was nicely clean and magnificent. I was met at the door by two black eunuchs, who led me through a long gallery between two ranks of beautiful young girls, with their hair finely plaited, almost hanging to their feet, all dressed in fine light damasks, brocaded with silver. I was sorry that decency did not permit me to stop to consider them nearer. But that thought was lost upon my entrance into a large room, or rather pavilion, built round with gilded sashes, which were most of them thrown up, and the trees planted near them gave an agreeable shade, which hindered the sun from being troublesome. The jessamines and honeysuckles that twisted round their trunks, shedding a soft perfume, increased by a white marble fountain playing sweet water in the lower part of the room, which fell into three or four basins with a pleasing sound. The roof was painted with all sort of flowers, falling out of gilded baskets, that seemed tumbling down. On a sofa, raised three steps, and covered with fine Persian carpets, sat the *kiyâya's* lady, leaning on cushions of white satin, embroidered; and at her feet sat two young girls, the eldest about twelve years old, lovely as angels, dressed perfectly rich, and almost covered with jewels. But they were hardly seen near the fair *Fatime*: (for that is her name), so much her beauty effaced every thing I have seen, all that has been called lovely either in England or Germany, and [I] must own that I never saw any thing so gloriously beautiful, nor can I recollect a face that would have been taken notice of near hers. She stood up to receive me, saluting me after their fashion, putting her hand upon her heart with a sweetness full of majesty, that no court breeding could ever give. She ordered cushions to be given to me, and took care to place me in the corner, which is the place of honour. I confess, though the Greek lady had before given me a great opinion of her beauty, I was so struck with admiration, that I could not for some time speak to her, being wholly taken up in gazing. That surprising harmony of features!

that charming result of the whole! that exact proportion of body! that lovely bloom of complexion unsullied by art! the unutterable enchantment of her smile!——But her eyes!——large and black, with all the soft languishment of the blue! every turn of her face discovering some new charm.

After my first surprise was over, I endeavoured, by nicely examining her face, to find out some imperfection, without any fruit of my search, but being clearly convinced of the error of that vulgar notion, that a face perfectly regular would not be agreeable; nature having done for her with more success, what Apelles is said to have essayed, by a collection of the most exact features, to form, a perfect face, and to that, a behaviour so full of grace and sweetness, such easy motions, with an air so majestic, yet free from stiffness or affectation, that I am persuaded, could she be suddenly transported upon the most polite throne of Europe, nobody would think her other than born and bred to be a queen, though educated in a country we call barbarous. To say all in a word, our most celebrated English beauties would vanish near her.

She was dressed in a *capôtin* of gold brocade, flowered with silver, very well fitted to her shape, and shewing to advantage the beauty of her bosom, only shaded by the thin gauze of her shift. Her drawers were pale pink, green and silver, her slippers white, finely embroidered: her lovely arms adorned with bracelets of diamonds, and her broad girdle set round with diamonds; upon her head a rich Turkish handkerchief of pink and silver, her own fine black hair hanging a great length in various tresses, and on one side of her head some bodkins of jewels. I am afraid you will accuse me of extravagance in this description. I think I have read somewhere that women always speak in rapture when they speak of beauty, but I cannot imagine why they should not be allowed to do so. I rather think it [a] virtue to be able to admire without any mixture of desire or envy. The gravest writers have spoken with great warmth of some celebrated pictures and statues. The workmanship of Heaven certainly excels all

our weak imitations, and, I think, has a much better claim to our praise. For me, I am not ashamed to own I took more pleasure in looking on the beauteous Fatima, than the finest piece of sculpture could have given me.

She told me the two girls at her feet were her daughters, though she appeared too young to be their mother. Her fair maids were ranged below the sofa, to the number of twenty, and put me in mind of the pictures of the ancient nymphs. I did not think all nature could have furnished such a scene of beauty. She made them a sign to play and dance. Four of them immediately began to play some soft airs on instruments between a lute and a guitar, which they accompanied with their voices, while the others danced by turns. This dance was very different from what I had seen before. Nothing could be more artful, or more proper to raise certain ideas. The tunes so soft!—the motions so languishing!—accompanied with pauses and dying eyes! half-falling back, and then recovering themselves in so artful a manner, that I am very positive the coldest and most rigid prude upon earth could not have looked upon them without thinking of something not to be spoken of. I suppose you may have read that the Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of the English music from the bladder and string, and marrow-bones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic; 'tis true I am inclined to prefer the Italian, but perhaps I am partial. I am acquainted with a Greek lady who sings better than Mrs. Robinson,¹ and is very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish. 'Tis certain they have very fine natural voices; these were very agreeable. When the dance was over, four fair slaves came into the room with silver censers in their hands, and perfumed the air with amber, aloes-wood, and other rich scents. After this they served me coffee upon their knees in the finest japan china, with *soucoupes* of silver, gilt.

Anastasia Robinson, the opera singer, afterwards Countess of Peterborough.—T.

The lovely Fatima entertained me all this time in the most polite agreeable manner, calling me often *Guzél sultanum*, or the beautiful sultana, and desiring my friendship with the best grace in the world, lamenting that she could not entertain me in my own language.

When I took my leave, two maids brought in a fine silver basket of embroidered handkerchiefs; she begged I would wear the richest for her sake, and gave the others to my woman and interpretress. I retired through the same ceremonies as before, and could not help fancying I had been some time in Mahomet's paradise, so much I was charmed with what I had seen. I know not how the relation of it appears to you. I wish it may give you part of my pleasure; for I would have my dear sister share in all the diversions of, &c.

TO THE ABBOT — [THE ABBÉ CONTI].

Adrianople, May 17, O.S. [1717].

I AM going to leave Adrianople, and I would not do it without giving some account of all that is curious in it, which I have taken a great deal of pains to see.

I will not trouble you with wise dissertations, whether or no this is the same city that was anciently Orestesit or Oreste, which you know better than I do. It is now called from the Emperor Adrian, and was the first European seat of the Turkish empire, and has been the favourite residence of many sultans. Mahomet the Fourth, the father, and Mustapha, the brother of the reigning emperor, were so fond of it that they wholly abandoned Constantinople: which humour so far exasperated the janissaries, it was a considerable motive to the rebellions which deposed them. Yet this man seems to love to keep his court here. I can give no reason for this partiality. 'Tis true the situation is fine, and the country all round very beautiful; but the air is extremely bad, and the seraglio itself is not free from the ill effect of it. The town is said to be eight miles in compass; I suppose they reckon in the gardens. There are some good houses in it, I mean large ones; for the architecture of their palaces never makes any great show. It

is now very full of people; but they are most of them such as follow the court, or camp: and when they are removed, I am told 'tis no populous city. The river Maritza (anciently the Hebrus), on which it is situated, is dried up every summer, which contributes very much to make it unwholesome. It is now a very pleasant stream. There are two noble bridges built over it.

I had the curiosity to go to see the Exchange in my Turkish dress, which is disguise sufficient. Yet I own I was not very easy when I saw it crowded with janissaries; but they dare not be rude to a woman, and made way for me with as much respect as if I had been in my own figure. It is half a mile in length, the roof arched, and kept extremely neat. It holds three hundred and sixty-five shops, furnished with all sort of rich goods, exposed to sale in the same manner as at the New Exchange¹ in London; but the pavement kept much neater; and the shops all so clean, they seemed just new painted. Idle people of all sorts walk here for their diversion, or amuse themselves with drinking coffee, or sherbet, which is cried about as oranges and sweetmeats are in our play-houses.

I observed most of the rich tradesmen were Jews. That people are in incredible power in this country. They have many privileges above all the natural Turks themselves, and have formed a very considerable commonwealth here, being judged by their own laws, and have drawn the whole trade of the empire into their hands, partly by the firm union among themselves, and prevailing on the idle temper and want of industry of the Turks. Every pasha has his Jew, who is his *homme d'affaires*; he is let into all his secrets, and does all his business. No bargain is made, no bribe received, no merchandise disposed of, but what passes through their hands. They are the physicians, the stewards, and the interpreters of all the great men.

You may judge how advantageous this is to a people who never fail to make use of the smallest advantages. They have found the secret of making themselves so necessary, they are

¹ Exeter Change.—W.

certain of the protection of the court, whatever ministry is in power. Even the English, French, and Italian merchants, who are sensible of their artifices, are, however, forced to trust their affairs to their negotiation, nothing of trade being managed without them, and the meanest among them is too important to be disobliged, since the whole body take care of his interests with as much vigour as they would those of the most considerable of their members. There are many of them vastly rich, but take care to make little public show of it; though they live in their houses in the utmost luxury and magnificence.—This copious subject has drawn me from my description of the exchange, founded by Ali Pasha, whose name it bears. Near it is the *tchartshi*, a street of a mile in length, full of shops of all kinds of fine merchandise, but excessive dear, nothing being made here. It is covered over the top with boards, to keep out the rain, that merchants may meet conveniently in all weathers. The *bessiten* near it, is another exchange, built upon pillars, where all sort of horse-furniture is sold: glittering every where with gold, rich embroidery, and jewels, [it] makes a very agreeable show.

From this place I went, in my Turkish coach, to the camp, which is to move in a few days to the frontiers. The Sultan is already gone to his tents, and all his court; the appearance of them is, indeed, very magnificent. Those of the great men are rather like palaces than tents, taking up a great compass of ground, and being divided into a vast number of apartments. They are all of green, and the *pashas of three tails* have those ensigns of their power placed in a very conspicuous manner before their tents, which are adorned on the top with gilded balls, more or less according to their different ranks. The ladies go in their coaches to see this camp, as eagerly as ours did to that of Hyde Park;¹ but it is easy to observe, that the soldiers do not begin the campaign with any great cheerfulness. The war is a general grievance upon the people, but particularly hard upon the tradesmen, now that

Alluding to the encampment of the Horse and Foot Guards in Hyde Park in the summer of 1715.—T.

the Grand Signior is resolved to lead his army in person. Every company of them is obliged, upon this occasion, to make a present according to their ability.

I took the pains of rising at six in the morning to see that ceremony, which did not, however, begin till eight. The Grand Signior was at the seraglio window, to see the procession, which passed through all the principal streets. It was preceded by an *effendi* mounted on a camel, richly furnished, reading aloud the Alcoran, finely bound, laid upon a cushion. He was surrounded by a parcel of boys, in white, singing some verses of it, followed by a man dressed in green boughs, representing a clean husbandman sowing seed. After him several reapers, with garlands of ears of corn, as Ceres is pictured, with scythes in their hands, seeming to mow. Then a little machine drawn by oxen, in which was a windmill, and boys employed in grinding corn, followed by another machine, drawn by buffaloes, carrying an oven, and two more boys, one employed in kneading the bread, and another in drawing it out of the oven. These boys threw little cakes on both sides among the crowd, and were followed by the whole company of bakers, marching on foot, two and two, in their best clothes, with cakes, loaves, pasties, and pies of all sorts, on their heads, and after them two buffoons, or jack-puddings, with their faces and clothes smeared with meal, who diverted the mob with their antic gestures. In the same manner followed all the companies of trade in their empire; the nobler sort, such as jewellers, mercers, &c., finely mounted, and many of the pageants that represented their trades perfectly magnificent; among which the furriers' made one of the best figures, being a very large machine, set round with the skins of ermines, foxes, &c., so well stuffed, the animals seemed to be alive, followed by music and dancers. I believe they were, upon the whole, at least twenty thousand men, all ready to follow his highness if he commanded them. The rear was closed by the volunteers, who came to beg the honour of dying in his service. This part of the show seemed to me so barbarous, I removed from the window upon the first appearance of it.

They were all naked to the middle. Some had their arms pierced through with arrows, left sticking in them. Others had them sticking in their heads, the blood trickling down their faces, and some slashed their arms with sharp knives, making the blood spout out upon those that stood near; and this is looked upon as an expression of their zeal for glory. I am told that some make use of it to advance their love; and, when they are near the window where their mistress stands, (all the women in town being veiled to see this spectacle,) they stick another arrow for her sake, who gives some sign of approbation and encouragement to this gallantry. The whole show lasted near eight hours, to my great sorrow, who was heartily tired, though I was in the house of the widow of the capitain-pasha (admiral), who refreshed me with coffee, sweetmeats, sherbet, &c., with all possible civility.

I went, two days after, to see the mosque of Sultan Selim I.,¹ which is a building very well worth the curiosity of a traveller. I was dressed in my Turkish habit, and admitted without scruple: though I believe they guessed who I was, by the extreme officiousness of the doorkeeper to shew me every part of it. It is situated very advantageously in the midst of the city, and in the highest part, making a very noble show. The first court has four gates, and the innermost three. They are both of them surrounded with cloisters, with marble pillars of the Ionic order, finely polished and of very lively colours; the whole pavement being white marble, the roof of the cloisters being divided into several cupolas or domes, leaded, with gilt balls on the top. In the midst of each court [are] fine fountains of white marble; before the great gate of the mosque, a portico, with green marble pillars. It has five gates, the body of the mosque being one prodigious dome.

I understand so little of architecture, I dare not pretend to speak of the proportions. It seemed to me very regular; this I am sure of, it is vastly high, and I thought it the noblest

¹ The same Sultan, between the years 1552 and 1556, constructed another mosque at Constantinople, which bears his name. The architecture exactly resembles this, and forms a perfect square of seventy-five feet, with a flat cupola rising from the side walls.—D.

building I ever saw. It had two rows of marble galleries on pillars, with marble balusters; the pavement marble, covered with Persian carpets, and, in my opinion, it is a great addition to its beauty, that it is not divided into pews, and incumbered with forms and benches like our churches; nor the pillars (which are most of them red and white marble) disfigured by the little tawdry images and pictures that give the Roman Catholic churches the air of toy-shops. The walls seemed to me inlaid with such very lively colours, in small flowers, I could not imagine what stones had been made use of. But going nearer, I saw they were crusted with japan china, which has a very beautiful effect. In the midst hung a vast lamp of silver, gilt; besides which, I do verily believe, there were at least two thousand of a lesser size. This must look very glorious when they are all lighted; but that being at night, no women are suffered to enter. Under the large lamp is a great pulpit of carved wood, gilt; and just by it, a fountain to wash, which you know is an essential part of their devotion. In one corner is a little gallery, inclosed with gilded lattices, for the Grand Signior. At the upper end, a large niche, very like an altar, raised two steps, covered with gold brocade, and, standing before it, two silver gilt candlesticks, the height of a man, and in them white wax candles, as thick as a man's waist. The outside of the mosque is adorned with four towers, vastly high, gilt on the top, from whence the *imauns* call the people to prayers. I had the curiosity to go up one of them, which is contrived so artfully, as to give surprise to all that see it. There is but one door, which leads to three different staircases, going to the three different stories of the tower, in such a manner, that three priests may ascend, rounding, without ever meeting each other; a contrivance very much admired.

Behind the mosque is an exchange full of shops, where poor artificers are lodged *gratis*. I saw several dervises at their prayers here. They are dressed in a plain piece of woollen, with their arms bare, and a woollen cap on their heads, like a high-crowned hat without brims. I went to see

some other mosques, built much after the same manner, but not comparable in point of magnificence to this I have described, which is infinitely beyond any church in Germany or England; I won't talk of other countries I have not seen. The seraglio does not seem a very magnificent palace. But the gardens [are] very large, plentifully supplied with water, and full of trees: which is all I know of them, having never been in them.

I tell you nothing of the order of Mr. W——'s [Wortley's] entry and his audience. Those things are always the same, and have been so often described, I won't trouble you with the repetition. The young prince, about eleven years old, sits near his father when he gives audience: he is a handsome boy; but, probably, will not immediately succeed the Sultan, there being two sons of Sultan Mustapha (his eldest brother) remaining; the eldest about twenty years old, on whom the hopes of the people are fixed. This reign has been bloody and avaricious. I am apt to believe, they are very impatient to see the end of it.

I am, Sir, your, &c.

I will write to you again from Constantinople.

TO THE ABBOT — [ABBÉ CONTI].

Constantinople, May 29, O.S. [1717].

I HAVE had the advantage of very fine weather all my journey; and the summer being now in its beauty, I enjoyed the pleasure of fine prospects; and the meadows being full of all sort of garden flowers and sweet herbs, my berlin perfumed the air as it pressed them. The Grand Signior furnished us with thirty covered waggons for our baggage, and five coaches of the country for my women. We found the road full of the great spahis and their equipages coming out of Asia to the war. They always travel with tents; but I chose to lie in houses all the way.

I will not trouble you with the names of the villages we passed, in which there was nothing remarkable, but at Tchiorlú we were lodged in a *conac*, or little seraglio, built for

the use of the Grand Signior when he goes this road. I had the curiosity to view all the apartments destined for the ladies of his court. They were in the midst of a thick grove of trees, made fresh by fountains; but I was surprised to see the walls almost covered with little distiches of Turkish verse, written with pencils. I made my interpreter explain them to me, and I found several of them very well turned; though I easily believed him, that they lost much of their beauty in the translation. One was literally thus in English :

“ We come into this world: we lodge, and we depart,
He never goes, that's lodged within my heart.”

The rest of our journey was through fine painted meadows, by the side of the Sea of Marmora, the ancient Propontis. We lay the next night at Selivrea, anciently a noble town. It is now a very good seaport, and neatly built enough, and has a bridge of thirty-two arches. Here is a famous ancient Greek church. I had given one of my coaches to a Greek lady, who desired the conveniency of travelling with me; she designed to pay her devotions, and I was glad of the opportunity of going with her. I found it an ill-built place, set out with the same sort of ornaments, but less rich, than the Roman Catholic churches. They shewed me a saint's body, where I threw a piece of money; and a picture of the Virgin Mary, drawn by the hand of St. Luke, very little to the credit of his painting; but, however, the finest Madonna of Italy is not more famous for her miracles. The Greeks have a most monstrous taste in their pictures, which, for more finery, are always drawn upon a gold ground. You may imagine what a good air this has; but they have no notion either of shade or proportion. They have a bishop here, who officiated in his purple robe, and sent me a candle almost as big as myself for a present, when I was at my lodging.

We lay the next night at a town called Bujuk Checkmedji, or Great Bridge; and the night following, Kujuc Checkmedji, Little Bridge; in a very pleasant lodging, formerly a monastery of dervises, having before it a large court, encompassed with marble cloisters, with a good fountain in the middle

The prospect from this place, and the gardens round it, are the most agreeable I have seen; and shews that monks of all religions know how to choose their retirements. 'Tis now belonging to a *hogia* or schoolmaster, who teaches boys here; and asking him to shew me his own apartment, I was surprised to see him point to a tall cypress-tree in the garden, on the top of which was a place for a bed for himself, and, a little lower, one for his wife and two children, who slept there every night. I was so diverted with the fancy, I resolved to examine his nest nearer; but after going up fifty steps, I found I had still fifty to go [up], and then I must climb from branch to branch, with some hazard of my neck. I thought it the best way to come down again.

We arrived the next evening at Constantinople; but I can yet tell you very little of it, all my time having been taken up with receiving visits, which are, at least, a very good entertainment to the eyes, the young women being all beauties, and their beauty highly improved by the good taste of their dress. Our palace is in Pera, which is no more a suburb of Constantinople than Westminster is a suburb to London. All the ambassadors are lodged very near each other. One part of our house shews us the port, the city, and the seraglio, and the distant hills of Asia; perhaps, all together, the most beautiful prospect in the world.

A certain French author says, that Constantinople is twice as large as Paris. Mr. W—— [Wortley] is unwilling to own it is bigger than London, though I confess it appears to me to be so; but I don't believe it is so populous. The burying-fields about it are certainly much larger than the whole city. It is surprising what a vast deal of land is lost this way in Turkey. Sometimes I have seen burying-places of several miles, belonging to very inconsiderable villages, which were formerly great towns, and retain no other mark of their ancient grandeur. On no occasion they remove a stone that serves for a monument. Some of them are costly enough, being of very fine marble. They set up a pillar, with a carved turban on the top of it, to the memory of a man; and as the turbans,

by their different shapes, shew the quality or profession, 'tis in a manner putting up the arms of the deceased: besides, the pillar commonly bears a large inscription in gold letters. The ladies have a simple pillar, without other ornament, except those that die unmarried, who have a rose on the top of it. The sepulchres of particular families are railed in, and planted round with trees. Those of the sultans, and some great men, have lamps constantly burning in them.

When I spoke of their religion, I forgot to mention two particularities, one of which I have read of, but it seemed so odd to me, I could not believe it; yet 'tis certainly true: that, when a man has divorced his wife in the most solemn manner, he can take her again upon no other terms than permitting another man to pass a night with her; and there are some examples of those who have submitted to this law, rather than not have back their beloved. The other point of doctrine is very extraordinary. Any woman that dies unmarried is looked upon to die in a state of reprobation. To confirm this belief, they reason, that the end of the creation of woman is to increase and multiply; and she is only properly employed in the works of her calling when she is bringing [forth] children, or taking care of them, which are all the virtues that God expects from her. And, indeed, their way of life, which shuts them out of all public commerce, does not permit them any other. Our vulgar notion, that they do not own women to have any souls, is a mistake. 'Tis true, they say they are not of so elevated a kind, and therefore must not hope to be admitted into the paradise appointed for the men, who are to be entertained by celestial beauties. But there is a place of happiness destined for souls of the inferior order, where all good women are to be in eternal bliss. Many of them are very superstitious, and will not remain widows ten days, for fear of dying in the reprobate state of a useless creature. But those that like their liberty, and are not slaves to their religion, content themselves with marrying when they are afraid of dying. This is a piece of theology very different from that which teaches nothing to be more acceptable to God than a vow of

perpetual virginity: which divinity is most rational, I leave you to determine.

I have already made some progress in a collection of Greek medals. Here are several professed antiquaries who are ready to serve any body that desires them. But you cannot imagine how they stare in my face when I enquire about them, as if nobody was permitted to seek after medals till they were grown a piece of antiquity themselves. I have got some very valuable of the Macedonian kings, particularly one of Perseus, so lively, I fancy I can see all his ill qualities in his face. I have a porphyry head finely cut, of the true Greek sculpture; but who it represents, is to be guessed at by the learned when I return. For you are not to suppose these antiquaries (who are all Greeks) know any thing. Their trade is only to sell; they have correspondents at Aleppo, Grand Cairo, in Arabia, and Palestine, who send them all they can find, and very often great heaps that are only fit to melt into pans and kettles. They get the best price they can for any of them, without knowing those that are valuable from those that are not. Those that pretend to skill, generally find out the image of some saint in the medals of the Greek cities. One of them shewing me the figure of a Pallas, with a victory in her hand on a reverse, assured me it was the Virgin holding a crucifix. The same man offered me the head of a Socrates on a sardonix; and, to enhance the value, gave him the title of Saint Augustin.

I have bespoken a mummy, which I hope will come safe to my hands, notwithstanding the misfortune that befel a very fine one designed for the King of Sweden. He gave a great price for it, and the Turks took it into their heads that he must certainly have some considerable project depending upon it. They fancied it the body of God knows who; and that the fate of their empire mystically depended on the conservation of it. Some old prophecies were remembered upon this occasion, and the mummy committed prisoner to the Seven Towers, where it has remained under close confinement ever since: I dare not try my interest in so considerable a point as

the release of it; but I hope mine will pass without examination.

I can tell you nothing more at present of this famous city. When I have looked a little about me, you shall hear from me again.

I am, Sir, &c.

TO MR. P—— [POPE].

Belgrade Village.¹ June 17, O.S. [1717].

I HOPE before this time you have received two or three of my letters. I had yours but yesterday, though dated the third of February, in which you suppose me to be dead and buried. I have already let you know that I am still alive; but to say truth, I look upon my present circumstances to be exactly the same with those of departed spirits.

The heats of Constantinople have driven me to this place, which perfectly answers the description of the Elysian fields. I am in the middle of a wood, consisting chiefly of fruit-trees, watered by a vast number of fountains, famous for the excellency of their water, and divided into many shady walks, upon short grass, that seems to be artificial, but, I am assured, is the pure work of nature; within view of the Black Sea, from whence we perpetually enjoy the refreshment of cool breezes, that make us insensible of the heat of the summer. The village is only inhabited by the richest amongst the Christians, who meet every night at a fountain, forty paces from my house, to sing and dance, the beauty and dress of the women exactly resembling the ideas of the ancient nymphs, as they are given us by the representations of the poets and painters. But what persuades me more fully of my decease, is the situation of my own mind, the profound ignorance I am in of what

¹ The heat of Constantinople during the summer months is excessive, and the European embassies usually retire to the shores of the Bosphorus, or the village of Belgrade, about fourteen miles distant. In these delicious shades, and most beautiful forest scenery, Lady Mary was happy to pass her days. No English traveller visits Belgrade without participating her pleasure in her description, and inquiring after the site of her residence. At present no part of the house remains; for such is the fragility of Turkish structures, excepting their mosques, that they seldom last a century.—*Dallaway's Memoir of Lady Mary*.—T

passes among the living (which only comes to me by chance), and the great calmness with which I receive it. Yet I have still a hankering after my friends and acquaintance left in the world, according to the authority of that admirable author,

“ That spirits departed are wondrous kind
To friends and relations left behind :
Which nobody can deny.”

Of which solemn truth I am a *dead* instance. I think Virgil is of the same opinion, that in human souls there will still be some remains of human passions :

“ —Curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt.”

And 'tis very necessary, to make a perfect Elysium, that there should be a river Lethe, which I am not so happy to find.

To say truth, I am sometimes very weary of this singing, and dancing, and sunshine, and wish for the smoke and impertinencies in which you toil, though I endeavour to persuade myself that I live in a more agreeable variety than you do ; and that Monday, setting of partridges—Tuesday, reading English—Wednesday, studying the Turkish language (in which, by the way, I am already very learned)—Thursday, classical authors—Friday, spent in writing—Saturday, at my needle—and Sunday, admitting of visits, and hearing music, is a better way of disposing the week, than Monday, at the drawing-room—Tuesday, Lady Mohun's—Wednesday, the opera—Thursday, the play—Friday, Mrs. Chetwynd's, &c., a perpetual round of hearing the same scandal, and seeing the same follies acted over and over, which here affect me no more than they do other dead people. I can now hear of displeasing things with pity, and without indignation. The reflection on the great gulph between you and me, cools all news that come hither. I can neither be sensibly touched with joy nor grief, when I consider that possibly the cause of either is removed before the letter comes to my hands. But (as I said before) this indolence does not extend to my few friendships ; I am still warmly sensible of yours and Mr.

C.'s [Congreve's],¹ and desire to live in your remembrances, though dead to all the world beside.

TO THE LADY —.

Belgrave Village. June 17. O.S. [1717].²

I HEARTILY beg your ladyship's pardon; but I really could not forbear laughing heartily at your letter, and the commissions you are pleased to honour me with.

You desire me to buy you a Greek slave, who is to be mistress of a thousand good qualities. The Greeks are subjects, and not slaves. Those who are to be bought in that manner, are either such as are taken in war, or stolen by the Tartars from Russia, Circassia, or Georgia, and are such miserable, awkward, poor wretches, you would not think any of them worthy to be your housemaids. 'Tis true that many thousands were taken in the Morea; but they have been, most of them, redeemed by the charitable contributions of the Christians, or ransomed by their own relations at Venice. The fine slaves that wait upon the great ladies, or serve the pleasures of the great men, are all bought at the age of eight or nine years old, and educated with great care, to accomplish them in singing, dancing, embroidery, &c. They are commonly Circassians, and their patron never sells them, except it is as a punishment for some very great fault. If ever they grow weary of them, they either present them to a friend, or give them their freedom. Those that are exposed to sale at the markets are always either guilty of some crime, or so en-

¹ In the manuscript, "Congreve's." but struck out except initial.—T.

² Mr. Wortley Montagu removed to the Sultan's camp at Basarsich, near Sophia, in September following the date of this letter, and remained there till the end of the year. Whether Lady Mary accompanied him does not appear. His departure from Constantinople is thus announced in the Weekly Journal of Dec. 21. 1717, in the form of an advice from the "Grand Vizier's camp," dated Oct. 1 :—"The Lord Ambassador Wortley Montagu having received an invitation from the Porte to come to the Grand Signior's camp at Philipopoli, set out from Constantinople the 12th of September, and arrived at the said camp the 21st of September, where, according to the custom of ambassadors, he made his public entry with a great ceremony and magnificence. The next day the Grand Vizier arrived in the camp from Nizza, ordered his excellency's tents to be pitched near his own, and a chamber of janissaries was ordered to serve and guard him. October 5 he visited the Vizier, and was received and entertained with great civility."—T.

tirely worthless that they are of no use at all. I am afraid you will doubt the truth of this account, which I own is very different from our common notions in England; but it is no less truth for all that.

Your whole letter is full of mistakes from one end to the other. I see you have taken your ideas of Turkey from that worthy author Dumont, who has written with equal ignorance and confidence. 'Tis a particular pleasure to me here, to read the voyages to the Levant, which are generally so far removed from truth, and so full of absurdities, I am very well diverted with them. They never fail giving you an account of the women, whom 'tis certain they never saw, and talking very wisely of the genius of the men, into whose company they are never admitted; and very often describe mosques, which they dare not peep into. The Turks are very proud, and will not converse with a stranger they are not assured is considerable in his own country. I speak of the men of distinction; for as to the ordinary fellows, you may imagine what ideas their conversation can give of the general genius of the people.

As to the balm of Mecca, I will certainly send you some; but it is not so easily got as you suppose it, and I cannot, in conscience, advise you to make use of it. I know not how it comes to have such universal applause. All the ladies of my acquaintance at London and Vienna have begged me to send pots of it to them. I have had a present of a small quantity (which, I'll assure you, is very valuable) of the best sort, and with great joy applied it to my face, expecting some wonderful effect to my advantage. The next morning the change indeed was wonderful; my face was swelled to a very extraordinary size, and all over as red as my Lady B.'s. It remained in this lamentable state three days, during which you may be sure I passed my time very ill. I believed it would never be otherways; and to add to my mortification, Mr. W—— [Wortley] reproached my indiscretion without ceasing. However, my face is since *in statu quo*; nay, I am told by the ladies here, that it is much mended by the operation, which I confess I cannot perceive in my looking-glass. Indeed, if one were to

form an opinion of this balm from their faces, one should think very well of it. They all make use of it, and have the loveliest bloom in the world. For my part, I never intend to endure the pain of it again; let my complexion take its natural course, and decay in its own due time. I have very little esteem for medicines of this nature; but do as you please, madam; only remember, before you use it, that your face will not be such as you will care to show in the drawing-room for some days after.

If one was to believe the women in this country, there is a surer way of making one's self beloved than by becoming handsome; though you know that's our method. But they pretend to the knowledge of secrets that, by way of enchantment, give them the entire empire over whom they please. For me, who am not very apt to believe in wonders, I cannot find faith for this. I disputed the point last night with a lady, who really talks very sensibly on any other subject; but she was downright angry with me, that she did not perceive she had persuaded me of the truth of forty stories she told me of this kind; and at last mentioned several ridiculous marriages, that there could be no other reason assigned for. I assured her, that in England, where we were entirely ignorant of all magic, where the climate is not half so warm, nor the women half so handsome, we were not without our ridiculous marriages; and that we did not look upon it as any thing supernatural when a man played the fool for the sake of a woman. But my arguments could not convince her against (as she said) her certain knowledge, though, she added, that she scrupled making use of charms herself; but that she could do it whenever she pleased; and, staring in my face, said (with a very learned air), that no enchantments would have their effect upon me; and that there were some people exempt from their power, but very few. You may imagine how I laughed at this discourse; but all the women here are of the same opinion. They don't pretend to any commerce with the devil; but that there are certain compositions to inspire love. If one could send over a ship-load of them, I fancy it would be a very quick

way of raising an estate. What would not some ladies of our acquaintance give for such merchandize?

Adieu, my dear Lady —, I cannot conclude my letter with a subject that affords more delightful scenes to [the] imagination. I leave you to figure to yourself the extreme court that will be made to me, at my return, if my travels should furnish me with such a useful piece of learning.

I am, dear madam, &c.

TO MR. P——.¹

Sept. 1, 1717.

WHEN I wrote to you last, Belgrade was in the hands of the Turks; but at this present moment, it has changed masters, and is in the hands of the Imperialists. A janissary, who in nine days, and yet without any wings but what a panic terror seems to have furnished, arrived at Constantinople from the army of the Turks before Belgrade, brought Mr. W. the news of a complete victory obtained by the Imperialists, commanded by Prince Eugene, over the Ottoman troops. It is said, the prince has discovered great conduct and valour in this action, and I am particularly glad that the voice of glory and duty has called him from the—— (*Here several words of the manuscript are effaced.*) Two days after the battle the town surrendered. The consternation which this defeat has occasioned here, is inexpressible; and the Sultan apprehending a revolution from the resentment and indignation of the people, fomented by certain leaders, has begun his precautions, after the goodly fashion of this blessed government, by ordering several persons to be strangled who were the objects of his royal suspicion. He has also ordered his treasurer to advance some months' pay to the janissaries, which seems the less

¹ This letter was first published in the "Additional Volume to the Letters of the Right Honourable Lady M—y W—y M—e," 1767, said to have been edited by the notorious John Cleland. No manuscript authority has ever been produced, and the authenticity of the letter, as of all others first published in the volume referred to, is extremely doubtful. It is evidently intended to be read as a letter to Pope; but the compliments to him at the expense of Addison are such as Lady Mary was not likely to have written, and the allusion to Twickenham was impossible, as Pope did not remove to Twickenham till more than twelve months later.—T.

necessary, as their conduct has been bad in this campaign, and their licentious ferocity seems pretty well tamed by the public contempt. Such of them as return in straggling and fugitive parties to the metropolis, have not spirit nor credit enough to defend themselves from the insults of the mob; the very children taunt them, and the populace spit in their faces as they pass. They refused during the battle to lend their assistance to save the baggage and the military chest, which, however, were defended by the bashaws and their retinue, while the janissaries and spahis were nobly employed in plundering their own camp.

You see here that I give you a very handsome return for your obliging letter. You entertain me with a most agreeable account of your amiable connections with men of letters and taste, and of the delicious moments you pass in their society under the rural shade; and I exhibit to you in return, the barbarous spectacle of Turks and Germans cutting one another's throats. But what can you expect from such a country as this, from which the Muses have fled, from which letters seem eternally banished, and in which you see, in private scenes, nothing pursued as happiness but the refinements of an indolent voluptuousness, and where those who act upon the public theatre live in uncertainty, suspicion, and terror! Here pleasure, to which I am no enemy, when it is properly seasoned and of a good composition, is surely of the cloying kind. Veins of wit, elegant conversation, easy commerce, are unknown among the Turks; and yet they seem capable of all these, if the vile spirit of their government did not stifle genius, damp curiosity, and suppress a hundred passions, that embellish and render life agreeable. The luscious passion of the seraglio is the only one almost that is gratified here to the full, but it is blended so with the surly spirit of despotism in one of the parties, and with the dejection and anxiety which this spirit produces in the other, that to one of my way of thinking it cannot appear otherwise than as a very mixed kind of enjoyment. The women here are not, indeed, so closely confined as many have related; they enjoy a high degree of

liberty, even in the bosom of servitude, and they have methods of evasion and disguise that are very favourable to gallantry; but, after all, they are still under uneasy apprehensions of being discovered; and a discovery exposes them to the most merciless rage of jealousy, which is here a monster that cannot be satiated but with blood. The magnificence and riches that reign in the apartments of the ladies of fashion here, seem to be one of their chief pleasures, joined with their retinue of female slaves, whose music, dancing, and dress amuse them highly;—but there is such an air of form and stiffness amidst this grandeur, as hinders it from pleasing me at long run, however I was dazzled with it at first sight. This stiffness and formality of manners are peculiar to the Turkish ladies; for the Grecian belles are of quite another character and complexion; with them pleasure appears in more engaging forms, and their persons, manners, conversation, and amusements, are very far from being destitute of elegance and ease.

I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared secretary of state with the less surprise, in that I know that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and [I] really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both. It is well that he laid aside the thoughts of the voluminous dictionary, of which I have heard you or somebody else frequently make mention. But no more on that subject; I would not have said so much, were I not assured that this letter will come safe and unopened to hand. I long much to tread upon English ground, that I may see you and Mr. Congreve, who render that ground classic ground; nor will you refuse our present secretary a part of that merit, whatever reasons you may have to be dissatisfied with him in other respects. You are the three happiest poets I ever heard of; one a secretary of state, the other enjoying leisure with dignity in two lucrative employments; and you, though your religious profession is an obstacle to court promo-

tion, and disqualifies you from filling civil employments, have found the philosopher's stone, since by making the *Iliad* pass through your poetical crucible into an English form, without losing aught of its original beauty, you have drawn the golden current of Pactolus to Twickenham. I call this finding the philosopher's stone, since you alone found out the secret and nobody else has got into it. A——n [Addison] and T——l [Tickell] tried it, but their experiments failed; and they lost, if not their money, at least a certain portion of their fame in the trial;—while you touched the mantle of the divine bard, and imbibed his spirit. I hope we shall have the *Odyssey* soon from your happy hand, and I think I shall follow with singular pleasure the traveller Ulysses, who was an observer of men and manners, when he travels in your harmonious numbers. I love him much better than the hot-headed son of Peleus, who bullied his general, cried for his mistress, and so on. It is true, the excellence of the *Iliad* does not depend upon his merit or dignity, but I wish, nevertheless, that Homer had chosen a hero somewhat less pettish and less fantastic: a perfect hero is chimerical and unnatural, and consequently uninteresting; but it is also true that while the epic hero ought to be drawn with the infirmities that are the lot of humanity, he ought never to be represented as extremely absurd. But it becomes me ill to play the critic; so I take my leave of you for this time, and desire you will believe me, with the highest esteem,
Yours, &c.

TO MRS. T. [THISTLETHWAYTE].

Pera of Constantinople, Jan. 4. O.S. [1718].

I AM infinitely obliged to you, dear Mrs. T. [Thistlethwayte],¹ for your entertaining letter. You are the only one of my correspondents that have judged right enough, to think I would gladly be informed of the news among you. All the rest of them tell me (almost in the same words) that they suppose I know every thing. Why they are pleased to suppose in this manner, I can guess no reason, except that they are

¹ Originally "Thistlethwayte," but struck out except initial.—T.

persuaded that the breed of Mahomet's pigeon still subsists in this country, and that I receive supernatural intelligence.

I wish I could return your goodness with some diverting accounts from hence. But I know not what part of the scenes here would gratify your curiosity, or whether you have any curiosity at all for things so far distant. To say the truth, I am, at this present writing, not very much turned for the recollection of what is diverting, my head being wholly filled with the preparations necessary for the increase of my family, which I expect every day. You may easily guess at my uneasy situation. But I am, however, in some degree comforted, by the glory that accrues to me from it, and a reflection on the contempt I should otherwise fall under. You won't know what to make of this speech; but, in this country, it is more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than it is with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that, whenever a woman leaves off bringing children, it is because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary; and this opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as necessary, in order to be a received beauty, as it is to shew the proofs of nobility, to be admitted knight of Malta,) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sort of quackeries, to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance that have been married ten years, have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When they are with child, it is their common expression to say, They hope God will be so merciful to them to send two this time; and when I have asked them sometimes, How they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answered, That the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully.

The French embassadress is forced to comply with this fashion as well as myself. She has not been here much above a year, and has lain in once, and is big again. What is most wonderful is, the exemption they seem to enjoy from the curse entailed on the sex. They see all company the day of their delivery, and, at the fortnight's end, return visits, set out in their jewels and new clothes. I wish I may find the influence of the climate in this particular. But I fear I shall continue an Englishwoman in that affair, as well as I do in my dread of fire and plague, which are two things very little feared here, most families having had their houses burnt down once or twice, occasioned by their extraordinary way of warming themselves, which is neither by chimneys nor stoves, but a certain machine called a *tendour*, the height of two feet, in the form of a table, covered with a fine carpet or embroidery. This is made only of wood, and they put into it a small quantity of hot ashes, and sit with their legs under the carpet. At this table they work, read, and very often sleep; and, if they chance to dream, kick down the *tendour*, and the hot ashes commonly set the house on fire. There were five hundred houses burnt in this manner about a fortnight ago, and I have seen several of the owners since, who seemed not at all moved at so common a misfortune. They put their goods into a *bark*, and see their houses burn with great philosophy, their persons being very seldom endangered, having no stairs to descend.

But, having entertained you with things I don't like, it is but just I should tell you something that pleases me. The climate is delightful in the extremest degree. I am now sitting, this present fourth of January, with the windows open, enjoying the warm shine of the sun, while you are freezing over a sad sea-coal fire; and my chamber set out with carnations, roses, and jonquils, fresh from my garden. I am also charmed with many points of the Turkish law, to our shame be it spoken, better designed and better executed than ours; particularly, the punishment of convicted liars (triumphant criminals in our country, God knows): They are burnt in the

forehead with a hot iron, being proved the authors of any notorious falsehood. How many white foreheads should we see disfigured, how many fine gentlemen would be forced to wear their wigs as low as their eyebrows, were this law in practice with us! I should go on to tell you many other parts of justice, but I must send for my midwife.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Pera of Constantinople, March 10, O.S. [1718].

I HAVE not written to you, dear sister, these many months: —a great piece of self-denial. But I know not where to direct, or what part of the world you were in. I have received no letter from you since that short note of April last, in which you tell me, that you are on the point of leaving England, and promise me a direction for the place you stay in; but I have in vain expected it till now: and now I only learn from the gazette, that you are returned, which induces me to venture this letter to your house at London.¹ I had rather ten of my letters should be lost, than you imagine I don't write; and I think it is hard fortune if one in ten don't reach you. However, I am resolved to keep the copies, as testimonies of my inclination to give you, to the utmost of my power, all the diverting part of my travels, while you are exempt from all the fatigues and inconveniences.

In the first place, I wish you joy of your niece; for I was brought to bed of a daughter² five weeks ago. I don't mention this as one of my diverting adventures; though I must own that it is not half so mortifying here as in England, there being as much difference as there is between a little cold in the head, which sometimes happens here, and the consumptive coughs, so common in London. Nobody keeps their house a month for lying in; and I am not so fond of any of our customs to retain them when they are not necessary. I

¹ The Daily Journal of April 20, 1717, announced that "The Countess of Mar, upon leave obtained, set out last week to go to her husband, who by the last advices from abroad, is said to be going to embark in France for Sweden." Her return is mentioned in the Weekly Journal of the 19th of October following.—T.

² Mary, afterwards married to John, Earl of Bute.—W.

returned my visits at three weeks' end; and about four days ago crossed the sea, which divides this place from Constantinople, to make a new one, where I had the good fortune to pick up many curiosities.

I went to see the Sultana Hafitén, favourite of the late Emperor Mustapha, who, you know, (or perhaps you don't know) was deposed by his brother, the reigning Sultan Achmet, and died a few weeks after, being poisoned, as it was generally believed. This lady was, immediately after his death, saluted with an absolute order to leave the seraglio, and choose herself a husband from the great men at the Porte. I suppose you may imagine her overjoyed at this proposal. Quite contrary: these women, who are called, and esteem themselves, queens, look upon this liberty as the greatest disgrace and affront that can happen to them. She threw herself at the Sultan's feet, and begged him to poignard her, rather than use his brother's widow with that contempt. She represented to him, in agonies of sorrow, that she was privileged from this misfortune, by having brought five princes into the Ottoman family; but all the boys being dead, and only one girl surviving, this excuse was not received, and she [was] compelled to make her choice. She chose Bekir Effendi, then secretary of state, and above fourscore years old, to convince the world that she firmly intended to keep the vow she had made, of never suffering a second husband to approach her bed; and since she must honour some subject so far as to be called his wife, she would choose him as a mark of her gratitude, since it was he that had presented her at the age of ten years old, to her last lord. But she has never permitted him to pay her one visit; though it is now fifteen years she has been in his house, where she passes her time in uninterrupted mourning, with a constancy very little known in Christendom, especially in a widow of twenty-one, for she is now but thirty-six. She has no black eunuchs for her guard, her husband being obliged to respect her as a queen, and not inquire at all into what is done in her apartment, where I was led into a large room, with a sofa the whole length of it, adorned with

white marble pillars like a *ruelle*, covered with pale blue figured velvet on a silver ground, with cushions of the same, where I was desired to repose till the Sultana appeared, who had contrived this manner of reception to avoid rising up at my entrance, though she made me an inclination of her head when I rose up to her. I was very glad to observe a lady that had been distinguished by the favour of an emperor, to whom beauties were every day presented from all parts of the world. But she did not seem to me to have ever been half so beautiful as the fair Fatima I saw at Adrianople; though she had the remains of a fine face, more decayed by sorrow than time. But her dress was something so surprisingly rich, I cannot forbear describing it to you. She wore a vest called *donalma*, and which differs from a *caftán* by longer sleeves, and folding over at the bottom. It was of purple cloth, strait to her shape, and thick set, on each side, down to her feet, and round the sleeves, with pearls of the best water, of the same size as their buttons commonly are. You must not suppose I mean as large as those of my Lord —, but about the bigness of a pea; and to these buttons large loops of diamonds, in the form of those gold loops so common upon birthday coats. This habit was tied, at the waist, with two large tassels of smaller pearl, and round the arms embroidered with large diamonds: her shift fastened at the bottom with a great diamond, shaped like a lozenge; her girdle as broad as the broadest English ribbon, entirely covered with diamonds. Round her neck she wore three chains, which reached to her knees: one of large pearl, at the bottom of which hung a fine coloured emerald, as big as a turkey-egg; another, consisting of two hundred emeralds, close joined together, of the most lively green, perfectly matched, every one as large as a half-crown piece, and as thick as three crown pieces; and another of small emeralds, perfectly round. But her earrings eclipsed all the rest. They were two diamonds, shaped exactly like pears, as large as a big hazel-nut. Round her talpoche she had four strings of pearl, the whitest and most perfect in the world, at least enough to make four necklaces,

every one as large as the Duchess of Marlborough's, and of the same size, fastened with two roses, consisting of a large ruby for the middle stone, and round them twenty drops of clean diamonds to each. Beside this, her head-dress was covered with bodkins of emeralds and diamonds. She wore large diamond bracelets, and had five rings on her fingers, all single diamonds, (except Mr. Pitt's) the largest I ever saw in my life. It is for jewellers to compute the value of these things; but, according to the common estimation of jewels in our part of the world, her whole dress must be worth above a hundred thousand pounds sterling. This I am very sure of, that no European queen has half the quantity: and the empress's jewels, though very fine, would look very mean near hers.

She gave me a dinner of fifty dishes of meat, which (after their fashion) were placed on the table but one at a time, and was extremely tedious. But the magnificence of her table answered very well to that of her dress. The knives were of gold, the hafts set with diamonds. But the piece of luxury that grieved my eyes was the tablecloth and napkins, which were all tiffany, embroidered with silks and gold, in the finest manner, in natural flowers. It was with the utmost regret that I made use of these costly napkins, as finely wrought as the finest handkerchiefs that ever came out of this country. You may be sure, that they were entirely spoiled before dinner was over. The sherbet (which is the liquor they drink at meals) was served in china bowls; but the covers and salvers massy gold. After dinner, water was brought in a gold basin, and towels of the same kind of the napkins, which I very unwillingly wiped my hands upon; and coffee was served in china, with gold *soucoupes*.

The Sultana seemed in very good humour, and talked to me with the utmost civility. I did not omit this opportunity of learning all that I possibly could of the seraglio, which is so entirely unknown among us. She assured me, that the story of the Sultan's throwing a handkerchief is altogether fabulous; and the manner upon that occasion, no other but

that he sends the *kyslár agá*, to signify to the lady the honour he intends her. She is immediately complimented upon it by the others, and led to the bath, where she is perfumed and dressed in the most magnificent and becoming manner. The Emperor precedes his visit by a royal present, and then comes into her apartment: neither is there any such thing as her creeping in at the bed's foot. She said, that the first he made choice of was always after the first in rank, and not the mother of the eldest son, as other writers would make us believe. Sometimes the Sultan diverts himself in the company of all his ladies, who stand in a circle round him. And she confessed that they were ready to die with jealousy and envy of the happy she that he distinguished by any appearance of preference. But this seemed to me neither better nor worse than the circles in most courts, where the glance of the monarch is watched, and every smile waited for with impatience, and envied by those who cannot obtain it.

She never mentioned the Sultan without tears in her eyes, yet she seemed very fond of the discourse. "My past happiness," said she, "appears a dream to me. Yet I cannot forget that I was beloved by the greatest and most lovely of mankind. I was chosen from all the rest, to make all his campaigns with him; I would not survive him, if I was not passionately fond of the princess my daughter. Yet all my tenderness for her was hardly enough to make me preserve my life. When I lost him, I passed a whole twelvemonth without seeing the light. Time has softened my despair; yet I now pass some days every week in tears, devoted to the memory of my Sultan."

There was no affectation in these words. It was easy to see she was in a deep melancholy, though her good humour made her willing to divert me.

She asked me to walk in her garden, and one of her slaves immediately brought her a *pellice* of rich brocade lined with sables. I waited on her into the garden, which had nothing in it remarkable but the fountains; and from thence she shewed me all her apartments. In her bed-chamber her toilet

was displayed, consisting of two looking-glasses, the frames covered with pearls, and her night *talpoche* set with bodkins of jewels, and near it three vests of fine sables, every one of which is, at least, worth a thousand dollars (two hundred pounds English money). I don't doubt these rich habits were purposely placed in sight, but they seemed negligently thrown on the sofa. When I took my leave of her, I was complimented with perfumes, as at the Grand Vizier's, and presented with a very fine embroidered handkerchief. Her slaves were to the number of thirty, besides ten little ones, the eldest not above seven years old. These were the most beautiful girls I ever saw, all richly dressed; and I observed that the Sultana took a great deal of pleasure in these lovely children, which is a vast expense; for there is not a handsome girl of that age to be bought under a hundred pounds sterling. They wore little garlands of flowers, and their own hair, braided, which was all their head-dress; but their habits all of gold stuffs. These served her coffee, kneeling; brought water when she washed, &c. It is a great part of the business of the older slaves to take care of these girls, to learn them to embroider, and serve them as carefully as if they were children of the family.

Now, do I fancy that you imagine I have entertained you, all this while, with a relation that has, at least, received many embellishments from my hand? This is but too like (say you) the Arabian Tales: these embroidered napkins! and a jewel as large as a turkey's egg!—You forget, dear sister, those very tales were written by an author of this country, and (excepting the enchantments) are a real representation of the manners here. We travellers are in very hard circumstances: If we say nothing but what has been said before us, we are dull, and we have observed nothing. If we tell any thing new, we are laughed at as fabulous and romantic, not allowing for the difference of ranks, which afford difference of company, more curiosity, or the changes of customs, that happen every twenty years in every country. But people judge of travellers exactly with the same candour, good nature, and impartiality,

they judge of their neighbours upon all occasions. For my part, if I live to return amongst you, I am so well acquainted with the morals of all my dear friends and acquaintance, that I am resolved to tell them nothing at all, to avoid the imputation (which their charity would certainly incline them to) of my telling too much. But I depend upon your knowing me enough to believe whatever I seriously assert for truth ; though I give you leave to be surprised at an account so new to you.

But what would you say if I told you, that I have been in a harém, where the winter apartment was wainscoted with inlaid work of mother-of-pearl, ivory of different colours, and olive wood, exactly like the little boxes you have seen brought out of this country ; and those rooms designed for summer, the walls all crusted with japan china, the roofs gilt, and the floors spread with the finest Persian carpets ? Yet there is nothing more true ; such is the palace of my lovely friend, the fair Fatima, whom I was acquainted with at Adrianople. I went to visit her yesterday ; and, if possible, she appeared to me handsomer than before. She met me at the door of her chamber, and, giving me her hand with the best grace in the world—" You Christian ladies," said she, with a smile that made her as handsome as an angel, " have the reputation of inconstancy, and I did not expect, whatever goodness you expressed for me at Adrianople, that I should ever see you again. But I am now convinced that I have really the happiness of pleasing you ; and, if you knew how I speak of you amongst our ladies, you would be assured that you do me justice if you think me your friend." She placed me in the corner of the sofa, and I spent the afternoon in her conversation, with the greatest pleasure in the world.

The Sultana Hafitén is, what one would naturally expect to find a Turkish lady, willing to oblige, but not knowing how to go about it ; and it is easy to see in her manner, that she has lived secluded from the world. But Fatima has all the politeness and good breeding of a court ; with an air that inspires, at once, respect and tenderness ; and now I understand her language, I find her wit as engaging as her beauty. She

is very curious after the manners of other countries, and has not that partiality for her own, so common to little minds. A Greek that I carried with me, who had never seen her before, (nor could have been admitted now, if she had not been in my train,) shewed that surprise at her beauty and manner which is unavoidable at the first sight, and said to me in Italian, "This is no Turkish lady, she is certainly some Christian." Fatima guessed she spoke of her, and asked what she said. I would not have told, thinking she would have been no better pleased with the compliment than one of our court beauties to be told she had the air of a Turk; but the Greek lady told it her; and she smiled, saying, "It is not the first time I have heard so: my mother was a Poloneze, taken at the siege of Caminiec; and my father used to rally me, saying, He believed his Christian wife had found some Christian gallant; for I had not the air of a Turkish girl." I assured her, that, if all the Turkish ladies were like her, it was absolutely necessary to confine them from public view, for the repose of mankind; and proceeded to tell her what a noise such a face as hers would make in London or Paris. "I can't believe you," replied she agreeably; "if beauty was so much valued in your country as you say, they would never have suffered you to leave it." Perhaps, dear sister, you laugh at my vanity in repeating this compliment; but I only do it as I think it very well turned, and give it you as an instance of the spirit of her conversation.

Her house was magnificently furnished, and very well fancied; her winter rooms being furnished with figured velvet on gold grounds, and those for summer with fine Indian quilting embroidered with gold. The houses of the great Turkish ladies are kept clean with as much nicety as those in Holland. This was situated in a high part of the town; and from the windows of her summer apartment we had the prospect of the sea, the islands, and the Asian mountains.

My letter is insensibly grown so long, I am ashamed of it. This is a very bad symptom. 'Tis well if I don't degenerate into a downright story-teller. It may be, our proverb, that

knowledge is no burthen, may be true as to one's self, but knowing too much is very apt to make us troublesome to other people.

TO THE LADY ———.

Pera, Constantinople, March 16, O. S. [1718].

I AM extremely pleased, my dear lady, that you have at length found a commission for me that I can answer without disappointing your expectations ; though I must tell you, that it is not so easy as perhaps you think it ; and that, if my curiosity had not been more diligent than any other stranger's has ever yet been, I must have answered you with an excuse, as I was forced to do when you desired me to buy you a Greek slave. I have got for you, as you desire, a Turkish love-letter, which I have put in a little box, and ordered the captain of the Smyrniote to deliver it to you with this letter. The translation of it is literally as follows : The first piece you should pull out of the purse is a little pearl, which is in Turkish called *Ingi*, and should be understood in this manner :

Ingi,	Sensin Guzelerin gingi
Pearl,	<i>Fairest of the young.</i>
Caremfıl,	Caremfılsen cararen yök
Clove,	Conge gulsum timarin yök
	Benseny chok than severim
	Senin benden, haberin yök.
	<i>You are as slender as this clove !</i>
	<i>You are an unblown rose !</i>
	<i>I have long loved you, and you have not known it !</i>
Pul,	Derdime derman bul
Jonquil,	<i>Have pity on my passion !</i>
Kihat,	Birlerum sahat sahat
Paper,	<i>I faint every hour !</i>
Ermus,	Ver bize bir umut
Pear,	<i>Give me some hope.</i>
Jabun,	Derdinden oldum zabun
Soap,	<i>I am sick with love.</i>
Chemur,	Ben oliyim size umur
Coal,	<i>May I die, and all my years be yours !</i>
Gul,	Ben aglarum sen gul
A rose,	<i>May you be pleased, and all your sorrows mine !</i>

Hasir,	Ollim sana yazir
<i>A straw,</i>	<i>Suffer me to be your share.</i>
Jo ha,	Ustune bulunmaz pahu
<i>Cloth,</i>	<i>Your price is not to be found.</i>
Tartsin,	Sen ghel ben chekeim senin hargin
<i>Cinnamon,</i>	<i>But my fortune is yours.</i>
Gira,	Esking-ilen oldum ghira
<i>A match,</i>	<i>I burn, I burn! my flame consumes me!</i>
Sirma,	Uzunu benden a yirma
<i>Gold thread,</i>	<i>Don't turn away your face.</i>
Satch,	Bazmazum tatch
<i>Hair,</i>	<i>Crown of my head!</i>
Uzum,	Benim iki Guzum
<i>Grape,</i>	<i>My eyes!</i>
Tel,	Ulugornim tez ghel
<i>Gold wire,</i>	<i>I die—come quickly.</i>

And, by way of postscript:

Biber,	Bize bir dogm haber
<i>Pepper,</i>	<i>Send me an answer.</i>

You see this letter is all verses, and I can assure you there is as much fancy shewn in the choice of them, as in the most studied expressions of our letters; there being, I believe, a million of verses designed for this use. There is no colour, no flower, no weed, no fruit, herb, pebble, or feather, that has not a verse belonging to it; and you may quarrel, reproach, or send letters of passion, friendship or civility. or even of news, without ever inking your fingers.

I fancy you are now wondering at my profound learning; but, alas! dear madam, I am almost fallen into the misfortune so common to the ambitious; while they are employed on distant insignificant conquests abroad, a rebellion starts up at home;—I am in great danger of losing my English. I find it is not half so easy to me to write in it as it was a twelvemonth ago. I am forced to study for expressions, and must leave off all other languages, and try to learn my mother tongue. Human understanding is as much limited as human power. or human strength. The memory can retain but a certain number of images; and 'tis as impossible for one human

creature to be perfect master of ten different languages, as to have in perfect subjection ten different kingdoms, or to fight against ten men at a time: I am afraid I shall at last know none as I should do. I live in a place that very well represents the tower of Babel: in Pera they speak Turkish, Greek, Hebrew, Armenian, Arabic, Persian, Russian, Sclavonian, Wallachian, German, Dutch, French, English, Italian, Hungarian; and, what is worse, there are ten of these languages spoken in my own family. My grooms are Arabs; my footmen, French, English, and Germans; my nurse, an Armenian; my housemaids, Russians; half a dozen other servants, Greeks; my steward, an Italian; my janissaries, Turks; [so] that I live in the perpetual hearing of this medley of sounds, which produces a very extraordinary effect upon the people that are born here; they learn all these languages at the same time, and without knowing any of them well enough to write or read in it. There are very few men, women, or even children, here, that have not the same compass of words in five or six of them. I know myself several infants of three or four years old, that speak Italian, French, Greek, Turkish, and Russian, which last they learn of their nurses, who are generally of that country. This seems almost incredible to you, and is, in my mind, one of the most curious things in this country, and takes off very much from the merit of our ladies who set up for such extraordinary geniuses, upon the credit of some superficial knowledge of French and Italian.

As I prefer English to all the rest, I am extremely mortified at the daily decay of it in my head, where I'll assure you (with grief of heart) it is reduced to such a small number of words, I cannot recollect any tolerable phrase to conclude my letter, and am forced to tell your ladyship very bluntly that I am, your faithful humble servant.

TO MR. WORTLEY MONTAGU.¹

Sunday, March 28, 1717-8.

“ . . . THE boy was engrafted last Tuesday, and is at this

¹ From a fac-simile published by Mr. Dallaway, and headed “Extracts from a letter written by Lady M. W. M. from Belgrade [village] to Mr. Wortley at Pera.” The letter is not included in the collection in the manuscript book.—T.

time singing and playing, and very impatient for his supper. I pray God my next may give as good an account of him. . . . I cannot engraft the girl; her nurse has not had the small-pox."

TO THE COUNTESS OF B. [BRISTOL].

[10 April 1718.]

At length I have heard for the first time from my dear Lady——[Bristol].¹ I am persuaded you have had the goodness to write before, but I have had the ill fortune to lose your letters. Since my last, I have staid quietly at Constantinople, a city that I ought in conscience to give your ladyship a right notion of, since I know you can have none but what is partial and mistaken from the writings of travellers. 'Tis certain there are many people that pass years here in Pera, without having ever seen it, and yet they all pretend to describe it.

Pera, Tophana, and Galata, wholly inhabited by Frank² Christians (and which, together, make the appearance of a very fine town), are divided from it by the sea, which is not above half so broad as the broadest part of the Thames; but the Christian men are loth to hazard the adventures they sometimes meet with amongst the *levents* or seamen (worse monsters than our watermen), and the women must cover their faces to go there, which they have a perfect aversion to do. 'Tis true they wear veils in Pera, but they are such as only serve to shew their beauty to more advantage, and which would not be permitted in Constantinople. These reasons deter almost every creature from seeing it; and the French embassadress will return to France (I believe) without ever having been there.

You'll wonder, madam, to hear me add, that I have been there very often. The *asmack*, or Turkish veil, is become not only very easy, but agreeable to me; and, if it was not, I would be content to endure some inconveniency to content a

¹ A passage is here struck out in the manuscript, but the words "Lady Bristol this present 10th of April, 1718," can be deciphered.—F.

² A term indiscriminately applied to all European settlers in the Turkish dominions.—D.

passion so powerful with me as curiosity. And, indeed, the pleasure of going in a barge to Chelsea is not comparable to that of rowing upon the canal of the sea here, where, for twenty miles together, down the Bosphorus, the most beautiful variety of prospects present themselves. The Asian side is covered with fruit-trees, villages, and the most delightful landscapes in nature; on the European, stands Constantinople situate on seven hills. The unequal heights make it seem as large again as it is (though one of the largest cities in the world), shewing an agreeable mixture of gardens, pine and cypress-trees, palaces, mosques, and public buildings, raised one above another, with as much beauty and appearance of symmetry as your ladyship ever saw in a cabinet adorned by the most skilful hands, jars shewing themselves above jars, mixed with canisters, babies, and candlesticks. This is a very odd comparison; but it gives me an exact image of the thing.

I have taken care to see as much of the seraglio as is to be seen. It is on a point of land running into the sea; a palace of prodigious extent, but very irregular. The gardens [take in] a large compass of ground, full of high cypress-trees, which is all I know of them: the buildings all of white stone, leaded on top, with gilded turrets and spires, which look very magnificent; and, indeed, I believe, there is no Christian king's palace half so large. There are six large courts in it, all built round, and set with trees, having galleries of stone; one of these for the guard, another for the slaves, another for the officers of the kitchen, another for the stables, the fifth for the divan, the sixth for the apartment destined for audiences. On the ladies' side there are at least as many more, with distinct courts belonging to their eunuchs and attendants, their kitchens, &c.

The next remarkable structure is that of St. Sophia, which is very difficult to see. I was forced to send three times to the *caimaican* (the governor of the town), and he assembled the chief *effendis*, or heads of the law, and enquired of the *mufti* whether it was lawful to permit it. They passed some days in this important debate; but I insisting on my request,

permission was granted. I can't be informed why the Turks are more delicate on the subject of this mosque than any of the others, where what Christian pleases may enter without scruple. I fancy they imagine that, having been once consecrated, people, on pretence of curiosity, might profane it with prayers, particularly to those saints who are still very visible in Mosaic work, and no other way defaced but by the decays of time; for it is absolutely false, what is so universally asserted, that the Turks defaced all the images that they found in the city. The dome of St. Sophia is said to be one hundred and thirteen feet diameter, built upon arches, sustained by vast pillars of marble, the pavement and staircase marble. There are two rows of galleries, supported with pillars of party-coloured marble, and the whole roof Mosaic work, part of which decays very fast, and drops down. They presented me a handful of it; the composition seems to me a sort of glass, or that paste with which they make counterfeit jewels. They shew here the tomb of the Emperor Constantine, for which they have a great veneration.

This is a dull imperfect description of this celebrated building; but I understand architecture so little, that I am afraid of talking nonsense in endeavouring to speak of it particularly. Perhaps I am in the wrong, but some Turkish mosques please me better. That of Sultan Solymán is an exact square, with four fine towers in the angles; in the midst a noble cupola, supported with beautiful marble pillars; two lesser at the ends, supported in the same manner; the pavement and gallery round the mosque of marble; under the great cupola is a fountain, adorned with such fine coloured pillars I can hardly think them natural marble; on one side is the pulpit, of white marble, and on the other, the little gallery for the Grand Signior. A fine staircase leads to it, and it is built up with gilded lattices. At the upper end is a sort of altar, where the name of God is written; and before it stand two candlesticks as high as a man, with wax candles as thick as three flambeaux. The pavement is spread with fine carpets, and the mosque illuminated with a vast number of lamps. The court

leading to it is very spacious, with galleries of marble, with green columns, covered with twenty-eight leaded cupolas on two sides, and a fine fountain of three basins in the midst of it.

This description may serve for all the mosques in Constantinople. The model is exactly the same, and they only differ in largeness and richness of materials. That of the Valide is the largest of all, built entirely of marble, the most prodigious, and, I think, the most beautiful structure I ever saw, be it spoken to the honour of our sex, for it was founded by the mother of Mahomet IV. Between friends, St. Paul's church would make a pitiful figure near it, as any of our squares would do near the *atlerdan*,¹ or place of horses (*at* signifying a horse in Turkish). This was the *hippodrome* in the reign of the Greek emperors. In the midst of it is a brazen column, of three serpents twisted together, with their mouths gaping. 'Tis impossible to learn why so odd a pillar was erected; the Greeks can tell nothing but fabulous legends when they are asked the meaning of it, and there is no sign of its having ever had any inscription. At the upper end is an obelisk of porphyry, probably brought from Egypt, the hieroglyphics all very entire, which I look upon as mere ancient puns. It is placed on four little brazen pillars, upon a pedestal of square free-stone, full of figures in bas-relief on two sides; one square representing a battle, another an assembly. The others have inscriptions in Greek and Latin; the last I took in my pocket-book, and is literally,

DIFFICILIS QUONDAM, DOMINIS PARERE SERENIS
JUSSUS, ET EXTINGUITIS PALMAM PORTARE TYRANNIS
OMNIA THEODOSIO CEDUNT, SOBOLIQUE PERENNI.²

¹ More commonly called "Atméydan."—D.

² Two more lines were probably concealed at that time. This inscription concludes:

TERDENIS SIC VICTUS EGO DOMITUSQUE DIEBUS
JUDICE SUB PROCLO SUPERAS ELATUS AD AURAS,

which is a translation from another in Greek, on the opposite square of the base.—D. George Douse, in his "Epistola de Itinere suo Constantinopolitano, Lug. Batav. 1599," gives an account of this column with a copy of the inscription; but it appears that even at that time the last two lines were not sufficiently legible to enable him to make an intelligible transcription. If really found by Mr Dallaway complete as he gives them they had probably been recut since Lady Mary's visit.—T.

Your lord will interpret these lines. Don't fancy they are a love-letter to him.

All the figures have their heads on; and I cannot forbear reflecting again on the impudence of authors, who all say they have not: but I dare swear the greatest part of them never saw them: but took the report from the Greeks, who resist, with incredible fortitude, the conviction of their own eyes, whenever they have invented lies to the dishonour of their enemies. Were you to ask them, there is nothing worth seeing in Constantinople but Sancta Sophia, though there are several larger mosques. That of Sultan Achmet has that of particular its gates are of brass. In all these mosques there are little chapels, where are the tombs of the founders and their families, with vast candles burning before them.

The exchanges are all noble buildings, full of fine alleys, the greatest part supported with pillars, and kept wonderfully neat. Every trade has their distinct alley, the merchandize disposed in the same order as in the New Exchange at London. The *besistén*, or jewellers' quarter, shews so much riches, such a vast quantity of diamonds, and all kind of precious stones, that they dazzle the sight. The embroiderers' is also very glittering, and people walk here as much for diversion as business. The markets are most of them handsome squares, and admirably well provided, perhaps better than in any other part of the world.

I know you'll expect I should say something particular of that of the slaves; and you will imagine me half a Turk when I don't speak of it with the same horror other Christians have done before me. But I cannot forbear applauding the humanity of the Turks to these creatures; they are never ill-used, and their slavery is, in my opinion, no worse than servitude all over the world. 'Tis true they have no wages: but they give them yearly clothes to a higher value than our salaries to any ordinary servant. But you'll object, men buy women with an eye to evil. In my opinion, they are bought and sold as publicly and more infamously in all our Christian great cities.

I must add to the description of Constantinople, that the historical pillar is no more;¹ [it] dropped down about two years before I came. I have seen no other footsteps of antiquity except the aqueducts, which are so vast, that I am apt to believe they are yet more ancient than the Greek empire, though the Turks have clapped in some stones with Turkish inscriptions, to give their nation the honour of so great a work; but the deceit is easily discovered.

The other public buildings are the hánnns and monasteries; the first very large and numerous; the second few in number, and not at all magnificent. I had the curiosity to visit one of them, and observe the devotions of the dervises, which are as whimsical as any in Rome. These fellows have permission to marry, but are confined to an odd habit, which is only a piece of coarse white cloth wrapped about them, with their legs and arms naked. Their order has few other rules, except that of performing their fantastic rites every Tuesday and Friday, which is in this manner: They meet together in a large hall, where they all stand with their eyes fixed on the ground, and their arms across, while the *imaum*, or preacher, reads part of the Alcoran from a pulpit placed in the midst; and when he has done, eight or ten of them make a melancholy concert with their pipes, which are no unmusical instruments. Then he reads again, and makes a short exposition on what he has read; after which they sing and play till their superior (the only one of them dressed in green) rises and begins a sort of solemn dance. They all stand about him in a regular figure; and while some play, the others tie their robe (which is very wide) fast round their waists, and begin to turn round with an amazing swiftness, and yet with great regard to the music, moving slower or faster as the tune is played. This lasts above an hour, without any of them shewing the least appearance of giddiness; which is not to be wondered at, when it is considered they are all used to it from infancy; most of them

¹ The Arcadian column, built in 404 after the model of those of Trajan and Antoninus at Rome. The shaft of it was entirely taken down in 1695, having become ruinous by earthquakes and fire. —D.

being devoted to this way of life from their birth, and sons of dervises. There turned amongst them some little dervises, of six or seven years old, who seemed no more disordered by that exercise than the others. At the end of the ceremony they shout out, There is no other god but God, and Mahomet is his prophet; after which they kiss the superior's hand and retire. The whole is performed with the most solemn gravity. Nothing can be more austere than the form of these people; they never raise their eyes, and seem devoted to contemplation. And as ridiculous as this is in description, there is something touching in the air of submission and mortification they assume.

This letter is of a horrible length; but you may burn it when you have read enough, &c. &c.¹

TO THE COUNTESS OF ——. ²

I AM now preparing to leave Constantinople,³ and perhaps you will accuse me of hypocrisy when I tell you 'tis with re-

¹ A postscript is obliterated, but the words "to Lord Bristol and Mr. Hervey" may be still read.—T.

² Originally began thus, but obliterated: "Your ladyship may be assured I received yours with very great pleasure. I am very glad to hear that our friends are in good health, particularly Mr. Congreve, who I heard was ill of the gout."—T.

³ The following is a copy of the private letter in which Addison, then Secretary of State, announced to his friend Mr. Wortley the intention to recall him:

"September 28th. 1717

"DEAR SIR.—Having been confined to my chamber for some time by a dangerous fit of sickness, I find upon my coming abroad, that some things have passed which I think myself obliged to communicate to you, not as the secretary to the ambassador, but as an humble servant to his friend. Mr. Benson, being convinced that forms of law would in their ordinary course be very tedious and dilatory in the affair of the auditors, has procured the grant of a reversion for those places to you and myself, after which, if an ejectionment ensues, you are in immediate possession. This ejectionment, he believes, may be soon brought about by law, unless a voluntary surrender makes such a proceeding unnecessary. Our great men are of opinion, that upon your being possessed (which they look upon as sure and sudden), it would be agreeable to your inclinations, as well as for the King's service, which you are so able to promote in parliament, rather to return to your own country than to live at Constantinople. For this reason they have thoughts of relieving you by Mr. Stanyan, who is now at the Imperial court, and of joining Sir Robert Sutton with him in the mediation of a peace between the Emperor and the Turks [sic]. I need not suggest to you that Mr. Stanyan is in great favour at Vienna, and how necessary it is to humour that court in the present juncture. Besides, as it would have been for your honour to have acted as sole mediator in such a negotiation, perhaps it would not have been so agreeable to you to act only in commission. This was suggested to me the other day by one of our first ministers, who told me that

gret; but I am used to the air, and have learnt the language. I am easy here; and as much as I love travelling, I tremble at the inconveniences attending so great a journey with a numerous family, and a little infant hanging at the breast. However, I endeavour upon this occasion to do as I have hitherto done in all the odd turns of my life; turn them, if I can, to my diversion. In order to this, I ramble every day, wrapped up in my *ferigée* and *asmdack*, about Constantinople, and amuse myself with seeing all that is curious in it.

I know you will expect this declaration should be followed with some account of what I have seen. But I am in no humour to copy what has been writ so often over. To what purpose should I tell you that Constantinople was the ancient Byzantium? that 'tis at present the conquest of a race of people supposed Scythians? that there are five or six thousand mosques in it? that Sancta Sophia was founded by Justinian? &c. I'll assure you 'tis not [for] want of learning that I forbear writing all these bright things. I could also, with little trouble, turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycaut, to give you a list of Turkish emperors; but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined, out of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors; as, for example, in the admirable Mr. Hill,¹ who so gravely asserts,

he believed Sir R. Sutton's being joined in a mediation, which was carried on by my Lord Paget singly, would be shocking to you, but that they could be more free with a person of Mr. Stanyan's quality. I find by his Majesty's way of speaking of you, that you are much in his favour and esteem, and I fancy you would find your ease and advantage more in being nearer his person than at the distance you are from him, at present. I omit no opportunity of doing you justice where I think it is for your service, and wish I could know your mind as to these several particulars, by a more speedy and certain conveyance, that I might act accordingly to the utmost of my power. Madame Kilmansech and my Lady Harvey desire me to forward the enclosed to my Lady Mary Wortley, to whom I beg you will deliver them, with my most humble respects.

"I am ever, sir,

"Your most obedient

"And most humble servant,

"J. ADDISON.

"Mr. Chevalier tells me since the writing of this, that he has stated to you Mr. Benson's and your own case, who, I find, is better acquainted with it than I am, that affair having been transacted by my Lord Sunderland during my illness."—T.

¹ Aaron Hill travelled to Constantinople at the age of fifteen, and was received

that he saw in Sancta Sophia a sweating pillar, very balsamic for disordered heads. There is not the least tradition of any such matter; and I suppose it was revealed to him in vision during his wonderful stay in the Egyptian catacombs: for I am sure he never heard of any such miracle here.¹

'Tis also very pleasant to observe how tenderly he and all his brethren voyage-writers lament the miserable confinement of the Turkish ladies, who are perhaps freer than any ladies in the universe, and are the only women in the world that lead a life of uninterrupted pleasure exempt from cares: their whole time being spent in visiting, bathing, or the agreeable amusement of spending money, and inventing new fashions. A husband would be thought mad that exacted any degree of economy from his wife, whose expenses are no way limited but by her own fancy. 'Tis his business to get money, and hers to spend it: and this noble prerogative extends itself to the very meanest of the sex. Here is a fellow that carries embroidered handkerchiefs upon his back to sell, as miserable a figure as you may suppose such a mean dealer, yet I'll assure you his wife scorns to wear any thing less than cloth of gold; has her ermine furs, and a very handsome set of jewels for her head. They go abroad when and where they please. 'Tis true they have no public places but the bagnios, and there can only be seen by their own sex; however, that is a diversion they take great pleasure in.

I was three days ago at one of the finest in the town, and had the opportunity of seeing a Turkish bride received there, and all the ceremonies used on that occasion, which made me recollect the epithalamium of Helen, by Theocritus; and it

with kindness by his relative Lord Paget, at that time our ambassador to the Porte. He returned to England in 1703 in the suite, and soon afterward published his "Account of Turkey," in folio, a very crude and juvenile performance.—D.

¹ Lady Mary was mistaken in supposing that Aaron Hill invented this story of the "Sweating Pillar." It was described nearly a hundred years earlier by the Dutch traveller George Douse, in his "Epistola de Itinere suo Constantinopolitano," already alluded to. The passage is as follows: "In hoc templo [the mosque of St. Sophia] præter alia quæ Gyllius diligenter observavit, monstrabant mihi Turcæ columnam quandam marmoream inducto laminarum testorio inferius coopertam, è quibus sudor perpetuò prorumpit, quem ipsi pudendâ superstitione sudariis suis extergunt et adversus varios morbos conducere sibi persuadent."—T.

seems to me, that the same customs have continued ever since. All the she-friends, relations, and acquaintance of the two families, newly allied, meet at the bagnio ; several others go out of curiosity, and I believe there were that day at least two hundred women. Those that were or had been married placed themselves round the room on the marble sofas ; but the virgins very hastily threw off their clothes, and appeared without other ornament or covering than their own long hair braided with pearl or ribbon. Two of them met the bride at the door, conducted by her mother and another grave relation. She was a beautiful maid of about seventeen, very richly dressed, and shining with jewels, but was presently reduced by them to the state of nature. Two others filled silver gilt pots with perfume, and began the procession, the rest following in pairs to the number of thirty. The leaders sung an epithalamium, answered by the others in chorus, and the two last led the fair bride, her eyes fixed on the ground, with a charming affectation of modesty. In this order they marched round the three large rooms of the bagnio. 'Tis not easy to represent to you the beauty of this sight, most of them being well proportioned and white skinned ; all of them perfectly smooth and polished by the frequent use of bathing. After having made their tour, the bride was again led to every matron round the rooms, who saluted her with a compliment and a present, some of jewels, others pieces of stuff, handkerchiefs, or little gallantries of that nature, which she thanked them for by kissing their hands.

I was very well pleased with having seen this ceremony : and, you may believe me, that the Turkish ladies have at least as much wit and civility, nay, liberty, as ladies among us. 'Tis true, the same customs that give them so many opportunities of gratifying their evil inclinations (if they have any), also put it very fully in the power of their husbands to revenge them if they are discovered ; and I do not doubt but they suffer sometimes for their indiscretions in a very severe manner. About two months ago there was found at day-break, not very far from my house, the bleeding body of a young

woman, naked, only wrapped in a coarse sheet, with two wounds with a knife, one in her side and another in her breast. She was not yet quite cold, and so surprisingly beautiful, that there were very few men in Pera that did not go to look upon her: but it was not possible for any body to know her, no woman's face being known. She was supposed to be brought in [the] dead of the night from the Constantinople side and laid there. Very little enquiry was made about the murderer, and the corpse privately buried without noise. Murder is never pursued by the king's officers as with us. 'Tis the business of the next relations to revenge the dead person: and if they like better to compound the matter for money (as they generally do), there is no more said of it. One would imagine this defect in their government should make such tragedies very frequent, yet they are extremely rare; which is enough to prove the people not naturally cruel. Neither do I think in many other particulars they deserve the barbarous character we give them. I am well acquainted with a Christian woman of quality who made it her choice to live with a Turkish husband, and is a very agreeable, sensible lady. Her story is so extraordinary, I cannot forbear relating it: but I promise you it shall be in as few words as I can possibly express it.

She is a Spaniard, and was at Naples with her family when that kingdom was part of the Spanish dominion. Coming from thence in a felucca, accompanied by her brother, they were attacked by the Turkish admiral, boarded, and taken.—And now, how shall I modestly tell you the rest of her adventure? The same accident happened to her that happened to the fair Lucretia so many years before her. But she was too good a Christian to kill herself, as that heathenish Roman did. The admiral was so much charmed with the beauty and long-suffering of the fair captive, that, as his first compliment, he gave immediate liberty to her brother and attendants, who made haste to Spain, and in a few months sent the sum of four thousand pounds sterling as a ransom for his sister. The Turk took the money, which he presented to her, and told her she was at liberty. But the lady very discreetly weighed

the different treatment she was likely to find in her native country. Her Catholic relations (as the kindest thing they could do for her in her present circumstances) would certainly confine her to a nunnery for the rest of her days. Her infidel lover was very handsome, very tender, fond of her, and lavished at her feet all the Turkish magnificence. She answered him very resolutely that her liberty was not so precious to her as her honour; that he could no way restore that but by marrying her; she desired him to accept the ransom as her portion, and give her the satisfaction of knowing no man could boast of her favours without being her husband. The admiral was transported at this kind offer, and sent back the money to her relations, saying, he was too happy in her possession. He married her, and never took any other wife, and (as she says herself) she never had any reason to repent the choice she made. He left her some years after one of the richest widows in Constantinople. But there is no remaining honourably a single woman, and that consideration has obliged her to marry the present captain pashá (*i.e.* admiral), his successor.—I am afraid that you will think my friend fell in love with her ravisher; but I am willing to take her word for it, that she acted wholly on principles of honour, though I think she might be reasonably touched at his generosity, which is very often found among the Turks of rank.

'Tis a degree of generosity to tell the truth, and 'tis very rare that any Turk will assert a solemn falsehood. I don't speak of the lowest sort; for as there is a great deal of ignorance, there is very little virtue amongst them; and false witness are much cheaper than in Christendom, those wretches not being punished (even when they are publicly detected) with the rigour they ought to be.

Now I am speaking of their law, I don't know whether I have ever mentioned to you one custom, peculiar to their country, I mean adoption, very common amongst the Turks, and yet more amongst the Greeks and Armenians. Not having it in their power to give their estates to a friend or distant relation, to avoid its falling into the Grand Signior's treasury,

when they are not likely to have children of their own, they choose some pretty child of either sex among the meanest people, and carry the child and its parents before the cadi, and there declare they receive it for their heir. The parents at the same time renounce all future claim to it: a writing is drawn and witnessed, and a child thus adopted cannot be disinherited. Yet I have seen some common beggars that have refused to part with their children in this manner to some of the richest among the Greeks (so powerful is the instinctive fondness natural to parents), though the adopting fathers are generally very tender to these children of their souls, as they call them. I own this custom pleases me much better than our absurd following our name. Methinks 'tis much more reasonable to make happy and rich an infant whom I educate after my own manner, brought up (in the Turkish phrase) upon my knees, and who has learned to look upon me with a filial respect, than to give an estate to a creature without other merit or relation to me than by a few letters. Yet this is an absurdity we see frequently practised.

Now I have mentioned the Armenians, perhaps it will be agreeable to tell you something of that nation, with which I am sure you are utterly unacquainted. I will not trouble you with the geographical account of the situation of their country, which you may see in the map, or a relation of their ancient greatness, which you may read in the Roman history. They are now subject to the Turks; and, being very industrious in trade, and increasing and multiplying, are dispersed in great numbers through all the Turkish dominions. They were, as they say, converted to the Christian religion by St. Gregory, and are perhaps the devoutest Christians in the whole world. The chief precepts of their priests enjoin the strict keeping of their lents, which are at least seven months in every year, and are not to be dispensed with on the most emergent necessity; no occasion whatever can excuse them, if they touch any thing more than mere herbs or roots (without oil) and plain dry bread. That is their lenten diet. Mr. W. [Wortley] has one of his interpreters of this nation; and the poor fellow was

brought so low by the severity of his fasts, that his life was despaired of. Yet neither his master's commands, or the doctor's entreaties (who declared nothing else could save his life), were powerful enough to prevail with him to take two or three spoonfuls of broth. Excepting this, which may rather be called custom than an article of faith, I see very little in their religion different from ours. 'Tis true they seem to incline very much to Mr. Wh——'s [Whiston's] doctrine; neither do I think the Greek church very distant from it, since 'tis certain insisting on the Holy Spirit's only proceeding from the Father, is making a plain subordination in the Son. But the Armenians have no notion of transubstantiation, whatever account Sir Paul Rycant gives of them (which account I am apt to believe was designed to compliment our court in 1679); and they have a great horror for those amongst them that change to the Roman religion.

What is most extraordinary in their customs, is their matrimony; a ceremony I believe unparalleled all over the world. They are always promised very young; but the espoused never see one another till three days after their marriage. The bride is carried to church with a cap on her head, in the fashion of a large trencher, and over it a red silken veil which covers her all over to her feet. The priest asks the bridegroom, Whether he is contented to marry that woman, be she deaf, be she blind? These are the literal words: to which having answered, *yes*, she is led home to his house, accompanied with all the friends and relations on both sides, singing and dancing, and is placed on a cushion in the corner of the sofa; but her veil never lifted up, not even by her husband, till she has been three days married. There is something so odd and monstrous in these ways, that I could not believe them till I had enquired of several Armenians myself, who all assured me of the truth of them, particularly one young fellow, who wept when he spoke of it, being promised by his mother to a girl that he must marry in this manner, though he protested to me, he had rather die than submit to this slavery,

having already figured his bride to himself with all the deformities in nature.

I fancy I see you bless yourself at this terrible relation. I cannot conclude my letter with a more surprising story; yet 'tis as seriously true as that I am.

Dear sister, your &c.

TO THE ABBOT OF — [ABBÉ CONTI].

Constantinople, May 19 [O.S.], 1718.

I AM extremely pleased with hearing from you, and my vanity (the darling frailty of her [*sic*] mankind) not a little flattered by the uncommon questions you ask me, though I am utterly incapable of answering them. And, indeed, were I as good a mathematician as Euclid himself, it requires an age's stay to make just observations on the air and vapours. I have not been yet a full year here, and am on the point of removing.¹ Such is my rambling destiny. This will surprise you, and can surprise nobody so much as myself.

Perhaps you will accuse me of laziness, or dulness, or both together, that can leave this place without giving you some account of the Turkish court. I can only tell you, that if you please to read Sir Paul Rycaut, you will there find a full and true account of the viziers, the *beglerbeys*, the civil and spiritual government, the officers of the seraglio, &c., things that 'tis very easy to procure lists of, and therefore may be depended on; though other stories. God knows—I say no more—every body is at liberty to write their own remarks; the manners of people may change, or some of them escape the observation of travellers, but 'tis not the same of the government; and for that reason, since I can tell you nothing new, I will tell nothing of it.

In the same silence shall be passed over the arsenal and seven towers; and for mosques, I have already described one of the noblest to you very particularly. But I cannot forbear

¹ Mr. Stanyan, who superseded Mr. Wortley as ambassador at the Porte, arrived at Adrianople on the 24th of April, O.S.—T.

taking notice to you of a mistake of Gemelli (though I honour him in a much higher degree than any other voyage-writer): he says that there are no remains of Calcedon; this is certainly a mistake: I was there yesterday, and went cross the canal in my galley, the sea being very narrow between that city and Constantinople. 'Tis still a large town, and has several mosques in it. The Christians still call it Calcedonia, and the Turks give it a name I forgot, but which is only a corruption of the same word.¹ I suppose this an error of his guide, which his short stay hindered him from rectifying; for I have, in other matters, a very just esteem for his veracity. Nothing can be pleasanter than the canal; and the Turks are so well acquainted with its beauties, all their pleasure-seats are built on its banks, where they have, at the same time, the most beautiful prospects in Europe and Asia; there are near one another some hundreds of magnificent palaces.

Human grandeur being here yet more unstable than anywhere else, 'tis common for the heirs of a great three-tailed pasha not to be rich enough to keep in repair the house he built; thus, in a few years, they all fall to ruin. I was yesterday to see that of the late Grand Vizier, who was killed at Peterwaradin. It was built to receive his royal bride, daughter of the present Sultan, but he did not live to see her there. I have a great mind to describe it to you; but I check that inclination, knowing very well that I cannot give you, with my best description, such an idea of it as I ought. It is situated on one of the most delightful parts of the canal, with a fine wood on the side of a hill behind it. The extent of it is prodigious; the guardian assured me there are eight hundred rooms in it; I will not answer for that number, since I did not count them; but 'tis certain the number is very large, and the whole adorned with a profusion of marble, gilding, and the most exquisite painting of fruit and flowers. The windows are all sashed with the finest crystalline glass brought from England; and all the expensive magnificence that you

¹ Cădykúy, or the Town of Judges, from the great Christian council held there.—D.

can suppose in a palace founded by a vain young luxurious man, with the wealth of a vast empire at his command. But no part of it pleased me better than the apartments destined for the bagnios. There are two built exactly in the same manner, answering to one another: the baths, fountains, and pavements, all of white marble, the roofs gilt, and the walls covered with Japan china: but adjoining to them, two rooms, the upper part of which is divided into a sofa: in the four corners falls of water from the very roof, from shell to shell, of white marble, to the lower end of the room, where it falls into a large basin, surrounded with pipes, that throw up the water as high as the room. The walls are in the nature of lattices; and, on the outside of them, vines and woodbines planted, that form a sort of green tapestry, and give an agreeable obscurity to these delightful chambers.

I should go on and let you into some of the other apartments (all worthy your curiosity); but 'tis yet harder to describe a Turkish palace than any other, being built entirely irregular. There is nothing can be properly called front or wings; and though such a confusion is, I think, pleasing to the sight, yet it would be very unintelligible in a letter. I shall only add, that the chamber destined for the Sultan, when he visits his daughter, is wainscoted with mother of pearl fastened with emeralds like nails. There are others of mother-of-pearl and olive wood inlaid, and several of Japan china. The galleries, which are numerous and very large, are adorned with jars of flowers, and porcelain dishes of fruit of all sorts, so well done in plaster, and coloured in so lively a manner, that it has an enchanting effect. The garden is suitable to the house, where arbours, fountains, and walks, are thrown together in an agreeable confusion. There is no ornament wanting, except that of statues. Thus, you see, sir, these people are not so unpolished as we represent them. 'Tis true their magnificence is of a different taste from ours, and perhaps of a better. I am almost of opinion they have a right notion of life; while they consume it in music, gardens, wine, and delicate eating, while we are tormenting our brains with

some scheme of politics, or studying some science to which we can never attain, or, if we do, cannot persuade people to set that value upon it we do ourselves. 'Tis certain what we feel and see is properly (if any thing is properly) our own; but the good of fame, the folly of praise, hardly purchased, and, when obtained, poor recompense for loss of time and health. We die or grow old and decrepid before we can reap the fruit of our labours. Considering what short-lived weak animals men are, is there any study so beneficial as the study of present pleasure? I dare not pursue this theme; perhaps I have already said too much, but I depend upon the true knowledge you have of my heart. I don't expect from you the insipid raileries I should suffer from another in answer to this letter. You know how to divide the idea of pleasure from that of vice, and they are only mingled in the heads of fools.—But I allow you to laugh at me for the sensual declaration that I had rather be a rich *effendi* with all his ignorance, than Sir Isaac Newton with all his knowledge.

I am, sir, &c.

TO COUNT — [ABBÉ CONTI].¹

Translated from the French.

I AM charmed, sir, with your obliging letter; and you may perceive by the largeness of my paper, that I intend to give punctual answers to all your questions, at least if my French will permit me; for as it is a language I do not understand to perfection, so I much fear, that, for want of expressions, I shall be quickly obliged to finish. Keep in mind, therefore, that I am writing in a foreign language; and be sure to attribute all the impertinences and triflings dropping from my

¹ This was probably addressed to the Abbé Conti, and was, I suppose, the letter referred to in the following advertisement which appeared several times in the newspapers in 1719: "Lately published, the second edition of the genuine Copy of a Letter written from Constantinople by an English lady who was lately in Turkey, and who was no less distinguished by her wit than by her quality, to a Venetian nobleman, one of the Prince Virtuosi of the age. Sold by J. Roberts, in Warwick-lane, and A. Dod, without Temple Bar. Price 3d." In one of the letters of Rémond there is an allusion to the indiscretion of the Abbé Conti in permitting one of Lady Mary's letters to be made public. The letter is not to be found in the manuscript book. The editor of the "Additional Volume" of 1767, from which it is now printed, had no doubt obtained a copy of the publication referred to.—T.

pen, to the want of proper words for declaring my thoughts, but by no means to dulness, or natural levity.

These conditions being thus agreed and settled, I begin with telling you, that you have a true notion of the Alcoran, concerning which, the Greek priests (who are the greatest scoundrels in the universe) have invented out of their own heads a thousand ridiculous stories, in order to decry the law of Mahomet; to run it down, I say, without any examination, or so much as letting the people read it: being afraid that if once they began to sift the defects of the Alcoran, they might not stop there, but proceed to make use of their judgment, about their own legends and fictions. In effect, there is nothing so like as the fables of the Greeks and of the Mahometans; and the last have multitudes of saints, at whose tombs miracles are by them said to be daily performed; nor are the accounts of the lives of those blessed Mussulmans much less stuffed with extravagances, than the spiritual romances of the Greek Papas.

As to your next enquiry, I assure you it is certainly false, though commonly believed in our parts of the world, that Mahomet excludes women from any share in a future happy state. He was too much a gentleman, and loved the fair sex too well, to use them so barbarously. On the contrary, he promises a very fine paradise to the Turkish women. He says, indeed, that this paradise will be a separate place from that of their husbands; but I fancy the most part of them won't like it the worse for that: and that the regret of this separation will not render their paradise the less agreeable. It remains to tell you, that the virtues which Mahomet requires of the women, to merit the enjoyment of future happiness, are not to live in such a manner as to become useless to the world, but to employ themselves, as much as possible, in making little Mussulmans. The virgins, who die virgins, and the widows who marry not again, dying in mortal sin, are excluded out of paradise; for women, says he, not being capable to manage the affairs of state, nor to support the fatigues of war, God has not ordered them to govern or reform the world;

but he has entrusted them with an office which is not less honourable, even that of multiplying the human race, and such as, out of malice or laziness, do not make it their business to bear or to breed children, fulfil not the duty of their vocation, and rebel against the commands of God. Here are maxims for you prodigiously contrary to those of your convents. What will become of your St. Catherines, your St. Theresas, your St. Claras, and the whole bead-roll of your holy virgins and widows? who, if they are to be judged by this system of virtue, will be found to have been infamous creatures, that passed their whole lives in most abominable libertinism.

I know not what your thoughts may be concerning a doctrine so extraordinary with respect to us; but I can truly inform you, sir, that the Turks are not so ignorant as we fancy them to be, in matters of politics, or philosophy, or even of gallantry. It is true, that military discipline, such as now practised in Christendom, does not mightily suit them. A long peace has plunged them into an universal sloth. Content with their condition, and accustomed to boundless luxury, they are become great enemies to all manner of fatigues. But to make amends, the sciences flourish among them. The effendis (that is to say, the learned) do very well deserve this name: they have no more faith in the inspiration of Mahomet, than in the infallibility of the Pope. They make a frank profession of deism among themselves, or to those they can trust, and never speak of their law but as of a politic institution, fit now to be observed by wise men, however at first introduced by politicians and enthusiasts.

If I remember right, I think I have told you in some former letter, that at Belgrade we lodged with a great and rich effendi, a man of wit and learning, and of a very agreeable humour. We were in his house about a month, and he did constantly eat with us, drinking wine without any scruple. As I rallied him a little on this subject, he answered me, smiling, that all creatures in the world were made for the pleasure of man; and that God would not have let the vine grow, were it a sin to taste of its juice: but that nevertheless

the law which forbids the use of it to the vulgar, was very wise, because such sort of folks have not sense enough to take it with moderation. This effendi appeared no stranger to the parties that prevail among us: nay, he seemed to have some knowledge of our religious disputes, and even of our writers: and I was surprised to hear him ask, among other things, how Mr. Toland did?

My paper, large as it is, draws towards an end. That I may not go beyond its limits, I must leap from religions to tulips, concerning which you ask me news. Their mixture produces surprising effects. But what is to be observed most surprising, is the experiments of which you speak concerning animals, and which is tried here every day. The suburbs of Pera, Tophana, and Galata, are collections of strangers from all countries of the universe. They have so often intermarried, that this forms several races of people, the oddest imaginable. There is not one single family of natives that can value itself on being unmixed. You frequently see a person whose father was born a Grecian, the mother an Italian, the grandfather a Frenchman, the grandmother an Armenian, and their ancestors English, Muscovites, Asiatics, &c.

This mixture produces creatures more extraordinary than you can imagine; nor could I ever doubt but there were several different species of men; since the whites, the woolly and the long-haired blacks, the small-eyed Tartars and Chinese, the beardless Brazilians, and (to name no more) the oily-skinned yellow Nova Zemblians, have as specific differences under the same general kind as greyhounds, mastiffs, spaniels, bull-dogs, or the race of my little Diana, if nobody is offended at the comparison. Now, as the various intermixing of these latter animals causes mongrels, so mankind have their mongrels too, divided and subdivided into endless sorts. We have daily proofs of it here, as I told you before. In the same animal is not seldom remarked the Greek perfidiousness, the Italian diffidence, the Spanish arrogance, the French loquacity, and all of a sudden he is seized with a fit of English thoughtfulness, bordering a little upon dulness, which many of us have inherited from the stupidity

of our Saxon progenitors. But the family which charms me most, is that which proceeds from the fantastical conjunction of a Dutch male with a Greek female. As these are natures opposite in extremes, 'tis a pleasure to observe how the differing atoms are perpetually jarring together in the children, even so as to produce effects visible in their external form. They have the large black eyes of the country, with the fat, white, fishy flesh of Holland, and a lively air streaked with dulness. At one and the same time, they shew that love of expensiveness so universal among the Greeks, and an inclination to the Dutch frugality. To give an example of this: young women ruin themselves to purchase jewels for adorning their heads, while they have not the heart to buy new shoes, or rather slippers for their feet, which are commonly in a tattered condition; a thing so contrary to the taste of our English women, that it is for shewing how neatly their feet are dressed, and for shewing this only, they are so passionately enamoured with their hoop petticoats. I have abundance of other singularities to communicate to you, but I am at the end both of my French and my paper.

TO THE ABBOT OF — [ABBÉ CONTI].¹

Tunis, July 31, O.S. [1718].

I LEFT Constantinople the sixth of the last month,² and this is the first post from whence I could send a letter, though I have often wished for the opportunity, that I might impart some of the pleasure I have found in this voyage through the most agreeable part of the world, where every scene presents me some poetical idea.

Warm'd with poetic transport I survey
Th' immortal islands, and the well-known sea.
For here so oft the muse her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears his head unsung.

¹ In the manuscript this letter is addressed "To the Countess of —," but the words are struck out and this heading substituted. It is evident that it originally stood in the book as a letter to the Countess of Mar, for the words "My dear sister," in the body of the letter, are also struck out.—T.

² Mr. Stanyan, in a letter to Secretary Craggs, dated "Grand Vizier's Camp at Sophia, 22 July, 1718, O.S." (State Paper Office), says: "Yesterday I received an account from Constantinople that Mr. Wortley sailed from thence on the 4th instant on board the Preston man-of-war."—T.

I beg your pardon for this sally, and will, if I can, continue the rest of my account in plain prose. The second day after we set sail we passed Gallipolis, a fair city, situate in the bay of Chersonesus, and much respected by the Turks, being the first town they took in Europe. At five the next morning we anchored in the Hellespont, between the castles of Sestos and Abydos, now called the Dardanelli. There are now two little ancient castles, but of no strength, being commanded by a rising ground behind them, which I confess I should never have taken notice of, if I had not heard it observed by our captain and officers, my imagination being wholly employed by the tragic story that you are well acquainted with:

The swimming lover, and the nightly bride,
How Hero loved, and how Leander died.

Verse again!—I am certainly infected by the poetical air I have passed through. That of Abydos is undoubtedly very amorous, since that soft passion betrayed the castle into the hands of the Turks, in the reign of Orchanes, who besieged it. The governor's daughter, imagining to have seen her future husband in a dream (though I don't find she had either slept upon bride-cake, or kept St. Agnes's fast), fancied she afterwards saw the dear figure in the form of one of her besiegers; and, being willing to obey her destiny, tossed a note to him over the wall, with the offer of her person, and the delivery of the castle. He shewed it to his general, who consented to try the sincerity of her intentions, and with-drew his army, ordering the young man to return with a select body of men at midnight. She admitted him at the appointed hour: he destroyed the garrison, took her father prisoner, and made her his wife. This town is in Asia, first founded by the Milesians. Sestos is in Europe, and was once the principal city of Chersonesus. Since I have seen this strait, I find nothing improbable in the adventure of Leander, or very wonderful in the bridge of boats of Xerxes. 'Tis so narrow, 'tis not surprising a young lover should attempt to swim it, or an ambitious king try to pass his army over it. But then 'tis so subject to storms 'tis no wonder the lover perished, and the

bridge was broken. From hence we had a full view of Mount Ida,

Where Juno once caress'd her am'rous Jove,
And the world's master lay subdu'd by love.

Not many leagues' sail from hence, I saw the point of land where poor old Hecuba was buried; and about a league from that place is Cape Janizary, the famous promontory of Sigæum, where we anchored, and my curiosity supplied me with strength to climb to the top of it, to see the place where Achilles was buried, and where Alexander ran naked round his tomb in his honour, which no doubt was a great comfort to his ghost. I saw there the ruins of a very large city, and found a stone, on which Mr. W—— [Wortley] plainly distinguished the words of Sigaian Polin. We ordered this on board the ship; but were shewed others much more curious by a Greek priest, though a very ignorant fellow, that could give no tolerable account of any thing. On each side the door of his little church lies a large stone, about ten feet long each, five in breadth, and three in thickness. That on the right is very fine white marble, the side of it beautifully carved in bas-relief; it represents a woman, who seems to be designed for some deity, sitting on a chair with a footstool, and before her another woman weeping, and presenting to her a young child that she has in her arms, followed by a procession of women with children in the same manner. This is certainly part of a very ancient tomb; but I dare not pretend to give the true explanation of it. On the stone, on the left side, is a very fair inscription; which I am sure I took off very exactly, but the Greek is too ancient for Mr. W.'s interpretation. This is the exact copy. * * * * I am very sorry not to have the original in my possession, which might have been purchased of the poor inhabitants for a small sum of money. But our captain assured us, that without having machines made on purpose, 'twas impossible to bear it to the sea-side; and, when it was there, his long-boat would not be large enough to hold it.¹

¹ The first-mentioned of these marbles is engraved in the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the Dilettanti Society, and described by Dr. Chandler in his *Tour in*

The ruins of this great city are now inhabited by poor Greek peasants, who wear the Sciote habit, the women being in short petticoats, fastened by straps round their shoulders, and large smock sleeves of white linen, with neat shoes and stockings, and on their heads a large piece of muslin, which falls in large folds on their shoulders.—One of my countrymen, Mr. Sandys¹ (whose book I do not doubt you have read, as one of the best of its kind), speaking of these ruins, supposes them to have been the foundation of a city begun by Constantine, before his building Byzantium: but I see no good reason for that imagination, and am apt to believe them much more ancient.

We saw very plainly from this promontory the river Simois rolling from Mount Ida, and running through a very spacious valley. It is now a considerable river, and called Simores; joined in the vale by the Scamander, which appeared a small stream half choked with mud, but is perhaps large in the winter. This was Xanthus among the gods, as Homer tells us; and 'tis by that heavenly name the nymph Oenone invokes it in her epistle to Paris. The Trojan virgins² used to offer their first favours to it, by the name of Scamander, till the adventure which Monsieur de la Fontaine has told so agreeably abolished that heathenish ceremony. When the stream is mingled with the Simois, they run together to the sea.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for, I am firmly persuaded, whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where I imagined the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest

Asia Minor. The second bears the celebrated inscription so often referred to, in proof of the *Βουστροφῆδον*, one of the most ancient forms of writing among the Greeks. For accurate accounts and engravings of these curiosities, see Chishull, Shuckford, and Chandler, *Inscript. Antiq.* Knight on the Greek Alphabet, &c.—D.

¹ George Sandys, one of the most valuable travellers into the Levant, whose work had reached four editions in the reign of Charles the First.—D.

² For this curious story, Monsieur Bayle may be consulted in his *Dictionary*, article "Scamander." It appears in the *Letters of Oschines*, vol. i. pp. 126, 129, edit. Genev. 1697; also in Philostrates and Vigenerus.—D.

city in the world was situate; and 'tis certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire, much to be preferred to that of Constantinople, the harbour here being always convenient for ships from all parts of the world, and that of Constantinople inaccessible almost six months in the year, while the north wind reigns.

North of the promontory of Sigeum we saw that of Rhæteum, famed for the sepulchre of Ajax. While I viewed these celebrated fields and rivers, I admired the exact geography of Homer, whom I had in my hand. Almost every epithet he gives to a mountain or plain is still just for it; and I spent several hours in as agreeable cogitations as ever Don Quixote had on mount Montesinos. We sailed that night to the shore, where 'tis vulgarly reported Troy stood; and I took the pains of rising at two in the morning to view coolly those ruins which are commonly shewed to strangers, and which the Turks call *Eski Stamboul*,¹ i. e. Old Constantinople. For that reason, as well as some others, I conjecture them to be the remains of that city begun by Constantine. I hired an ass (the only voiture to be had there), that I might go some miles into the country, and take a tour round the ancient walls, which are of a vast extent. We found the remains of a castle on a hill, and another in a valley, several broken pillars, and two pedestals, from which I took these Latin inscriptions:

DIVI. AUG. COL.
ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
EORUNDUM PRINCIPUM
COL. IUL. PARIANAË TRIBUN.
MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTAR.
TRIB. MILIT. LEG. XIII. GEM.
PRAEFECTO EQUIT. ALAE. I.
SCUBULORUM
VIC. VIII.

¹ Alexandria Troas, which the early travellers have erroneously considered as the true site of ancient Troy. See Belon, ch. vi. 4to, 1588, Viaggi di Pietro Della Valle, 4to, 1650. Gibbon (Rom. Hist. vol. iii. p. 10) remarks, that Wood, in his observations on the Troad, pp. 140, 141, had confounded Ilium with Alexandria Troas, although sixteen miles distant from each other. In the Ionian Antiquities are some fine views of these ruins.—D.

DIVL IULL FLAMININE
 C. ANTONIO. M. P.
 VOLT. RUFO. FLAMEN.
 DIV. AUG. COL. CL. APRENS.
 ET COL. IUL. PHILIPPENSIS
 EORUNDUM ET PRINCIPUM
 COL. IUL. PARIANAÆ TRIB.
 MILIT. COH. XXXII. VOLUNTARIOR.
 TRIB. MILIT. XIII.
 GEM. PRAEF. EQUIT. ALAE. I.
 SCUBULORUM
 VIC. VII.

I do not doubt but the remains of a temple near this place are the ruins of one dedicated to Augustus; and I know not why Mr. Sandys calls it a Christian temple, since the Romans certainly built hereabouts. Here are many tombs of fine marble, and vast pieces of granite, which are daily lessened by the prodigious balls that the Turks make from them for their cannon. We passed that evening the Isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particular of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled, still famous for its excellent wine. I say nothing of Tennes, from whom it was called; but naming Mitylene, where we passed next, I cannot forbear mentioning that Lesbos, where Sappho sung, and Pittacus reigned, famous for the birth of Alcæus, Theophrastus, and Arion, those masters in poetry, philosophy, and music. This was one of the last islands that remained in the Christian dominion after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks. But need I talk to you of Cantacuseno, &c., princes that you are as well acquainted with as I am? 'Twas with regret I saw us sail swift from this island into the Egean sea, now the Archipelago, leaving Scio (the ancient Chios) on the left, which is the richest and most populous of these islands, fruitful in cotton, corn, and silk, planted with groves of orange and lemon trees; and the Arvisian mountain, still celebrated for the nectar that Virgil mentions. Here is the best manufacture of silk in all

Turkey. The town is well built, the women famous for their beauty, and shew their faces as in Christendom. There are many rich families, though they confine their magnificence to the inside of their houses, to avoid the jealousy of the Turks, who have a pasha here: however, they enjoy a reasonable liberty, and indulge the genius of their country;

And eat, and sing, and dance away their time,
Fresh as their groves, and happy as their clime.

Their chains hang lightly on them, though 'tis not long since they were imposed, not being under the Turk till 1566. But perhaps 'tis as easy to obey the Grand Signior as the state of Genoa, to whom they were sold by the Greek Emperor. But I forget myself in these historical touches, which are very impertinent when I write to you. Passing the strait between the islands of Andros and Achaia, now Libadia, we saw the promontory of Sunium, now called Cape Colonna, where are yet standing the vast pillars of a temple of Minerva. This venerable sight made me think, with double regret, on a beautiful temple of Theseus, which, I am assured, was almost entire at Athens till the last campaign in the Morea, that the Turks filled it with powder, and it was accidentally blown up. You may believe I had a great mind to land on the famed Peloponnesus, though it were only to look on the rivers of Æsopus, Peneus, Inachus, and Eurotas, the fields of Arcadia, and other scenes of ancient mythology. But instead of demi-gods and heroes, I was credibly informed 'tis now overrun by robbers, and that I should run a great risk of falling into their hands by undertaking such a journey through a desert country; for which, however, I have so much respect, that I have much ado to hinder myself from troubling you with its whole history, from the foundation of Nycana and Corinth, to the last campaign there; but I check that inclination, as I did that of landing. We sailed quietly by Cape Angelo, once Malea, where I saw no remains of the famous temple of Apollo. We came that evening in sight of Candia: it is very mountainous; we easily distinguished that of Ida.—We have Virgil's authority, here were a hundred cities—

“ —Centum urbes habitant magnas.”

The chief of them, Gnossus, the scene of monstrous passions. Metellus first conquered this birthplace of his Jupiter: it fell afterwards into the hands of—I am running on to the very siege of Candia; and I am so angry at myself, that I will pass by all the other islands with this general reflection, that 'tis impossible to imagine any thing more agreeable than this journey would have been between two or three thousand years since, when, after drinking a dish of tea with Sappho, I might have gone the same evening to visit the temple of Homer in Chios, and have passed this voyage in taking plans of magnificent temples, delineating the miracles of statuaries, and conversing with the most polite and most gay of human kind. Alas! art is extinct here; the wonders of nature alone remain; and it was with vast pleasure I observed those of Mount Etna, whose flame appears very bright in the night many leagues off at sea, and fills the head with a thousand conjectures. However, I honour philosophy too much, to imagine it could turn that of Empedocles; and Lucian shall never make me believe such a scandal of a man, of whom Lucretius says,

“ —Vix humana videtur stirpe creatus.”

We passed Trinacria without hearing any of the syrens that Homer describes; and, being neither thrown on Scylla nor Charybdis, came safe to Malta, first called Melita, from the abundance of honey. It is a whole rock covered with very little earth. The Grand Master lives here in the state of a sovereign prince; but his strength at sea now [is] very small. The fortifications are reckoned the best in the world, all cut in the solid rock with infinite expense and labour.—Off of this island we were tossed by a severe storm, and very glad, after eight days, to be able to put into Porta Farine on the African shore, where our ship now rides. We were met here by the English consul who resides at Tunis. I readily accepted of the offer of his house there for some days, being very curious to see this part of the world, and particularly the ruins of Carthage. I set out in his chaise at nine at night, the moon

being at full. I saw the prospect of the country almost as well as I could have done by daylight; and the heat of the sun is now so intolerable, 'tis impossible to travel at any other time. The soil is for the most part sandy, but every where fruitful in date, olive, and fig-trees, which grow without art, yet afford the most delicious fruit in the world. Their vineyards and melon-fields are enclosed by hedges of that plant we call the Indian-fig, which is an admirable fence, no wild beast being able to pass it. It grows a great height, very thick, and the spikes or thorns are as long and sharp as bodkins: it bears a fruit much eaten by the peasants, and which has no ill taste.

It being now the season of the Turkish Ramadan, or Lent, and all here professing, at least, the Mahometan religion, they fast till the going down of the sun, and spend the night in feasting. We saw under the trees in many places companies of the country people, eating, singing, and dancing to their wild music. They are not quite black, but all mulattoes, and the most frightful creatures that can appear in a human figure. They are almost naked, only wearing a piece of coarse serge wrapped about them.—But the women have their arms, to their very shoulders, and their necks and faces, adorned with flowers, stars, and various sorts of figures impressed by gunpowder; a considerable addition to their natural deformity; which is, however, esteemed very ornamental among them; and I believe they suffer a good deal of pain by it.

About six miles from Tunis we saw the remains of that noble aqueduct which carried the water to Carthage, over several high mountains, the length of forty miles. There are still many arches entire. We spent two hours viewing it with great attention, and Mr. W. [Wortley] assured me that of Rome is very much inferior to it. The stones are of a prodigious size, and yet all polished, and so exactly fitted to each other, very little cement has been made use of to join them. Yet they may probably stand a thousand years longer, if art is not used to pull them down. Soon after daybreak I arrived at Tunis, a town fairly built of a very white stone, but quite without gardens, which, they say, were all destroyed and their fine

groves cut down when the Turks first took it, none having been planted since. The dry sand gives a very disagreeable prospect to the eye; and the want of shade contributing to the natural heat of the climate, renders it so excessive. I have much ado to support it. 'Tis true here is every noon the refreshment of the sea-breeze, without which it would be impossible to live; but no fresh water but what is preserved in the cisterns of the rains that fall in the month of September. The women in the town go veiled from head to foot under a black crape; and, being mixed with a breed of renegades, are said to be many of them fair and handsome. This city was besieged 1270, by Lewis King of France, who died under the walls of it of a pestilential fever. After his death, Philip, his son, and our Prince Edward, son of Henry III., raised the siege on honourable conditions. It remained under its natural African kings, till betrayed into the hands of Barbarossa, admiral of Solymán the Magnificent. The Emperor Charles V. expelled Barbarossa, but it was recovered by the Turk, under the conduct of Sinan Pasha, in the reign of Selim II. From that time till now it has remained tributary to the Grand Signior, governed by a *bey*, who suffers the name of subject to the Turk, but has renounced the subjection, being absolute, and very seldom paying any tribute. The great city of Bagdat is at this time in the same circumstance; and the Grand Signior connives at the loss of these dominions, for fear of losing even the titles of them.

I went very early yesterday morning (after one night's repose) to see the ruins of Carthage.—I was, however, half broiled in the sun, and overjoyed to be led into one of the subterranean apartments, which they called the stables of the elephants, but which I cannot believe were ever designed for that use. I found in many of them broken pieces of columns of fine marble, and some of porphyry. I cannot think any body would take the insignificant pains of carrying them thither, and I cannot imagine such fine pillars were designed for the ornament of a stable. I am apt to believe they were summer apartments under their palaces, which the heat of the climate rendered necessary. They are now used as granaries

by the country people. While I sat here, from the town of Tents, not far off, many of the women flocked in to see me, and we were equally entertained with viewing one another. Their posture in sitting, the colour of their skin, their lank black hair falling on each side their faces, their features, and the shape of their limbs, differ so little from their own country people the baboons, 'tis hard to fancy them a distinct race; and I could not help thinking there had been some ancient alliances between them.

When I was a little refreshed by rest, and some milk and exquisite fruit they brought me, I went up the little hill where once stood the castle of Byrsa, and from whence I had a distinct view of the situation of the famous city of Carthage, which stood on an isthmus, the sea coming on each side of it. 'Tis now a marshy ground on one side, where there are salt ponds. Strabo calls Carthage forty miles in circuit. There are now no remains of it but what I have described; and the history of it [is] too well known to want my abridgment of it. You see, that I think you esteem obedience more than compliments. I have answered your letter, by giving you the account you desired, and have reserved my thanks to the conclusion. I intend to leave this place to-morrow, and continue my journey through Italy and France. In one of those places I hope to tell you, by word of mouth, that I am,

Your humble servant.

TO THE COUNTESS OF — [MAR].

Genoa,¹ Aug. 28, O.S. [1718].

I BEG your pardon, my dear sister, that I did not write to you from Tunis, the only opportunity I have had since I left Constantinople. But the heat there was so excessive, and the light so bad for the sight, I was half blind by writing one letter to the Abbot — [Abbé Conti], and durst not go on to write many others I had designed; nor, indeed, could I have enter-

¹ "They write from Genoa that the Preston, Captain Johnson, Commander, arrived there the 15th of August, O.S., in forty-eight days from Constantinople, having on board the Honourable Mr. Wortley Montagu, lately his Majesty's ambassador at the Porte."—*Original Weekly Journal*, Sept. 13, 1718.—T.

tained you very well out of that barbarous country. I am now surrounded with objects of pleasure, and so much charmed with the beauties of Italy, I should think it a kind of ingratitude not to offer a little praise in return for the diversion I have had here. I am in the house of Mrs. d'Avenant,¹ at St. Pierre l'Arène, and should be very unjust not to allow her a share of that praise I speak of, since her good humour and good company have very much contributed to render this place agreeable to me.

Genoa is situate in a very fine bay; and being built on a rising hill, intermixed with gardens, and beautified with the most excellent architecture, gives a very fine prospect off at sea; though it lost much of its beauty in my eyes, having been accustomed to that of Constantinople. The Genoese were once masters of several islands in the Archipelago, and all that part of Constantinople which is now called Galata. Their betraying the Christian cause, by facilitating the taking of Constantinople by the Turk, deserved what has since happened to them—the loss of all their conquests on that side to those infidels. They are at present far from rich, and despised by the French, since their Doge was forced by the late King to go in person to Paris, to ask pardon for such a trifle as the arms of France over the house of the envoy being spattered with dung in the night. I suppose, by some of the Spanish faction, which still makes up the majority here, though they dare not openly declare it. The ladies affect the French habit, and are more genteel than those they imitate. I do not doubt but the custom of cecisbeos has very much improved their airs. I know not whether you have ever heard of those animals. Upon my word, nothing but my own eyes could have convinced [me] there were any such upon earth. The fashion began here, and is now received all over Italy, where the husbands are not such terrible creatures as we represent them. There are none among them such brutes to pretend to find fault with a custom so well established, and so politically

¹ Mrs. Davenant will be found again alluded to in one of the letters to Lady Mar.—T.

founded, since I am assured here that it was an expedient first found out by the senate, to put an end to those family hatreds which tore their state to pieces, and to find employment for those young men who were forced to cut one another's throats *pour passer le temps*; and it has succeeded so well, that, since the institution of cecisbei, there has been nothing but peace and good humour among them. These are gentlemen who devote themselves to the service of a particular lady (I mean a married one, for the virgins are all invisible, confined to convents): they are obliged to wait on her to all public places, the plays, operas, and assemblies (which are called here *Conversations*), where they wait behind her chair, take care of her fan and gloves if she plays, have the privilege of whispers, &c. When she goes out, they serve her instead of lacquies, gravely trotting by her chair. 'Tis their business to present against any day of public appearance, not forgetting that of her own name:¹ in short, they are to spend all their time and money in her service, who rewards them according to her inclination (for opportunity they want none); but the husband is not to have the impudence to suppose this any other than pure Platonic friendship. 'Tis true, they endeavour to give her a cecisbeo of their own choosing; but when the lady happens not to be of the same taste, as that often happens, she never fails to bring it about to have one of her own fancy. In former times, one beauty used to have eight or ten of these humble admirers; but those days of plenty and humility are no more: men grow more scarce and saucy; and every lady is forced to content herself with one at a time.

You see the glorious liberty of a republic, or more properly, an aristocracy, the common people being here as errant slaves as the French; but the old nobles pay little respect to the Doge, who is but two years in his office, and at that very time his wife assumes no rank above another noble lady. 'Tis true, the family of Andrea Doria (that great man, who restored them that liberty they enjoy) have some particular privileges: when the senate found it necessary to put a stop to the luxury of dress, forbidding the wear of jewels and brocades, they left

¹ That is, the day of the saint after whom she is called.—D.

them at liberty to make what expense they pleased. I look with great pleasure on the statue of that hero, which is in the court belonging to the house of Duke Doria. This puts me in mind of their palaces, which I can never describe as I ought. Is it not enough that I say they are, most of them, of the design of Palladio? The street called Strada Nova is perhaps the most beautiful line of building in the world. I must particularly mention the vast palace of Durazzo; those of two Balbi, joined together by a magnificent [colonnade]; that of the Imperiale at this village of St. Pierre l'Arène; and another of the Doria. The perfection of architecture, and the utmost profusion of rich furniture, are to be seen here, disposed with the most elegant taste and lavish magnificence. But I am charmed with nothing so much as the collection of pictures by the pencils of Raphael, Paulo Veronese, Titian, Caracci, Michael Angelo, Guido, and Corregio, which two I mention last as my particular favourites. I own I can find no pleasure in objects of horror; and, in my opinion, the more naturally a crucifix is represented, the more disagreeable it is. These, my beloved painters, shew nature, and shew it in the most charming light. I was particularly pleased with a Lucretia in the house of Balbi: the expressive beauty of that face and bosom gives all the passion of pity and admiration that could be raised in the soul by the finest poem on that subject. A Cleopatra of the same hand deserves to be mentioned; and I should say more of her, if Lucretia had not first engaged my eyes. Here are also some inestimable ancient bustos. The church of St. Lawrence is all black and white marble, where is kept that famous plate of a single emerald, which is not now permitted to be handled, since a plot which they say was discovered to throw it on the pavement and break it—a childish piece of malice, which they ascribe to the King of Sicily, to be revenged for their refusing to sell it to him. The church of the Annunciation is finely lined with marble; the pillars of red and white marble: that of St. Ambrose very much adorned by the Jesuits: but I confess, all these churches appeared so mean to me, after that of Sancta Sophia, I can hardly do

them the honour of writing down their names.—But I hope you will own I have made good use of my time, in seeing so much, since 'tis not many days that we have been out of the quarantine, from which nobody is exempted coming from the Levant. But ours was very much shortened, and very agreeably passed in Mr. d'Avenant's company, in the village of St. Pierre l'Arène, about a mile from Genoa, in a house built by Palladio, so well designed and so nobly proportioned, 'twas a pleasure to walk in it. We were visited here only in the company of a noble Genoese, commissioned to see we did not touch one another. I shall stay here some days longer, and could almost wish it for all my life; but mine, I fear, is not destined to so much tranquillity.

I am, &c. &c.¹

TO THE COUNTESS OF ———.

Turin, Sept. 12, O.S. [1718].

I CAME in two days from Genoa, through fine roads to this place. I have already seen what is shewed to strangers in the town, which, indeed, is not worth a very particular description; and I have not respect enough for the holy handkerchief to speak long of it. The church is handsome, and so is the king's palace; but I have lately seen such perfection of architecture, I did not give much of my attention to these pieces. The town itself is fairly built, situate on a fine plain on the banks of the Po. At a little distance from it, we saw the palaces of La Venerie and La Valentin, both very agreeable retreats. We were lodged in the Piazza Royale, which is one of the noblest squares I ever saw, with a fine portico of white stone quite round it. We were immediately visited by the Chevalier ———, whom you knew in England; who, with great civility, begged to introduce us at court, which is now kept at Rivoli, about a league from Turin. I went thither yesterday, and had the honour of waiting on the queen, being presented to her by her first lady of honour. I found her majesty in a magnificent

¹ The first volume of the Sowden manuscript ends here. The second volume appears to have been intended as a separate work. It begins with the following letter, headed "Copies of Letters. Letter 1st."—T.

apartment, with a train of handsome ladies, all dressed in gowns, among whom it was easy to distinguish the fair Princess of Carignan. The queen¹ entertained me with a world of sweetness and affability, and seemed mistress of a great share of good sense. She did not forget to [put] me in mind of her English blood, and added, that she always felt in herself a particular inclination to love the English. I returned her civility, by giving her the title of majesty as often as I could, which, perhaps, she will not have the comfort of hearing many months longer.² The king has a great vivacity in his eyes; and the young Prince of Piedmont is a very handsome youth; but the great devotion which this court is at present fallen into, does not permit any of those entertainments proper for his age. Processions and masses are all the magnificences in fashion here; and gallantry so criminal, that the poor Count of —, who was our acquaintance at London, is very seriously disgraced, for some small overtures he presumed to make to a maid of honour. I intend to set out to-morrow, to pass those dreadful Alps, so much talked of. If I come alive to the bottom you shall hear of me.

TO MRS. T—— [THISTLETHWAYTE].

Lyons, Sept. 25, O.S. [1718].

I RECEIVED, at my arrival here, both your obliging letters, and from many of my other friends, designed to Constantinople, and sent me from Marseilles hither: our merchant there knowing we were upon our return. I am surprised to hear my sister [Mar] has left England. I suppose what I wrote to her from Turin will be lost, and where to direct I know not, having no account of her affairs from her own hand. For my own part, I am confined to my chamber, having kept my bed, till yesterday, ever since the 17th, that I came to this town; where I have had so terrible a fever, I believed for some time that all my journeys were ended here: and I do not at

¹ Anna Maria, wife of Victor Amadeus, at this time Duke of Savoy and King of Sicily. She was a daughter of Philip, Duke of Orleans, by Henrietta Maria, daughter of King Charles the First.—T.

² The Spaniards were at this time successfully invading Sicily, by which Victor Amadeus shortly afterwards lost his regal title.—T.

all wonder that such fatigues as I have passed should have such an effect. The first day's journey, from Turin to Novalesse, is through a very fine country, beautifully planted, and enriched by art and nature. The next day we began to ascend Mount Cenis, being carried in little seats of twisted osiers, fixed upon poles upon men's shoulders; our chaises taken to pieces, and laid upon mules.

The prodigious prospect of mountains covered with eternal snow, clouds hanging far below our feet, and the vast cascades tumbling down the rocks with a confused roaring, would have been solemnly entertaining to me, if I had suffered less from the extreme cold that reigns here; but the misty rain which falls perpetually, penetrated even the thick fur I was wrapped in; and I was half dead with cold, before we got to the foot of the mountain, which was not till two hours after 'twas dark. This hill has a spacious plain on the top of it, and a fine lake there; but the descent is so steep and slippery, 'tis surprising to see these chairmen go so steadily as they do. Yet I was not half so much afraid of breaking my neck, as I was of falling sick; and the event has shewed that I placed my fears in the right place.

The other mountains are now all passable for a chaise, and very fruitful in vines and pastures; among them is a breed of the finest goats in the world. Acquebellet is the last; and soon after we entered Pont Beauvoisin, the frontier town of France, whose bridge parts this kingdom and the dominion of Savoy. The same night we arrived late at this town, where I have had nothing to do but to take care of my health. I think myself already out of any danger, and am determined that the sore throat, which still remains, shall not confine me long. I am impatient to see the antiquities of this famous city, and more impatient to continue my journey to Paris, from whence I hope to write you a more diverting letter than 'tis possible for me to do now, with a mind weakened by sickness, a head muddled with spleen, from a sorry inn, and a chamber crammed with the mortifying objects of apothecaries' phials and bottles.

TO MR. P——.

Lyons, Sept. 28, O.S. [1716]

I RECEIVED yours here, and should thank you for the pleasure you express for my return; but I can hardly forbear being angry at you for rejoicing at what displeases me so much. You will think this but an odd compliment on my side. I'll assure you 'tis not from insensibility of the joy of seeing my friends; but when I consider that I must at the same time see and hear a thousand disagreeable impertinents, that I must receive and pay visits, make courtesies, and assist at tea-tables, where I shall be half killed with questions; on the other part, that I am a creature that cannot serve any body but with insignificant good wishes; and that my presence is not a necessary good to any one member of my native country, I think I might much better have staid where ease and quiet made up the happiness of my indolent life. I should certainly be melancholy if I pursued this theme one line further. I will rather fill the remainder of this paper with the inscriptions on the tables of brass that are placed on each side the town-house here.

I. TABLE.

MÆRORUM. NOSTRÆ : : : : SII : : : : : EQUIDEM. PRIMAN. OMNIUM. ILLAM. COGITATIONEM. HOMINUM. QUAM. MAXIME. PRIMAM. OCCURSURAM. MIHI. PROVIDEO. DEPRECOR. NE. QUASI. NOVAM. ISTAM. REM. INTRODUCI. EXHORRESCATIS. SED. ILLA. POTIUS. COGITETIS. QUAM. MULTA. IN. HAC. CIVITATE. NOVATA. SINT. ET. QUIDEM. STATIM. AB. ORIGINE. URBIS. NOSTRÆ. IN. QUOT. FORMAS. STATUSQUE. RES. P. NOSTRA. DIDUCTA. SIT.

QUONDAM. REGES. HANC. TENUERE. URBEM. NE. TAMEN. DOMESTICIS. SUCCESSORIBUS. EAM. TRADERE. CONTIGIT. SUPERVENERE. ALIENI. ET. QUIDAM. EXTERNI. UT. NUMA. ROMULO. SUCCESSERIT. EX. SABINIS. VENIENS. VICINUS. QUIDEM. SED. TUNC. EXTERNUS. UT. ANCO. MARCIO. PRISCUS. TARQUINIUS. PROPTER. TEMERATUM. SANGUINEM. QUOD. PATRE. DE. MARATO. CORINTHIO. NATUS. ERAT. ET. TARQUINIENSI. MATRE. GENEROSA. SED. INOPI. UT. QUÆ. TALI. MARITO. NECESSE. HABUERIT. SUCCUMBERE. CUM. DOMI. REPELLERETUR. A. GERENDIS. HONORIBUS. POSTQUAM. ROMAM. MIGRAVIT. REGNUM. ADEPTUS. EST. HUIUS. QUOQUE. ET. FILIO. NEPOTIVE. EJUS. NAM. ET. HOC. INTER. AUCTORES. DISCREPAT. INCRETUS. SERVIUS. TULLIUS. SI. NOSTROS. SEQUIMUR. CAPTIVA. NATUS. OCRESIA. SI. TUSCOS. COELII. QUONDAM. VIVENNÆ. SODALIS. FIDELISSIMUS. OMNISQUE. EJUS. CASUS. COMES. POSTQUAM. VARIA. FORTUNA. EXACTUS. CUM. OMNIBUS. RELIQUIS. COELIANI. EXERCITUS. ETRURIA. EXCESSIT. MONTEM. COELIUM. OCCUPAVIT. ET. A. DUCE. SUO.

COELIO. ITA. APPELLITATUS. MUTATOQUE. NOMINE. NAM. TUSCE. MASTARNA. EI. NOMEN. ERAT. ITA. APPELLATUS. EST. UT. DIXI. ET. REGNUM. SUMMA. CUM. REIP. UTILITATE. OBTINUIT. DEINDE. POSTQUAM. TARQUINI. SUPERBI. MORES. INVISI. CIVITATI. NOSTRÆ. ESSE. COEPERUNT. QUA. IPSIUS. QUA. FILIORUM. EJUS. NEMPE. PERTÆSUM. EST. MENTES. REGNI. ET. AD. CONSULES. ANNUOS. MAGISTRATUS. ADMINISTRATIO. REIP. TRANSLATA. EST.

QUID. NUNC. COMMEMOREM. DICTATURÆ. HOC. IPSO. CONSULARI. IMPERIUM. VALENTIUS. REPERTUM. APUD. MAJORES. NOSTROS. QUO. IN. ASPERIORIBUS. BELLIS. AUT. IN. CIVILI. MOTU. DIFFICILIORI. UTERENTUR. AUT. IN. AUXILIUM. PLEBIS. CREATOS. TRIBUNOS. PLEBEI. QUID. A. CONSULIBUS. AD. DECEMVROS. TRANSLATUM. IMPERIUM. SOLUTOQUE. POSTEA. DECEMVIRALI. REGNO. AD. CONSULES. RURSUS. REDITUM. QUID. IM : : : V. RIS. DISTRIBUTUM. CONSULARE. IMPERIUM. TRIBUNOSQUE. MILITUM. CONSULARI. IMPERIO. APPELLATUS. QUI. SENI. ET. OCTONI. CREARENTUR. QUID. COMMUNICATOS. POSTREMO. CUM. PLEBE. HONORES. NON. IMPERI. SOLUM. SED. SACERDOTIORUM. QUOQUE. JAMSI. NARREM. BELLA. A. QUIBUS. COEPERINT. MAJORES. NOSTRI. ET. QUO. PROCES- SERIMUS. VEREOR. NE. NIMIO. INSOLENTIOR. ESSE. VIDEAR. ET. QUÆSISSE. JACTATIONEM. GLORIÆ. PROLATI. IMPERI. ULTRA. OCEANUM. SED. ILLO. C. PO- RIUS. REVERTAR. CIVITATEM.

I cannot take the pains with the second table I have done with the first.¹ You may easily imagine it in the same character, and pointed after the same manner. These are the words.

II. TABLE.

: : : : : SANE : : : : : NOVO : : : : :
DIVUS : AUG : : : NO : LUS. ET. PATRUUS. TI. CÆSAR. OMNEM. FLOREM. UBIQUE. COLONiarUM. AC. MUNICIPIORUM. BONORUM. SCILICET. VIRORUM. ET. LOCUPLETIUM. IN. HAC. CURIA. ESSE. VOLUIT. QUID. ERGO. NON. ITALICUS. SENATOR. PROVINCIALI. POTIOR. EST. JAM. VOBIS. CUM. HANC. PARTEM. CENSURÆ. MEÆ. APPROBARE. COEPEO. QUID. DE. EA. RE. SENTIAM. REBUS. OSTENDAM. SED. NE. PROVINCIALES. QUIDEM. SI. MODO. ORNARE. CURIAM. POTERINT. REJICIENDOS. PUTO.

ORNATISSIMA. ECCE. COLONIA. VALENTISSIMAQUE. RIENNENSIIUM. QUAM. LONGO. JAM. TEMPORE. SENATORES. HUIC. CURIÆ. CONFERT. EX. QUA. COLONIA. INTER. PAUCOS. EQUESTRIS. ORDINIS. ORNAMENTUM. L. RESTINUM. FAMILIARIS- SIME. DILIGO. ET. HODIEQUE. IN. REBUS. MEIS. DETINEO. CUJUS. LIBERI. FRUANTUR. QUÆSO. PRIMO. SACERDOTIORUM. GRADU. POST. MODO. CUM. ANNIS. PROMOTURI. DIGNITATIS. SUÆ. INCREMENTA. UT. DIRUM. NOMEN. LA- TRONIS. TACEAM. ET. ODI. ILLUD. PALESTRICUM. PRODIGIUM. QUOD. ANTE. IN. DOMUM. CONSULATUM. INTULIT. QUAM. COLONIA. SUA. SOLIDUM. CIVITATIS. ROMANÆ. BENEFICIUM. CONSECU- TA. EST. IDEM. DE. FRATRE. EJUS. POSSUM. DICERE. MISERABILI. QUIDEM. INDIGNISSIMOQUE. HOC. CASU. UT. VOBIS. UTILIS. SENATOR. ESSE. NON. POSSIT.

¹ In the manuscript the first portion only of the transcription is in capital letters.—T.

TEMPUS. EST. JAM. TI. CÆSAR. GERMANICE. DETEGERE. TE. PATRIBUS. CONSCRIPTIS. QUO. TENDAT. ORATIO. TUA. JAM. ENIM. AD. EXTREMOS. FINES. GALLIÆ. NARBONENSIS. VENISTI.

TOT. ECCE. INSIGNES. JUVENES. QUOT. INTUEOR. NON. MAGIS. SUNT. POENITENDI. SENATORIB. QUAM. POENITET. PERSICUM. NOBILISSIMUM. VIRUM. AMICUM. MEUM. INTER. IMAGINES. MAJORUM. SUORUM. ALLOGOGICI. NOMEN. LEGERE. QUOD. SI. HÆC. ITA. ESSE. CONSENTI. IS. QUID. ULTRA. DESIDERATIS. QUAM. UT. VOBIS. DIGITO. DEMONSTREM. SOLUM. IPSUM. ULTRA. FINES. PROVINCIÆ. NARBONENSIS. JAM. VOBIS. SENATORES. MITTERE. QUANDO. EX. LUGDUNO. HABERE. NOS. NOSTRI. ORDINIS. VIROS. NON. POENITET. TIMIDE. QUIDEM. P. C. EGRESSUS. ADSUETOS. FAMILIARESQUE. VOBIS. PROVINCIARUM. TERMINOS. SUM. SED. DESTRICTE. JAM. COMATÆ. GALLIÆ. CAUSA. AGENDA. EST. IN. QUA. SI. QUIS. HOC. INTUETUR. QUOD. BELLO. PER. DECEM. ANNOS. EXERCUERUNT. DIVOM. JULIUM. IDEM. OPPONAT. CENTUM. ANNORUM. IMMOBILEM. FIDEM. OBSEQUIUMQUE. MULTIS. TRIPIDIS. REBUS. NOSTRIS. PLUSQUAM. EXPERTUM. ILLI. PATRI. MEO. DRUSO. GERMANIAM. SUBIGENTI. TUTAM. QUIETE. SUA. SECURAMQUE. A. TERGO. PACEM. PRÆSTITERUNT. ET. QUIDEM. CUM. AD. CENSUS. NOVO. TUM. OPERE. ET. IN. ADSUETO. GALLIIS. AD. BELLUM. AVOCATUS. ESSET. QUOD. OPUS. QUAM. ARDUUM. SIT. NOBIS. NUNC. CUM. MAXIME. QUAMVIS. NIHIL. ULTRA. QUAM. UT. PUBLICE. NOTÆ. SINT. FACULTATES. NOSTRÆ. EXQUIRATUR. NIMIS. MAGNO. EXPERIMENTO. COGNOSCIMUS.

I was also shewed, without the gate of St. Justinus, some remains of a Roman aqueduct; and behind the monastery of St. Mary's there are the ruins of the imperial palace where the Emperor Claudius was born, and where Severus lived. The great cathedral of St. John is a good Gothic building, and its clock much admired by the Germans. In one of the most conspicuous parts of the town is the late King's statue set up, trampling upon mankind. I cannot forbear saying one word here of the French statues (for I never intend to mention any more of them), with their gilded full-bottomed wigs. If their king had intended to express, in one image, ignorance, ill taste, and vanity, his sculptors could have made no other figure to represent the odd mixture of an old beau, who had a mind to be a hero, with a bushel of curled hair on his head, and a gilt truncheon in his hand. The French have been so voluminous on the history of this town, I need say nothing of it. The houses are tolerably well built, and the Belle Cour well planted, from whence is seen the celebrated joining of the Saone and Rhone.

“ Ubi Rhodanus ingens amne prærapido fluit
Ararque dubitans quo suos fluctus agat.”

I have had time to see every thing with great leisure, having been confined several days to this town by a swelling in my throat, the remains of a fever, occasioned by a cold I got in the damps of the Alps. The doctors here (who are charmed with a new customer) threaten me with all sorts of distempers, if I dare to leave them till this swelling is quite vanished; but I, that know the obstinacy of it, think it just as possible to continue my way to Paris with it, as to go about the streets of Lyons; and am determined to pursue my journey to-morrow, in spite of doctors, apothecaries, and sore throats.

When you see Lady R. [Rich], tell her I have received her letter, and will answer it from Paris, believing that the place she would most willingly hear of.

TO THE LADY R—— [RICH].

Paris, Oct. 10,¹ O.S. [1718].

I CANNOT give my dear Lady R. [Rich] a better proof of the pleasure I have in writing to her, than choosing to do it in this seat of various amusements, where I am *accablée* with visits, and those so full of vivacity and compliment, that 'tis full employment enough to hearken, whether one answers or not. The French ambassadress at Constantinople has a very considerable and numerous family here, who all come to see me, and are never weary of making enquiries. The air of Paris has already had a good effect on me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me; which did not need that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France shew

¹ As to the dates of the letters which conclude this section, see remarks in the Memoir, *antè*, p. 31.—T

nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade [one of] the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fontainebleau. There you begin to think the kingdom rich when you are shewed one thousand five hundred rooms in the King's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. The long gallery, built by Henry IV., has prospects of all the King's houses: its walls designed after the taste of those times, but appear now very mean. The park is, indeed, finely wooded and watered, the trees well grown and planted, and in the fish-ponds are kept tame carp, said to be, some of them, eighty years of age. The late King passed some months every year at this seat; and all the rocks round it, by the pious sentences inscribed on them, shew the devotion in fashion at his court, which I believe died with him; at least, I see no exterior marks of it at Paris, where all people's thoughts seem to be on present diversion.

The fair of St. Lawrence is now in season. You may be sure I have been carried thither, and think it much better disposed than ours of Bartholomew. The shops being all set in rows so regularly, well lighted, they made up a very agreeable spectacle. But I was not at all satisfied with the *grossièreté* of their harlequin, no more than with their music at the opera, which was abominably grating, after being used to that of Italy. Their house is a booth, compared to that of the Hay-market, and the play-house not so neat as that in Lincoln's Inn-fields; but then it must be owned, to their praise, their tragedians are much beyond any of ours. I should hardly allow Mrs. O. [Oldfield] a better place than to be confidante to La ——. I have seen the tragedy of Bajazet so well represented, I think our best actors can be only said to speak, but these to feel; and 'tis certainly infinitely more moving to see a man appear unhappy, than to hear him say that he is so,

with a jolly face, and a stupid smirk in his countenance.—*A propos* of countenances, I must tell you something of the French ladies; I have seen all the beauties, and such — (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous [creatures]! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paint! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, loaded with powder, that makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces, and I am apt to believe, took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and, if I was writing to any body else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me a still higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady R.'s auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

P.S. I have met the Abbé [Conti] here, who desires me to make his compliments to you.

TO MRS. T—— [THISTLETHWAYTE].

Paris, Oct. 16, O.S. [1718].

YOU see I'm just to my word, in writing to you from Paris, where I was very much surprised to meet my sister — [Mar]; I need not add, very much pleased. She as little expected to see me as I her (having not received my late letters); and this meeting would shine under the hand of Mr. De Scudérie;¹ but I shall not imitate his style so far as to tell you how often we embraced; how she enquired by what odd chance I returned from Constantinople; and I answered her by asking what adventure brought her to Paris? To shorten the story, all questions and answers, and exclamations, and compliments, being over, we agreed upon running about together, and have seen Versailles, Trianon, Marli, and St. Cloud. We had an order for the waters to play for our

¹ George de Scudérie, brother of the more celebrated Madame de Scudérie. He was a member of the French Academy, but was notorious for his bad poetry.—T.

diversion, and I was followed thither by all the English at Paris. I own Versailles appeared to me rather vast than beautiful; and after have [having?] seen the exact proportions of the Italian buildings, I thought the irregularity of it shocking.

The King's cabinet of antiques and medals is, indeed, very richly furnished. Among that collection none pleased me so well as the apotheosis of Germanicus, on a large agate, which is one of the most delicate pieces of the kind that I remember to have seen. I observed some ancient statues of great value. But the nauseous flattery, and tawdry pencil of Le Brun, are equally disgusting in the gallery. I will not pretend to describe to you the great apartment, the vast variety of fountains, the theatre, the grove of Esop's fables, &c., all which you may read very amply particularised in some of the French authors that have been paid for those descriptions. Trianon, in its littleness, pleased me better than Versailles; Marli, better than either of them; and St. Cloud, best of all; having the advantage of the Seine running at the bottom of the gardens, the great cascade, &c. You may find in the foresaid books, if you have any curiosity to know the exact number of the statues, and how many feet they cast up the water.

We saw the King's pictures in the magnificent house of the Duke d'Antin, who has the care of preserving them till his Majesty is of age. There are not many, but of the best hands. I looked with great pleasure on the archangel of Raphael, where the sentiments of superior beings are as well expressed as in Milton. You won't forgive me if I say nothing of the Thuilleries, much finer than our Mall; and the Cours, more agreeable than our Hyde Park, the high trees giving shade in the hottest season. At the Louvre I had the opportunity of seeing the King, accompanied by the Duke-Regent. He is tall and well-shaped, but has not the air of holding the crown so many years as his grandfather. And now I am speaking of the court, I must say I saw nothing in France that delighted me so much as to see an Englishman

(at least a Briton) absolute at Paris; I mean Mr. L——,¹ who treats their dukes and peers extremely *de haut en bas*, and is treated by them with the utmost submission and respect.—Poor souls!—This reflection on their abject slavery puts me in mind of the *Place des Victoires*; but I will not take up your time and my own with such descriptions, which are too numerous.

In general, I think Paris has the advantage of London, in the neat pavement of the streets, and the regular lighting of them at nights, the proportion of the streets, the houses all built of stone, and most of those belonging to people of quality, being beautified by gardens. But we certainly may boast of a town very near twice as large; and when I have said that, I know nothing else we surpass it in. I shall not continue here long; if you have any thing to command me during my short stay, write soon, and I shall take pleasure in obeying you.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MR. P——.²

I HAVE been running about Paris at a strange rate with my sister, and strange sights have we seen. They are, at least, strange sights to me, for after having been accustomed to the gravity of Turks, I can scarcely look with an easy and familiar aspect at the levity and agility of the airy phantoms that are dancing about me here, and I often think that I am at a puppet-shew amidst the representations of real life. I stare prodigiously, but nobody remarks it, for every body stares here; staring is *à la mode*—there is a stare of attention and *intérêt*, a stare of curiosity, a stare of expectation, a stare of surprise, and it would greatly amuse you to see what trifling objects excite all this staring. This staring would have rather a solemn kind of air, were it not alleviated by grinning, for

¹ Mr. Law was the projector of the Mississippi scheme, and the colonisation of Louisiana, similar in its plan and event to our South Sea.—D.

² This letter is not in the manuscript book. It was first published in the "Additional Volume," 1767, and is of doubtful authenticity.—T.

at the end of a stare there comes always a grin, and very commonly the entrance of a gentleman or a lady into a room is accompanied with a grin, which is designed to express complacence and social pleasure, but really shews nothing more than a certain contortion of muscles that must make a stranger laugh really, as they laugh artificially. The French grin is equally remote from the cheerful serenity of a smile, and the cordial mirth of an honest English horse-laugh. I shall not perhaps stay here long enough to form a just idea of French manners and characters, though this, I believe, would require but little study, as there is no great depth in either. It appears, on a superficial view, to be a frivolous, restless, and agreeable people. The Abbot is my guide, and I could not easily light upon a better; he tells me that here the women form the character of the men, and I am convinced in the persuasion of this by every company into which I enter. There seems here to be no intermediate state between infancy and manhood; for as soon as the boy has quit his leading-strings, he is set agog in the world; the ladies are his tutors, they make the first impressions, which generally remain, and they render the men ridiculous by the imitation of their humours and graces, so that dignity in manners is a rare thing here before the age of sixty. Does not King David say somewhere, that *Man walketh in a vain shew*? I think he does, and I am sure this is peculiarly true of the Frenchman—but he walks merrily and seems to enjoy the vision, and may he not therefore be esteemed more happy than many of our solid thinkers, whose brows are furrowed by deep reflection, and whose wisdom is so often clothed with a misty mantle of spleen and vapours?

What delights me most here is a view of the magnificence, often accompanied with taste, that reigns in the King's palaces and gardens; for though I don't admire much the architecture, in which there is great irregularity and want of proportion, yet the statues, paintings, and other decorations afford me high entertainment. One of the pieces of antiquity that struck me most in the gardens of Versailles, was the famous

colossean statue of Jupiter, the workmanship of Myron, which Mark Antony carried away from Samos, and Augustus ordered to be placed in the Capitol. It is of Parian marble, and though it has suffered in the ruin of time, it still preserves striking lines of majesty. But surely, if marble could feel, the god would frown with a generous indignation to see himself transported from the Capitol into a French garden ; and after having received the homage of the Roman emperors, who laid their laurels at his feet when they returned from their conquests, to behold now nothing but frizzled beaus passing by him with indifference.

I propose setting out soon from this place, so that you are to expect no more letters from this side of the water ; besides, I am hurried to death, and my head swims with that vast variety of objects which I am obliged to view with such rapidity, the shortness of my time not allowing me to examine them at my leisure. There is here an excessive prodigality of ornaments and decorations, that is just the opposite extreme to what appears in our royal gardens ; this prodigality is owing to the levity and inconstancy of the French taste, which always pants after something new, and thus heaps ornament upon ornament without end or measure. It is time, however, that I should put an end to my letter ; so I wish you good night. And am, &c.

TO THE ABBOT — [ABBÉ CONTI].

Dover, Oct. 31, O.S. [1718].

I AM willing to take your word for it, that I shall really oblige you, by letting you know, as soon as possible, my safe passage over the water. I arrived this morning at Dover, after being tossed a whole night in the packet-boat, in so violent a manner, that the master, considering the weakness of his vessel, thought it prudent to remove the mail, and gave us notice of the danger. We called a little fisher boat, which could hardly make up to us ; while all the people on board us were crying to Heaven ; and 'tis hard to imagine one's self in a scene of greater horror than on such an occasion ; and yet,

shall I own it to you? though I was not at all willing to be drowned, I could not forbear being entertained at the double distress of a fellow-passenger. She was an English lady that I had met at Calais, who desired me to let her go over with me in my cabin. She had bought a fine point-head, which she was contriving to conceal from the custom-house officers. When the wind grew high, and our little vessel cracked, she fell very heartily to her prayers, and thought wholly of her soul. When it seemed to abate, she returned to the worldly care of her head-dress, and addressed herself to me: "Dear madam, will you take care of this point? if it should be lost!—Ah, Lord, we shall all be lost!—Lord have mercy on my soul!—Pray, madam, take care of this head-dress." This easy transition from her soul to her head-dress, and the alternate agonies that both gave her, made it hard to determine which she thought of greatest value. But, however, the scene was not so diverting but I was glad to get rid of it, and be thrown into the little boat, though with some hazard of breaking my neck. It brought me safe hither; and I cannot help looking with partial eyes on my native land. That partiality was certainly given us by nature, to prevent rambling, the effect of an ambitious thirst after knowledge, which we are not formed to enjoy. All we get by it is a fruitless desire of mixing the different pleasures and conveniences which are given to different parts of the world, and cannot meet in any one of them. After having read all that is to be found in the languages I am mistress of, and having decayed my sight by midnight studies, I envy the easy peace of mind of a ruddy milkmaid, who, undisturbed by doubt, hears the sermon with humility every Sunday, having not confused the sentiments of natural duty in her head by the vain enquiries of the schools, who may be more learned, yet, after all, must remain as ignorant. And, after having seen part of Asia and Africa, and almost made the tour of Europe, I think the honest English squire more happy, who verily believes the Greek wines less delicious than March beer; that the African fruits have not so fine a flavour as golden-pippins; and the beca-

figuas of Italy are not so well tasted as a rump of beef; and that, in short, there is no perfect enjoyment of this life out of Old England. I pray God I may think so for the rest of my life; and, since I must be contented with our scanty allowance of daylight, that I may forget the enlivening sun of Constantinople.

I am, &c. &c.

TO MR. P. [POPE.]

Dover, Nov. 1 [1718].

I HAVE this minute received a letter of yours,¹ sent me from Paris. I believe and hope I shall very soon see both you and Mr. Congreve; but as I am here in an inn, where we stay to regulate our march to London, bag and baggage, I shall employ some of my leisure time in answering that part of yours that seems to require an answer.

I must applaud your good nature, in supposing that your pastoral lovers (vulgarly called haymakers) would have lived in everlasting joy and harmony, if the lightning had not interrupted their scheme of happiness. I see no reason to imagine that John Hughes² and Sarah Drew were either wiser or more virtuous than their neighbours. That a well-set man of twenty-five should have a fancy to marry a brown woman of eighteen, is nothing marvellous; and I cannot help thinking, that, had they married, their lives would have passed in the common track with their fellow parishioners. His endeavouring to shield her from the storm, was a natural action, and what he would have certainly done for his horse, if he had been in the same situation. Neither am I of opinion, that their sudden death was a reward of their mutual virtue. You know the Jews were reproved for thinking a village destroyed by fire more wicked than those that had escaped the thunder. Time and chance happen to all men. Since you desire me to try my skill in an epitaph, I think the following lines perhaps more just, though not so poetical as yours:

¹ See letter from Pope, dated Sept. 1 [1718], *post*, p. 436—T.

² Lady Mary had originally written "Hewet," which was the true name, as appears from the inscription on the monument; but a name of two syllables was evidently unsuited to the first line of her verses.—T.

Here lie John Hughes and Sarah Drew;
Perhaps you'll say, what's that to you?
Believe me, friend, much may be said
On this poor couple that are dead.
On Sunday next they should have married;
But see how oddly things are carried!
On Thursday last it rain'd and lighten'd;
These tender lovers, sadly frighten'd,
Shelter'd beneath the cocking hay,
In hopes to pass the storm away;
But the bold thunder found them out
(Commission'd for that end, no doubt),
And, seizing on their trembling breath,
Consign'd them to the shades of death.
Who knows if 'twas not kindly done?
For had they seen the next year's sun,
A beaten wife and cuckold swain
Had jointly curs'd the marriage chain;
Now they are happy in their doom,
For P. has wrote upon their tomb.

I confess these sentiments are not altogether so heroic as yours; but I hope you will forgive them in favour of the two last lines. You see how much I esteem the honour you have done them; though I am not very impatient to have the same, and had rather continue to be your stupid living humble servant, than be celebrated by all the pens in Europe.

I would write to Mr. C. [Congreve], but suppose you will read this to him, if he enquires after me.

LETTERS FROM POPE.¹

[1716—1721.]

FROM POPE.

Tuesday morning [July, 1716].

MADAM,—So natural as I find it is to me, to neglect everybody else in your company, I am sensible I ought to do any thing that might please you, and I fancied, upon recollection, our writing the letter you proposed was of that nature. I therefore sate down to my part of it last night, when I should have gone out of town. Whether or no you will order me, in recompense, to see you again, I leave to you; for indeed I find I begin to behave myself worse to you than to any other woman, as I value you more; and yet if I thought I should not see you again, I would say some things here which I could not to your person. For I would not have you die deceived in me, that is, go to Constantinople without knowing that I am, to some degree of extravagance, as well as with the utmost reason, Madam,

Your most faithful and most obedient humble servant.²

¹ All the letters of Pope to Lady Mary are now published from the originals, except where otherwise stated in notes. See another note attributed by Mr. Dalway to Pope among "Miscellaneous Correspondence."—T.

² In the so-called "spurious" editions of Pope's Letters (1735) is one "To a Lady, written on one column of a letter while Lady M. writ to the lady's husband on the other." Mr. Roscoe surmised, no doubt correctly, that this was Pope's portion of the joint letter above referred to, and that it was addressed to Lady Mary's friend, Lady Rich, the wife of "Sir Robert." It is as follows: "The wits would say, that this must needs be a dull letter, because it is a marry'd one. I am afraid, indeed, you will find what spirit there is must be on the side of the wife, and the husband's part as usual will prove the dullest. What an unequal pair are

FROM POPE.¹

Aug. 18 [1716].

MADAM,—I can say little to recommend the letters I am beginning to write to you, but that they will be the most impartial representations of a free heart, and the truest copies you ever saw, though of a very mean original. Not a feature will be softened, or any advantageous light employed to make the ugly thing a little less hideous, but you shall find it in all respects most horribly like. You will do me an injustice if you look upon any thing I shall say from this instant, as a compliment either to you or to myself: whatever I write will be the real thought of that hour, and I know you will no more expect it of me to persevere till death in every sentiment or notion I now set down, than you would imagine a man's face should never change after his picture was once drawn.

The freedom I shall use in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it), or talking upon paper, may indeed

put together in this sheet! in which though we sin, it is you must do penance. When you look on both sides of this paper, you may fancy that our words (according to a Scripture expression) are as a two-edged sword, whereof Lady M. is the shining blade, and I only the handle. But I can't proceed without so far mortifying Sir Robert as to tell him, that she writes this purely in obedience to me, and that it is but one of those honours a husband receives for the sake of his wife.

"It is making court but ill to one fine woman to shew her the regard we have for another: and yet I must own there is not a period of this epistle but squints towards another over against it. It will be in vain to dissemble: your penetrating eyes cannot but discover, how all the letters that compose these words lean forward after Lady M.'s letters, which seem to tend as much from mine, and fly from them as fast as they are able. Ungrateful letters that they are! which give themselves to another man, in the very presence of him who will yield to no mortal, in knowing how to value them.

"You will think I forget myself, and am not writing to you; but let me tell you 'tis you forget yourself in that thought, for you are almost the only woman to whom one can safely address the praises of another. Besides, can you imagine a man of my importance so stupid, as to say fine things to you before your husband? Let us see how far Lady M. herself dares do anything like it, with all the wit and address she is mistress of. If Sir Robert can be so ignorant (now he is left to himself in the country) to imagine any such matter, let him know from me that here in town every thing that lady says, is taken for satire. For my part, everybody knows it is my constant practice to speak truth, and I never do it more than when I call myself, your, &c."—T.

¹ This letter was first published among others in 1735, but afterwards [1737] in Pope's own edition of his letters in the "Table of Contents," to which it is said to be "To a Lady Abroad." In this, as in the case of later letters, Pope's published versions have variations and omissions, the most important of which will be found mentioned in notes, *post*. They are thought worth preserving, as indicating in some cases Pope's feeling towards Lady Mary in 1735-37, a period at which they had long been at open variance.—T.

prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best sort of fools, the honest ones. And since what folly we have will infallibly buoy up at one time or other in spite of all our art to keep it down, it is almost foolish to take any pains to conceal it at all, and almost knavish to do it from those that are our friends. If Momus his project had taken, of having windows in our breasts, I should be for carrying it further and making those windows casements : that while a man showed his heart to all the world, he might do something more for his friends, e'en take it out and trust it to their handling. I think I love you as well as King Herod could Herodias (though I never had so much as one dance with you), and would as freely give you my heart in a dish as he did another's head. But since Jupiter will not have it so, I must be content to show my taste in life as I do my taste in painting, by loving to have as little drapery as possible. Not that I think every body naked altogether so fine a sight as yourself and a few more would be ; but because it is good to use people to what they must be acquainted with ; and there will certainly come some day of judgment to uncover every soul of us. We shall then see how the prudes of this world owed all their fine figure only to their being a little straighter laced, and that they were naturally as arrant squabs as those that went more loose, nay, as those that never girded their loins at all.

But a particular reason to engage you to write your thoughts the more freely to me, is, that I am confident no one knows you better. For I find, when others express their opinion of you, it falls very short of mine, and I am sure, at the same time, theirs is such as you would think sufficiently in your favour.

You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago, that it was as possible to esteem at first sight as to love ; and who has since ruined me for all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain

softness to recommend it, and that of women wants everything else. How often have I been quietly going to take possession of that tranquillity and indolence I had so long found in the country, when one evening of your conversation has spoiled me for a solitaire too!¹ Books have lost their effect upon me; and I was convinced, since I saw you, that there is something more powerful than philosophy, and, since I heard you, that there is one alive wiser than all the sages. A plague of female wisdom! It makes a man ten times more uneasy than his own! What is very strange, Virtue herself, when you have the dressing her, is too amiable for one's repose. What a world of good might you have done in your time, if you had allowed half the fine gentlemen who have seen you, to have but conversed with you! They would have been strangely caught,² while they thought only to fall in love with a fair face, and you had bewitched them with reason and virtue; two beauties, that the very fops pretend to no acquaintance with.

The unhappy distance at which we correspond, removes a great many of those punctilious restrictions and decorums that oftentimes in nearer conversation prejudice truth to save good breeding. I may now hear of my faults, and you of your good qualities, without a blush on either side. We converse upon such unfortunate generous terms, as exclude the regards of fear, shame, or design in either of us. And methinks it would be as ungenerous a part to impose even in a single thought upon each other, in this state of separation, as for

¹ So, seven years later, Pope wrote to Judith Cowper, afterwards Mrs. Madan, and aunt of the poet Cowper: "You have spoiled him [Pope himself] for a solitaire and a book all the days of his life; and put him into such a condition that he thinks of nothing and enquires of nothing, but after a person who has nothing to say to him, and has left him for ever," &c.—T.

² In this passage, on its first publication, the word "bit" was substituted for "caught," probably a sly allusion to his couplet—

"Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit.
Sapho can tell you how this man was bit;"

or, as originally written,

"Once, and but once, his heedless youth was bit.
And liked that dangerous thing, a female wit."—T.

spirits of a different sphere, who have so little intercourse with us, to employ that little (as some would make us think they do) in putting tricks and delusions upon poor mortals.

Let me begin, then, madam, by asking you a question, which may enable me to judge better of my own conduct than most instances of my life. In what manner did I behave the last hour I saw you? What degree of concern did I discover when I felt a misfortune, which I hope you never will feel, that of parting from what one most esteems? For if my parting looked but like that of your common acquaintance, I am the greatest of all the hypocrites that ever decency made.

I never since pass by the house but with the same sort of melancholy that we feel upon seeing the tomb of a friend, which only serves to put us in mind of what we have lost. I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, your behaviour in what I may call your last moments, and I indulge a gloomy kind of satisfaction in thinking you gave some of those last moments to me. I would fain imagine this was not accidental, but proceeded from a penetration which I know you have in finding out the truth of people's sentiments, and that you were not unwilling the last man¹ that would have parted with you should be the last that did. I really looked upon you then, as the friends of Curtius might have done upon that hero in the instant he was devoting himself to glory, and running to be lost, out of generosity. I was obliged to admire your resolution in as great a degree as I deplored it; and could only wish that Heaven would reward so much merit as was to be taken from us, with all the felicity it could enjoy elsewhere.² May that person for whom you have left all the world, be so just as to prefer you to all the world. I believe his good understanding has engaged him to do so hitherto, and I think his gratitude must for the future. May you continue to think him worthy of whatever you have done; may

¹ "I reflect upon the circumstances of your departure, which I was there a witness of (your behaviour in what I may call your last moments), and I indulge a gloomy kind of pleasure in thinking that those last moments were given to me. I would fain imagine that this was not accidental," &c., "and that you are willing the last man." &c.—*Pope's published version*.—T.

² All the remainder of the letter was omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

you ever look upon him with the eyes of a first lover, nay, if possible, with all the unreasonable happy fondness of an unexperienced one, surrounded with all the enchantments and ideas of romance and poetry. In a word, may you receive from him as many pleasures and gratifications as even I think you can give. I wish this from my heart, and while I examine what passes there in regard to you, I cannot but glory in my own heart that it is capable of so much generosity. I am, with all unalterable esteem and sincerity,

Madam,

Your most faithful obedient humble servant.

FROM POPE.

[August 20, 1716.]

MADAM,—You will find me more troublesome than ever Brutus did his evil genius. I shall meet you in more places than one, and often refresh your memory of me before you arrive at your Philippi. These shadows of me, my letters, will be haunting you from time to time, and putting you in mind of the man who has really suffered by you, and whom you have robbed of the most valuable of his enjoyments, your conversation. The advantage of learning your sentiments by discovering mine was what I always thought a great one, and even worth the risk I run of manifesting my own indiscretion. You then rewarded my trust in you the moment it was given, and was sure to please or inform me the minute you answered. I must now be contented with more slow returns; however, 'tis some pleasure that your thoughts upon paper will be more durable, and that I shall no longer have cause to complain of a loss I have so often regretted, that of any thing you said which I happened to forget. In earnest, madam, if I were to write to you as often as I think of you, it must be every day of my life. I attend you in spirit through all your ways. I follow in books of travels through every stage, I wish for you and fear for you through whole folios. You make me shrink at the past dangers of dead travellers, and when I read of a delightful place or agreeable prospect, I hope it yet sub-

sists to give you pleasure. I enquire the roads, the amusements, the company of every town and country you pass through, with as much diligence as if I were to set out next week to overtake you. In a word, no one can have you more constantly in mind, not even your guardian angel (if you have one), and I am willing to indulge so much popery as to imagine some being takes care of you, who knows your value better than you do yourself. I am willing to think Heaven never gave so much self-neglect and resolution to a woman to occasion her calamity; but have the piety to believe those qualities must be intended to conduce to her benefit and her glory. Your first short letter only serves to show me you are living. It puts me in mind of the first dove that returned to Noah, and just made him know it had found no rest abroad. There is nothing in it that can please me, but when you say you had no sea-sickness. I beg your next may give me all the pleasure it can; that is, tell me any that you receive; nothing that regards the countries you pass through engages so much of my curiosity or concern as what relates purely to yourself. You can make no discoveries that will be half so valuable to me as those of your own mind, temper, and thoughts; and your welfare, to say truth, is more at my heart than that of Christendom. I am sure I may defend the truth, though perhaps not the virtue, of this declaration. One is ignorant, or at best doubtful, of the merits of differing religions and governments; but private virtue one can be sure of. I can therefore judge what particular person deserves to be happier than others, but not what nation deserves to conquer another. You'll say I am not public spirited. Let it be so; I may have too many tendernesses, particular regards, or narrow views; but, at the same time, I am certain the man who wants these can never be public spirited; for how is it possible for him to love a hundred thousand men who never loved one?

I communicated your letter to Mr. Congreve: he thinks of you, and talks of you as he ought; I mean as I do (for one always thinks that to be as it ought). His health and my own are now so good, that we wish with all our souls you were

a witness of it. We never meet but we lament over you; we pay a sort of weekly rite to your memory, where we strow flowers of rhetoric, and offer such libations to your name as it were a profaneness to call toasting. I must tell you, too, that the Duke of Buckingham¹ has been more than once your high priest, in performing the office of your praises; and, upon the whole, I believe there are as few men who do not deplore your departure, as women that sincerely do. For you, who know how many of your sex want good sense, know also they must want generosity. And I know how much of that virtue is requisite to make the very best not to enjoy you, but you have enough of both to pardon whatever you despise. For my part, I hate a great many women for your sake, and undervalue all the rest. 'Tis you are to blame, and may God revenge it upon you with all those blessings and earthly prosperities which the divines tell us are the cause of our perdition; for if he makes you happy in this life, I dare trust your own virtue to do it in the other. I am, with the most unfeigned truth, madam,

Your most faithful and most obliged humble servant.

P.S. This letter is written on the 20th of August, though it will scarce reach you in a month, at my Lord James Hay's arrival at Leghorn.² I shall then be in a particular manner solicitous for you, on your going again by sea; and therefore beg the earliest notice of your safe landing on the other side.

FROM POPE.

MADAM,—³I no more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the

¹ John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, the poet and friend of Pope.—T.

² Mr. Wortley Montagu originally intended to proceed to Constantinople by sea from Leghorn.—T.

³ Pope, in his edition of his Correspondence [1737], omitted most of the opening lines, his version beginning thus: "I can never have too many of your letters. I am angry at every scrap," &c.—T.

history of my title ; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds ; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort,¹ which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter.² But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the minute they don't write ; I'd as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last, the two most pleasing things to me in nature ; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it ; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

⁴ The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I writ to you in the serious manner it was meant : it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious :⁵ it would be the most vexa-

¹ This letter does not appear in the manuscript book prepared by Lady Mary.—T.

² All the remainder of this paragraph was omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

³ The remainder of this paragraph is omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

⁴ The third and sixth paragraphs *appear* to relate to passages in a letter from Lady Mary, dated Vienna, September 14, O.S. [1716]. The fact that Pope has only heard that she is "going to Hanover," shows that the letter must have been written early in the correspondence ; but no passage similar to that quoted in the second paragraph appears earlier than her letter (concluding lines) dated Belgrade, February 12, 1717.—T.

⁵ Pope's published version runs thus : "It would be vexatious, indeed, if you should pretend to take that for wit which is no more than the natural overflowing of a heart," &c.—T.

tious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery, what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but, since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this; and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm, madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom.¹

² If I don't take care, I shall write myself all out to you; and if this correspondence continues on both sides at the free rate I would have it, we shall have very little curiosity to encourage our meeting at the day of judgment. I foresee that the further you go from me, the more freely I shall write; and if (as I earnestly wish) you would do the same, I can't guess where it will end: let us be like modest people, who, when they are close together, keep all decorums; but if they step a little aside, or get to the other end of a room, can untie garters or take off shifts without scruple.

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your

¹ "And shall never want a corner where your idea will always lie as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom."—*Pope's published version*.—T.

² The whole of this paragraph was omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation,¹ might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people: I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant² in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover: can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I; for it is my particular misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home, and his negotiations abroad.³

FROM POPE.⁴

If you must go from us, I wish at least you might pass to your banishment by the most pleasant way; might all your road be roses and myrtles, and a thousand objects rise round you, agreeable enough to make England less desirable to you. I am glad, madam, your native country uses you so well as to justify your regret for it: it is not for me to talk of it with tears in my eyes; I can never think that place my country, where I cannot call a foot of paternal earth my own.⁵ Indeed,

¹ The paragraph concludes in Pope's published version thus: "may interpose between you and the place you design for; and that you were restored to us at the expense of a whole people."—T.

² Lady Mary's son Edward Wortley Montagu.—T.

³ Alluding to the circumstance of her husband being sent to Constantinople as a negotiator, and the double taxes he himself paid as a Catholic.—*Bowles*.

⁴ This probably formed one letter with the preceding, or was forwarded in the same enclosure.—T.

⁵ This passage seems to refer to some expressions in a letter from Lady Mary; but no such expressions appear in the manuscript book of Letters during the Embassy. Pope's printed version is as follows: "It is not now my interest to wish England agreeable. It is highly probable it may use me ill enough to drive me from it. Can I think that place my country where I cannot now call a foot of paternal earth my own? Yet it may seem some alleviation," &c.—T.

it may seem some alleviation, that when the wisest thing I can do is to leave my country, that which was most agreeable in it should be taken from thence beforehand. I could overtake you with pleasure in Italy (if you took that way), and make that tour in your company. Every reasonable entertainment and beautiful view would be doubly engaging when you partook of it, and doubly instructive when you talked of it. I should at least attend you to the sea-coast, and cast a last look after the sails that transported you, if I liked Italy enough to reside in it. But I believe I should be as uneasy in a country where I saw others persecuted by the rogues of my own religion, as where I was so myself by those of yours. And it is not impossible but I might run into Turkey in search of liberty; for who would not rather live a free man among a nation of slaves, than a slave among a nation of free men?

In good earnest, if I knew your motions toward Italy (on the supposition you go that course), and your exact time, I verily think I should be once more happy in a sight of you next spring. I'll conclude with a wish, God send you with us, or me with you.¹

By what I have seen of Mons. Rousseau's² works, I should envy you his conversation. But I am sure I envy him yours.

Mr. Addison has not had one Epithalamium that I can hear of,³ and must e'en be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.

Mr. Congreve is entirely yours, and has writ twice to you; he is not in town, but well. I am in great health, and sit up all night; a just reward for a fever I just come out of, that kept me in bed seven days.

How may I send a large bundle to you?

I beg you will put dates to your letters; they are not long enough.

¹ All the remainder of the letter was omitted in Pope's published version.—T

² Jean Baptiste Rousseau, the French poet. He was banished from France, and resided some time at Vienna.—T.

³ Addison's marriage to the Countess of Warwick took place August 2, 1716.—T.

FROM POPE.

[October, 1716.]

MADAM,—After having dreamed of you several nights, besides a hundred reveries by day, I find it necessary to relieve myself by writing; though this is the fourth letter I have sent, two by Mr. Methuen,¹ and one by Lord James Hay, who was to be your convoy from Leghorn. In all I can say, I only make you a present in many words of what can do you no manner of good, but only raises my own opinion of myself,—all the good wishes and hearty dispositions I am capable of forming or feeling for a deserving object; but mine are indeed so warm, that I fear they can proceed from nothing but what I can't very decently own to you, much less to any other; yet what if a man has, he can't help it.

For God's sake, madam, let not my correspondence be but like a traffic with the grave, from whence there is no return. Unless you write to me, my wishes must be like a poor papist's devotions to separate spirits, who, for all they know or hear from them, either may or may not be sensible of their addresses. None but your guardian angels can have you more constantly in mind than I; and if they have, it is only because they can see you always. If ever you think of those fine young beaux of heaven, I beg you to reflect, that you have just as much consolation from them as I at present have from you.

While all people here are exercising their speculations upon the affairs of the Turks, I am only considering them as they may concern a particular person; and, instead of forming prospects of the general tranquillity of Europe, am hoping for some effect that may contribute to your greater ease: above all, I would fain indulge an imagination, that the nearer view of the unquiet scene you are approaching to may put a post to your farther progress. I can hardly yet relinquish a faint hope I have ever had, that Providence will take some uncommon care of one who so generously gives herself up to it; and

¹ That is, through Mr. Methuen, the secretary of state, who corresponded with Mr. Wortley Montagu on the affairs of the embassy.—T.

I can't imagine God Almighty so like some of his vicegerents, as absolutely to neglect those who surrender to his mercy. May I thus tell you the truth of my heart? or must I put on a more unconcerned person, and tell you gaily, that there is some difference between the court of Vienna and the camps in Hungary; that scarce a basha living is so inoffensive a creature as Count Volkra; that the wives of ambassadors are as subject to human accidents, and as tender as their shins; that it is not more natural for glass to cut, than for Turks and Tartars to plunder (not to mention ravishing, against which I am told beauty is no defence in those parts); that you are strangely in the wrong to forsake a nation that but last year toasted Mrs. Walpole, for one that has no taste of beauty after twenty, and where the finest woman in England will be almost superannuated? Would to God, madam, all this might move either Mr. Wortley or you; and that I may soon apply to you both what I have read in one of Harlequin's comedies: he sees Constantinople in a raree-show, vows it is the finest thing upon earth, and protests it is prodigiously like. "Ay, sir," says the man of the show, "you have been at Constantinople, I perceive." "No, indeed," says Harlequin, "I was never there myself, but I had a brother I loved dearly, who had the greatest mind in the world to have gone thither."

This is what I really wish from my soul, though it would ruin the best project I ever laid, that of obtaining, through your means, my fair Circassian slave; she whom my imagination had drawn more amiable than angels, as beautiful as the lady who was to choose her by a resemblance to so divine a face; she whom my hopes had already transported over so many seas and lands, and whom my eager wishes had already lodged in my arms and heart; she, I say, upon this condition, may remain under the cedars of Asia, and weave a garland of palms for the brows of a Turkish tyrant, with those hands which I had destined for the soft offices of love, or at worst for transcribing amorous madrigals: let that breast, I say, be now joined to some savage heart, that never beat but with lust or rage; that breast, inhabited by far more truth, fidelity, and

innocence, than those that heave with pride and glitter with diamonds; that breast, whose very conscience would have been love, where duty and rapture made but one thought, and honour must have been the same with pleasure.

I can't go on in this style: I am not able to think of you without the utmost seriousness; and, if I did not take a particular care to disguise it, my letters would be the most melancholy things in the world. I believe you see my concern through all this affectation of gaiety, which is but like a fit of laughing in the deepest spleen or vapours. I am just alarmed with a piece of news, that Mr. Wortley thinks of passing through Hungary, notwithstanding the war there. If ever any man loved his wife, or any mother her child, this offers you the strongest reason imaginable for staying at Vienna, at least this winter. For God's sake, value yourself a little more; and don't give us cause to imagine that such extravagant virtue can exist any where else than in a romance. I tremble for you the more, because (whether you'll believe it or not) I am capable myself of following one I love, not only to Constantinople, but to those parts of India, where, they tell us, the women best like the ugliest fellows, as the most admirable productions of nature, and look upon deformities as the signatures of divine favour. But (so romantic as I am) I should scarce take these rambles, without greater encouragement than I fancy any one who has been long married can expect. You see what danger I shall be in, if ever I find a fair one born under the same planet with Astolfo's wife. If, instead of Hungary, you passed through Italy, and I had any hopes that lady's climate might give a turn to your inclinations, it is but your sending me the least notice, and I'll certainly meet you in Lombardy, the scene of those celebrated amours between the fair princess and her dwarf.¹ From thence, how far you might draw me, and I might run after you, I no more know than the spouse in the Song of Solomon: this I know, that I could be so very glad of being

¹ This story forms the subject of a tale in verse entitled "Woman," published in 1709, in Jacob Tonson's Miscellany, to which Pope contributed some of his early poems.—T.

with you in any pleasure, that I could be content to be with you in any danger. Since I am not to partake either, adieu: but may God, by hearing my prayers and preserving you, make me a better Christian than any modern poet is at present. I am, madam,

Most faithfully yours.

FROM POPE.¹

Nov. the 10th. O.S. [1716].

THE more I examine my own mind, the more romantic I find myself. Methinks it is a noble spirit of contradiction to fate and fortune, not to give up those that are snatched from us, but follow them with warmer zeal, the farther they are removed from the sense of it. Sure flattery never travelled so far as three thousand miles: it is now only for truth, which overtakes all things, to reach you at this distance. 'Tis a generous piece of popery that pursues even those who are to be eternally absent, into another world; let it be right or wrong, the very extravagance is a sort of piety. I cannot be satisfied with strewing flowers over you, and barely honouring you as a thing lost; but must consider you as a glorious though remote being, and be sending addresses and prayers after you. You have carried away so much of my esteem,² that what remains of it is daily languishing and dying over my acquaintance here; and, I believe, in three or four months more, I shall think Aurat-bassar as good a place as Covent-garden. You may imagine this but raillery, but I am really so far gone as to take pleasure in reveries of this kind. Let them say I am romantic, so is every one said to be that either admires a fine thing, or praises one: 'tis no wonder such people are thought mad, for they are as much out of the way of common understanding as if they were mad, because they are in the right. On my conscience, as the world goes, 'tis never

¹ This letter first appeared anonymously in the edition of Pope's Letters, published in 1737 by Cooper, with whom Pope confessed to have had secret relations: but the copy so published has several variations and omissions, the principal of which will be found mentioned in the notes, *post.*—T.

² "Of me, that what remains is," &c.—*Pope's published version.*—T.

worth any body's while to do a noble thing for the honour of it; glory, the only pay of generous actions, is now as ill-paid as other just debts are; and neither Mrs. Macfarland¹ [*sic*] for immolating her lover, nor² Lady Mary for sacrificing herself, must hope to be ever compared with Lucretia or Portia.

I write this in some anger; for having frequented those people most, since you went, who seemed most in your favour. I heard nothing that concerned you talked of so often, as that you went away in a black full-bottom; which I did but assert to be a bob, and was answered,—love is blind. I am persuaded your wig had never suffered this criticism, but on the score of your head, and the two fine eyes³ that are in it.

For God's sake, madam, when you write to me, talk of yourself, there is nothing I so much desire to hear of; talk a great deal of yourself, that she who I always thought talked best, may speak upon the best subject. The shrines and relics you tell me of, no way engage my curiosity; I had ten times rather go on pilgrimage to see your face, than St. John Baptist's head: I wish you had not only all those fine statues you talk of, but even the golden image which Nebuchadnezzar set up, provided you were to travel no farther than you could carry it.

The court of Vienna is really very edifying: the ladies, with respect to their husbands, seem to understand that text very literally, that commands us to bear one another's burthens: but I fancy many a man there is, like Issachar, an ass between two burthens. I shall look upon you no longer as a Christian, when you pass from that charitable court to the land of jealousy, where the unhappy women converse with none but eunuchs, and where the very cucumbers are brought to them cut. I expect to hear an exact account how, and at what places, you leave one article of faith after another, as

¹ Mrs. Macfarlane shot Captain Cayley for an attempt upon her chastity at Edinburgh, October 2, 1716, as appears by the narrative published in the *Weekly Journal* of October 13.—T.

² "Nor you for constancy to your lord," &c.—*Pope's published version*.—T.

³ "The two eyes," &c.—*Pope's published version*.—T.

you approach nearer to Turkey.¹ Pray, how far are you gone already? Amidst the charms of high mass, and the ravishing trills of a Sunday opera, what think you of the doctrine and discipline of the Church of England? Have you from your heart a reverence for Sternhold and Hopkins? How do your Christian virtues hold out in so long a voyage? You have already (without passing the bounds of Christendom) out-travelled the sin of fornication, and are happily arrived at the free region of adultery: in a little time you'll look upon some other sins with more impartiality than the ladies here are capable of. I reckon you'll time it so well as to make your faith serve out just to the last verge of Christendom; that you may discharge your chaplain (as humanity requires) in a place where he may find some business, and not be out of the way of all trade.

I doubt not but I shall be told (when I come to follow you through those countries) in how pretty a manner you accommodated yourself to the customs of the true believers. At this town, they will say, she practised to sit on the sofa; at that village she learnt to fold the turban; here she was bathed and anointed; and there she parted with her black full-bottom: at every Christian virtue² you lost, and at every Christian habit you quitted, it will be decent for me to fetch a holy sigh; but still I shall proceed to follow you. How happy will it be for a gay young woman, to live in a country where it is a part of religious worship to be giddy-headed! I shall hear at Belgrade how the good basha received the fair convert with tears of joy; how he was charmed with her pretty manner of pronouncing the words Allah and Muhammed; and how earnestly you joined with him in exhorting³ Mr. Wortley to be circumcised; but he satisfies you by demonstrating, how in that condition, he could not properly represent his Britannic Majesty. Lastly, I shall hear how, the very first night

¹ "As you approach to the land of infidelity."—*Pope's published version.*—T.

² From the words "at every Christian virtue" to the end of the sentence omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

³ "Exhorting your friend to embrace the religion."—*Pope's published version.*—T.

you lay at Pera, you had a vision of Mahomet's paradise, and happily awaked without a soul; from which blessed instant, the beautiful body was left at full liberty to perform all the agreeable functions it was made for.¹ But if my fate be such, that this body of mine (which is as ill-matched to my mind as any wife to her husband) be left behind in the journey, let the epitaph of Tibullus be set over it:

"Hic jacet immiti consumptus morte Tibullus,
Messalam, terra, dum, sequiturque mari."

Here, stopt by hasty death, Alexis lies,
Who crossed half Europe, led by Wortley's eyes.²

I shall at least be sure to meet you in the next world, if there be any truth in our new doctrine of the day of judgment. Since your body is so full of fire, and capable of such solar motions as your letter describes, your soul can never be long going to the fixed stars, where I intend to settle; or else you may find me in the milky way; because Fontenelle assures us, the stars are so crowded there, that a man may stand upon one and talk to his friend on another. From thence, with a good telescope, what do you think one should take such a place as this world for? I fancy, for the devil's rookery, where the inhabitants are ready to deafen and destroy one another, with eternal noise and hunger.

I see I have done in this letter, as I have often done in your conversation, talked myself into a good humour, though I began in an ill one: the mere pleasure of addressing to you

¹ From this point down to the words "eternal noise and hunger" was omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

² Lady Mary's "eyes" have been so often alluded to, both by flatterers and enemies, that it may be assumed, at least, that they were in some way remarkable. Before she left England, Pope's epistle to the painter Jervas had been published, in which is the line,

"And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes,"

though Pope, long after their quarrel, altered Wortley to "Worsley." Gay, in "Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece," says:

"What lady's that to whom he gently bends?
Who knows not her? Ah, those are Wortley's eyes;"

So Swift, in the not very complimentary poem of "The Capon's Tale,"

"With eyes so piercing yet so pleasant."

Horace Walpole, less favourable, speaks of her "wild staring eye;" and another authority informs us that her eyes appeared prominent, from her having lost her eyelashes through the small-pox.—T.

makes me run on, and it is in your own power to shorten this letter by giving over where you please, so I'll make it no longer by apologies.¹

The rapidity of your journeys is what I have been imitating, though in a less sphere: I have been at York and at Bath in less than a fortnight;² all that time, your letter (for which you have a thousand thanks from me) lay in London; I had just before sent one by Mr. Stanyan,³ giving another for lost that went by Lord James Hay to Leghorn, where you was then expected. Mr. Congreve had written some time before, as I acquainted you in that, who, I assure you, no way deserves to be thought forgetful of you. I obey your orders, in sending inclosed two little pieces; the printed one has made much noise, and done some good at court: I am wrongfully suspected to [be] the author of it. They talk of some alterations there, which little affect a man who never asked for any thing but your Pastorals. Lady Rich is brought to bed. I can only add my desire of being always thought yours, and of being told I am thought so by yourself, whenever you would make me as happy as I can be at this distance.

Madam, your most faithful humble servant.

Mr. Craggs is very much yours.

I am just now told you are to go by way of Italy; I hope to God this is true, and that you will stay this winter, to refresh yourself for new travels, at Vienna. The seas will shew no respect to merit or beauty in the winter season. To give you a convincing proof how romantic I am, if you pass through Italy next spring, and will give me timely notice and direction, it is very possible I may meet you there, and attend you till you take sea again for Constantinople.

¹ All the remainder of the letter was omitted in Pope's published version.—T.

² Pope, in a letter to Teresa Blount, of August 7, 1716, says: "Lord Burlington's and my journey to the north is put off till September;" and the *Weekly Journal*, of Saturday, October 27, announces that "on Thursday last," the "Earl of Burlington set out for the Bath." If Pope's journeys to York and Bath were with Lord Burlington, the date of this letter must be as late as November.—T.

³ It appears from the *London Gazette* of December 4-8, 1716, that Mr. Stanyan arrived in Vienna on the 17th of November, O.S., a few days after Lady Mary and her husband had started thence for Hanover.—T.

FROM POPE.

February 3 [1717].

MADAM,—I wish I could write any thing to divert you, but it is impossible in the unquiet state I am put into by your letter : it has grievously afflicted me, without affectation ; and I think you would hardly have writ it in so strong terms, had you known to what a degree I feel the loss of those I value (it is only decency that hinders me from saying, of her I value). From this instant you are doubly dead to me ; and all the vexation and concern I endured at your parting from England was nothing to what I suffer the moment I hear you have left Vienna. Till now, I had some small hopes in God, and in fortune ; I waited for accidents, and had at least the faint comfort of a wish, when I thought of you ; I am now—I can't tell what—I won't tell what, for it would grieve you. This letter is a piece of madness that throws me after you in a distracted manner. I don't know which way to write, which way to send it, or if ever it will reach your hands : if it does, what can you infer from it, but what I am half afraid and half willing you should know,—how very much I was yours, how unfortunately well I knew you, and with what a miserable constancy I shall ever remember you ?

If this falls into any other hands, it will say nothing I shall be ashamed to own, when either distance or death (for aught I can tell) shall have removed you for ever from the scandal of so mean an admirer.

What you say of your illness frightens me with a prospect I can never so much as dream of without horror. Though I am never to see you again, may you live to please other eyes, and improve other minds than mine ; may you appear to distant worlds like a sun that is sunk out of the sight of our hemisphere, to gladden the other. It is no figure of speech when I tell you, that those mountains of snow, and woods laid in ashes, you describe, are what I could wish to traverse with you. I find I flattered myself when I thought Italy had pleasures that could allure me to have met you there ; I see it was only the view of meeting you that made that country appear

charming to me; and I now envy the deserts and devastations of Hungary more than any parts of the polite world. It is seriously true, that I have not, since your last letter, the least inclination to see Italy, though, before I received it, I longed for your summons thither:—but it is foolish to tell you this;—did I say foolish? it is a thousand times worse, it is in vain!

You touch me very sensibly in saying you think so well of my friendship; in that you do me too much honour. Would to God you would (even at this distance) allow me to correct this period, and change these phrases according to the real truth of my heart. I am foolish again; and methinks I am imitating in my ravings the dreams of splenetic enthusiasts and solitaires who fall in love with saints and fancy themselves in the favour of angels and spirits whom they can never see or touch. I hope indeed that you, like one of those better beings, have a benevolence towards me, and I, on my part, really look up to you with zeal and fervour, not without some faint expectation of meeting hereafter, which is something betwixt piety and madness.

Madam, I beg you to be so just to my impatience and anxiety for your sake as to give me the first notice possible of your health and progress. This letter takes its chance from Mr. Stanhope's¹ office; though you direct me to the merchant ships bound for Constantinople, I could not stay so long as till one of those sets out. Whether you receive letters from me or not, you may depend upon my having writ, as the consequence of my thinking so often and so warmly of you. May Providence overshadow you, and that virtue and spirit which exposes you to dangers protect you from them. I am the most earnest of your well-wishers, and, I was going to say, your most faithful servant, but am angry at the weakness of all the terms I can use to express myself yours.

¹ Afterwards Earl Stanhope. He was then Secretary of State.—T.

FROM POPE.

[June, 1717.]

MADAM,—If to live in the memory of others have any thing desirable in it, 'tis what you possess with regard to me, in the highest sense of the words. There is not a day in which your figure does not appear before me; your conversations return to my thought, and every scene, place, or occasion, where I have enjoyed them, are as lively painted, as an imagination equally warm and tender can be capable to represent them. Yet how little accrues to you from all this, when not only my wishes, but the very expressions of them, can hardly ever arrive to be known to you? I cannot tell whether you have seen half the letters I have writ; but if you had, I have not said in them half of what I desired to say; and you can have seen but a faint, slight, timorous eschantillon of what my spirit suggests, and my hand follows slowly and imperfectly, indeed unjustly, because discreetly and reservedly. When you told me there was no way left for our correspondence but by the merchant ships, I watched ever since for any that set out, and this is the first I yet could learn of. I owe the knowledge of it to Mr. Congreve (whose letters, with my Lady Rich's, accompany this). However, I was impatient enough to venture two from Mr. Methuen's office;¹ if they have miscarried, you have lost nothing but such words and wishes as I repeat every day in your memory, and for your welfare. I have had thoughts of causing what I write for the future to be transcribed, and to send copies by more ways than one, that one at least might have a chance to reach you. The letters themselves would be artless and natural enough to prove there could be no vanity in this practice, and to show it proceeded from the belief of their being welcome to you, not as they came from me, but from England. My eyesight has grown so bad, that I have left off all correspondence except with yourself; in which methinks I am like those people who abandon and abstract themselves from all that are about them (with whom they might have business and intercourse), to

¹ One at least of the letters here referred to appears to be wanting.—T.

employ their addresses only to invisible and distant beings, whose good offices and favours cannot reach them in a long time, if at all. If I hear from you, I look upon it as little less than a miracle, or extraordinary visitation from another world; 'tis a sort of dream of an agreeable thing, which subsists no more to me; but however it is such a dream as exceeds most of the dull realities of my life. Indeed, what with ill-health and ill-fortune, I am grown so stupidly philosophical as to have no thought about me that deserves the name of warm or lively, but that which sometimes awakens me into an imagination that I may yet see you again. Compassionate a poet, and (which is more) a young poet, who has lost all manner of romantic ideas; except a few that hover about the Bosphorus and Hellespont, not so much for the fine sound of their names, as to raise up images of Leander, who was drowned in crossing the sea to kiss the hand of fair Hero. This were a destiny less to be lamented, than what we are told of the poor Jew, one of your interpreters, who was beheaded at Belgrade as a spy.¹ I confess such a death would have been a great disappointment to me; and I believe Jacob Tonson² will hardly venture to visit you, after this news.

You tell me, the pleasure of being nearer the sun has a great effect upon your health and spirits. You have turned my affections so far eastward, that I could almost be one of his worshippers: for I think the sun has more reason to be proud of raising your spirits, than of raising all the plants, and ripening all the minerals in the earth. It is my opinion, a reasonable man might gladly travel three or four thousand

¹ Mr. Wortley Montagu, in a letter dated Pera of Constantinople, Aug. 2, 1717, O.S., among the papers of his embassy in the State Paper Office, alludes to this circumstance as follows: "It is said in a Dutch Gazette that a Jew who came with me to Belgrade was there hanged for a spy. The Jew was not only very well with the Basha of Belgrade that knew him, but at Adrianople, where he lived, he went often to the houses of those that were in the greatest employments, and was well received by them."—T.

² The bookseller. This probably refers to some banter in a letter which is missing on the notion of Tonson's following her for a manuscript. Tonson was secretary to the Kitcat Club, to which Lady Mary was carried by her father in her childhood. See Introductory Anecdotes.—T.

leagues, to see your nature and your wit in their full perfection. What may not we expect from a creature that went out the most perfect of this part of the world, and is every day improving by the sun in the other! If you do not now write and speak the finest things imaginable, you must be content to be involved in the same imputation with the rest of the East, and be concluded to have abandoned yourself to extreme effeminacy, laziness, and lewdness of life.

I make not the least question but you could give me great eclairsissements upon many passages in Homer, since you have been enlightened by the same sun that inspired the father of poetry. You are now glowing under the climate that animated him; you may see his images rising more boldly about you, in the very scenes of his story and action; you may lay the immortal work on some broken column of a hero's sepulchre; and read the fall of Troy in the shade of a Trojan ruin. But if, to visit the tomb of so many heroes, you have not the heart to pass over that sea where once a lover perished; you may at least, at ease, in your own window, contemplate the fields of Asia, in such a dim and remote prospect, as you have of Homer in my translation.

I send you therefore with this, the third volume of the *Iliad*, and as many other things as fill a wooden box, directed to Mr. Wortley.¹ Among the rest, you have all I am worth, that is, my works: there are few things in them but what you have already seen, except the *Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard*, in which you will find one passage, that I cannot tell whether to wish you should understand, or not.

For the news in London, I'll sum it up in short; we have masquerades at the theatre in the Haymarket, of Mr. Heideker's institution; they are very frequent, yet the adventures

¹ The third volume of the *Iliad*, and the "Works" containing the *Epistle of Eloisa* (quarto, Lintot), were both published on the same date—the 3rd of June, 1717. "The box of books" which accompanied this letter is evidently that referred to in the next letter as having been forwarded to Constantinople "by a merchant ship that set sail *last June*."—T.

are not so numerous but that of my Lady Mohun¹ still makes the chief figure. Her marriage to young Mordaunt, and all its circumstances, I suppose you'll have from Lady Rich or Miss Griffith.² The political state is under great divisions, the parties of Walpole and Stanhope as violent as Whig and Tory.³ The K[ing] and P[rince]⁴ continue two names; there is nothing like a coalition but at the masquerade; however, the Princess is a dissenter from it, and has a very small party in so unmodish a separation.

The last I received from your hands was from Peterwaradin: it gave me the joy of thinking you in good health and humour: one or two expressions in it are too generous ever to be forgotten by me. I writ a very melancholy one just before, which was sent to Mr. Stanyan, to be forwarded through Hungary.⁵ It would have informed you how meanly I thought of the pleasures of Italy, without the qualification of your company, and that mere statues and pictures are not more cold to me than I to them. I have had but four of your letters; I have sent several, and wish I knew how many you have received. For God's sake, madam, send to me as often as you can; in the dependence that there is no man breathing more constantly, or more anxiously mindful of you. Tell me that you are well, tell me that your little son is well, tell me that your very dog (if you have one) is well. Defraud me of no one thing that pleases you: for whatever that is, it will please me better than anything else can do.

I am always yours.

¹ Relict of Lord Mohun, who was killed in the duel with the Duke of Hamilton, in 1712. She married Colonel Charles Mordaunt, a nephew of Pope's friend, Lord Peterborough. Mordaunt was her third husband, and was much younger than his wife.—T.

² Anne, daughter of Lady Mohun by Colonel Edward Griffith.—T.

³ Walpole resigned April 10, 1717.—T.

⁴ George the First and his son, afterwards George the Second. They were at this time at open rupture, all persons who visited the prince being forbidden by the King to come to court.—T.

⁵ This letter appears to be missing.—T.

FROM POPE.

[October,¹ 1717.]

MADAM,—I could quarrel with you quite through this paper, upon a period in yours, which bids me remember you if possibly I can. You would have shewn more knowledge both of yourself and of me, had you bid me forget you if possibly I could. When I do, may this hand (as the Scripture says) forget its cunning, and this heart its—folly, I was going to say—but I mean, its reason, and the most rational sensation it ever had—that of your merit.

The poetical manner in which you paint some of the scenes about you, makes me despise my native country, and sets me on fire to fall into the dance about your fountain in Belgrade village. I fancy myself, in my romantic thoughts and distant admiration of you, not unlike the man in the Alchemist, that has a passion for the queen of the fairies; I lie dreaming of you in moonshiny nights, exactly in the posture of Endymion gaping for Cynthia in a picture; and with just such a surprise and rapture should I awake, if, after your long revolutions were accomplished, you should at last come rolling back again, smiling with all that gentleness and serenity peculiar to the moon and you, and gilding the same mountains from which you first set out on your solemn melancholy journey. I am told that fortune (more just to us than your virtue) will restore the most precious thing it ever robbed us of. Some think it will be the only equivalent the world affords for Pitt's diamond,² so lately sent out of our country; which, after you was gone, was accounted the most valuable thing here. Adieu to that toy! let the costly bauble be hung about the neck of the baby king it belongs to, so England does but recover that jewel which was the wish of all her sensible hearts, and the joy of all her discerning eyes. I can keep no measures in speaking of this subject. I see you already coming; I feel you as you draw nearer; my heart leaps at

¹ Pope, in his next letter, evidently refers to this letter as written "within a few days" of the death of his father, which took place on the 23rd of October, 1717.—T.

² Governor Pitt's celebrated diamond was purchased for the young King of France, as announced in the Daily Courant, June 5, 1717.—T.

your arrival. Let us have you from the East. and the sun is at her service.

I write as if I were drunk; the pleasure I take in thinking of your return transports me beyond the bounds of common sense and decency. Yet believe me, madam, if there be any circumstance of chagrin in the occasion of that return, if there be any public or private ill fortune that may give you a displeasure, I must still be ready to feel a part of it, notwithstanding the joy I now express.

I have been mad enough to make all the enquiry I could at what time you set out, and what route you were to take. If Italy run yet in your thoughts, I hope you'll see it in your return. If I but knew you intended it, I'd meet you there, and travel back with you. I would fain behold the best and brightest thing I know, in the scene of ancient virtue and glory; I would fain see how you look on the very spot where Curtius sacrificed himself for his country; and observe what difference there would be in your eyes when you ogled the statue of Julius Cæsar and Marcus Aurelius. Allow me but to sneak after you in your train, to fill my pockets with coins, or to lug an old busto behind you, and I shall be proud beyond expression. Let people think, if they will, that I did all this for the pleasure of treading on classic ground; I would whisper other reasons in your ear. The joy of following your footsteps would as soon carry me to Mecca as to Rome; and let me tell you as a friend, if you are really disposed to embrace the Mahometan religion, I'll fly on pilgrimage with you thither, with as good a heart and as sound devotion as ever Jeffery Rudel, the Provençal poet, went after the fine Countess of Tripoly to Jerusalem.¹ If you never heard of this Jeffery, I'll assure you he deserves your acquaintance. He lived in our Richard the First's time; put on a pilgrim's weed, took his voyage, and, when he got ashore, was just upon the point of expiring. The Countess of Tripoly came to the ship, took him by the hand; he lifted up his eyes, said that having been blest with a sight of her

¹ This story will be found in Sismondi's "*Histoire de la Littérature du Midi.*" tom. i. chap. iii.—T.

he was satisfied, and so departed this life. What did the Countess of Tripoly upon this? She made him a splendid funeral; built him a tomb of porphyry; put his epitaph upon it in Arabic verse; had his sonnets curiously copied out, and illumined with letters of gold; was taken with melancholy, and turned nun. All this, madam, you may depend upon for a truth, and I send it to you in the very words of my author.

I don't expect all this should be punctually copied on either side, but methinks something like it is done already. The letters of gold, and the curious illumining of the sonnets, was not a greater token of respect than what I have paid to your Eclogues:¹ they lie inclosed in a monument of red Turkey, written in my fairest hand;² the gilded leaves are opened with no less veneration than the pages of the sibyls; like them, locked up and concealed from all profane eyes; none but my own have beheld these sacred remains of yourself, and I should think it as great a wickedness to divulge them as to scatter abroad the ashes of my ancestors. As for the rest, if I have not followed you to the ends of the earth, 'tis not my fault; if I had, I might possibly have died as gloriously as Jeffery Rudel; and if I had so died, you might probably have done every thing for me that the Countess of Tripoly did, except turning nun.

But since our romance is like to have a more fortunate conclusion, I desire you to take another course to express your favour towards me; I mean, by bringing over the fair Circassian we used to talk of. I was serious in that request, and will prove it by paying for her, if you will but lay out my money so well for me. The thing shall be as secret as you please, and the lady made another half of me, that is, both my mistress and my servant, as I am both my own servant and my own master. But I beg you to look oftener than you use to do in your glass, in order to choose me one I may like.

¹ The Town Eclogues. See Poems.—T.

² This copy, in Pope's early, print hand, and bound in "red Turkey," is still existing among the Wortley manuscripts.—T.

If you have any regard to my happiness, let there be something as near as possible to that face; but, if you please, the colours a little less vivid, the eyes a little less bright (such as reflexion will shew 'em); in short, let her be such an one as you seem in your own eyes, that is, a good deal less amiable than you are. Take care of this, if you have any regard to my quiet; for otherwise, instead of being her master, I must be only her slave.

I cannot end this letter without asking if you have received a box of books, together with letters, from Mr. Congreve and myself? It was directed to Mr. Wortley at Constantinople, by a merchant ship that set sail last June. Mr. Congreve, in fits of the gout, remembers you. Dr. Garth makes epigrams in prose when he speaks of you. Sir Robert Rich's lady loves you, though Sir Robert admires you. Mr. Craggs commemorates you with honour; the Duke of Buckingham with praise; I myself with something more. When people speak most highly of you, I think them sparing; when I try myself to speak of you, I think I am cold and stupid. I think my letters have nothing in 'em, but I am sure my heart has so much, that I am vexed to find no better name for your friend and admirer, than

Your friend and admirer.

FROM POPE.

I WRITE this after a very severe illness, that had like to have cost you a friend: and in writing I rebel against a despotic doctor, whose tyranny the greatest here obey, and from the same servile principles that most men obey tyrants,—the fear of death. He says I must think but slightly of any thing: now I am practising if I can think so of you, which if I can I shall be above regarding any thing in nature for the future: I may then look upon the sun as a spangle, and the world as a hazel-nut. But in earnest, you should be pleased at my recovery, as it is a thing you'll get something by. Heaven has renewed a lease to you of a sincere servant: abundance of

good wishes and grateful thanks will be added to those you have had from me already; and Lady Mary will be spoken of with respect and tenderness some years longer.

This last winter has seen great revolutions in my little affairs. My sickness was preceded by the death of my father, which happened within a few days after I had writ to you,¹ inviting myself to meet you in your journey homewards. I have yet a mother of great age and infirmities, whose last precarious days of life I am now attending, with such a solemn pious kind of officiousness as a melancholy recluse watches the last risings and fallings of a dying taper. My natural temper is pretty much broke, and I live half a hermit within five miles of London.² A letter from you soothes me in my reveries; 'tis like a conversation with some spirit of the other world, the least glimpse of whose favour sets one above all taste of the things of this: indeed, there is little or nothing angelical left behind you; the women here are—women. I can't express how I long to see you face to face; if ever you come again, I shall never be able to behave with decency, I shall walk, look, and talk at such a rate that all the town must know I have seen something more than human. Come, for God's sake; come, Lady Mary; come quickly!

I extremely regret the loss of your Oriental learning, for that letter I never had, but am heartily glad you kept a copy. I believe one of mine had the same fate, wherein I begged a Circassian woman of you, the likeliest yourself that could be purchased. Don't think to put me off with a little likeness of you; the girl which I hear you have some way or other procured, and are bringing with you, is not fit for me; whatever you may fancy, Molyneux³ is married, and I am past a boy.

I must tell you a story of Molyneux: the other day, at the prince's levee, he took Mr. Edgcombe aside, and asked, with an air of seriousness, What did the Czar of Muscovy, when he disinherited his son, do with his secretary? To which

¹ See note on preceding letter.—T.

² Pope then resided at "Mawson's New Buildings, Chiswick."—T.

³ Samuel Molyneux, son of Locke's friend, and secretary to the Prince of Wales. He married Lady Elizabeth Capel, April 5, 1717.—T.

Edgcombe answered, He was sewed up in a football, and tost over the water.

Now I am got among your acquaintance, you must be content to hear how often I talk of you with Mr. Craggs, Mr. Methuen, Mr. Congreve, D. of Buckingham, Sir R. Rich, Miss Griffin, &c. I am almost angry to go into any body's company where I ever saw you; I partly enjoy and partly regret it. It is not without vexation that I roam on the Thames in a fine evening, or walk by moonlight in St. James's Park: I can scarce allow that any thing should be calm, or any thing sweet without you. Give me leave at this distance to say, that I am something so much between a philosopher and a lover, that I am continually angry at fortune for letting me enjoy those amusements which I fancy you want; and I seldom receive any pleasure, but it is got into my head, why has not she a share of it? This is really true; and yet you are not so prodigiously obliged to me neither, because I wish almost every body, not only every sensible pleasure, but almost every vanity that can delight them.

Our gallantry and gaiety have been great sufferers by the rupture of the two courts here: scarce any ball, assembly, basset-table, or any place where two or three are gathered together. No lone house in Wales, with a rookery, is more contemplative than Hampton Court: I walked there the other day by the moon, and met no creature of any quality but the king, who was giving audience all alone to the birds under the garden wall.¹

How many hundred things have I to say to you, not ten of which, perhaps, I shall remember when we meet. I have seen many fine things, many vile things, and many ridiculous things, all which are an amusement to those who can think: though one naturally emulates the first sort, it is hurt by the

¹ Pope sent the same anecdote to the Miss Blounts, in a letter dated September 13, 1717—many months earlier—but the variations from the first version are curious. The passage is as follows: "I can easily believe no lone house in Wales, with a mountain and a rookery, is more contemplative than this court, and as a proof of it I need only tell you Mrs. L. [Lepell] walked with me three or four hours by moonlight, and we met no creature of any quality but the king, who gave audience to the vice-chamberlain all alone under the garden wall."—T.

second, and vext at the third. If one laughs at the world, they'll say he is proud; if one rails at it, they'll say he is ill-natured; and yet one or other of these one must do upon the whole. I am melancholy, which (to say truth) is all one gets by pleasures themselves; but I should not tell you this, if I did not think you of opinion, that melancholy does me as little hurt as any man: and, after all, he must be a beast that can be melancholy with such a fine woman as you to his friend. Adieu. Were I your guardian spirit, your happiness would be my whole care; as I am a poor mortal, it is one of my most earnest wishes.

Yours.

I beg you write to me soon; you are now come into the region of posts, and under the care of secretaries, the whole succession of whom are your servants, and give me more than pensions and places when they give me your letters.

FROM POPE.

September 1 [1718].

MADAM,—I have been (what I never was till now) in debt to you for a letter some weeks. I was informed you were at sea, and that 'twas to no purpose to write till some news had been heard of your arriving somewhere or other. Besides, I have had a second dangerous illness, from which I was more diligent to be recovered than from the first, having now some hopes of seeing you again. If you make any tour in Italy, I shall not easily forgive you for not acquainting me soon enough to have met you there. I am very certain I can never be polite unless I travel with you: and it is never to be repaired, the loss that Homer has sustained, for want of my translating him in Asia. You will come hither full of criticisms against a man who wanted nothing to be in the right but to have kept you company; you have no way of making me amends, but by continuing an Asiatic when you return to me, whatever English airs you may put on to other people.

I prodigiously long for your sonnets, your remarks, your Oriental learning; but I long for nothing so much as your Oriental self. You must of necessity be *advanced* so far *back*

into true nature and simplicity of manners, by these three years' residence in the East, that I shall look upon you as so many years younger than you was, so much nearer innocence (that is, truth) and infancy (that is, openness). I expect to see your soul as much thinner dressed as your body; and that you have left off, as unwieldy and cumbersome, a great many d—d European habits. Without offence to your modesty, be it spoken, I have a burning desire to see your soul stark naked, for I am confident 'tis the prettiest kind of white soul in the universe.—But I forget whom I am talking to; you may possibly by this time believe, according to the prophet, that you have none; if so, show me that which comes next to a soul; you may easily put it upon a poor ignorant Christian for a soul, and please him as well with it;—I mean your heart; Mahomet, I think, allows you hearts; which (together with fine eyes and other agreeable equivalents) are worth all the souls on this side the world. But if I must be content with seeing your body only, God send it to come quickly: I honour it more than the diamond-casket that held Homer's *Iliads*; for in the very twinkle of one eye of it there is more wit, and in the very dimple of one cheek of it there is more meaning, than in all the souls that ever were casually put into women since men had the making them.

I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have past part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.¹ It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in Romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet, of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man about five-and-twenty; Sarah a brown woman of about eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah: when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not

¹ At Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.—W.

the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk down on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sate by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if Heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair;—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot appeared between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, in the parish of Stanton-Harcourt in Oxfordshire; where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better; I think 'twas what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the fun'ral fire,
On the same pile their faithful fair expire;
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

I.

Think not, by rig'rous judgment seiz'd,
 A pair so faithful could expire;
 Victims so pure Heav'n saw well pleas'd,
 And snatch'd them in celestial fire.

II.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
 When God calls virtue to the grave,
 Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
 Mercy alike to kill or save.
 Virtue unmov'd can hear the call,
 And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I can't think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another,—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.¹

But when you are reflecting upon objects of pity, pray do not forget one who had no sooner found out an object of the highest esteem, than he was separated from it; and who is so very unhappy as not to be susceptible of consolation from others, by being so miserably in the right as to think other women what they really are. Such an one can't but be desperately fond of any creature that is quite different from these. If the Circassian be utterly void of such honour as these have, and such virtue as these boast of, I am content. I have detested the sound of honest woman, and loving spouse, ever since I heard the pretty name of Odaliche. Dear madam, I am for ever yours, and your slave's slave and servant.

My most humble services to Mr. Wortley. Pray let me hear from you soon, though I shall very soon write again. I am confident half our letters have been lost.

¹ See Lady Mary's letter purporting to have been an answer to this, dated Dover, November 1 [1718]. Pope and Gay, or both, appear to have written this account for the amusement of their friends, and to have sent it to Lord Burlington, Martha Blount, Mr. Fortescue, and perhaps to others. It is said to have suggested Thomson's episode of Celadon and Amelia in the "Seasons."—T.

FROM POPE.

DEAR MADAM,—’Tis not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you,—that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for the first minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr. Jervas’s). I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay every body else there; and you’ll be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again one can’t tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you’d imagine it had been a village in Amphion’s time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way: one would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall;—alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that ’tis the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour-window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that

of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. There the face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece, than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect, that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but t'other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about 'em. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being every where broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house; by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and t'other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little

green and-gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber, that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cyder-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box: it has hangings of the finest work in the world, those I mean which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed, the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper story has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are grey. Since these have not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched grey-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family, but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he shewed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: This (says he, with tears in his eyes) was poor Sir Thomas, once master of all the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of his beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs. He

could not pass by a broken bottle, without taking it up to shew us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was interrupted about two centuries ago, by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which, the room has been made up and branded with the name of the adultery-chamber. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here; some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.¹

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands: indeed, I owe this old house the same sort of gratitude that we do to an old friend, that harbours us in his declining condition, nay even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even any body that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope therefore very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably

I am, Madam,

Your most faithful, obliged, and obedient servant.²

I beg Mr. Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

¹ Mr. Carruthers remarks that this description of Stanton-Harcourt is almost wholly fanciful. The observation is probably equally applicable to the stories of Sir Thomas and his sons, and "Lady Frances." No Sir Thomas had been the possessor of Stanton-Harcourt for several centuries preceding the date of this letter.—T.

² It is remarkable that this description of an old mansion is the very same with that he sent to the Duke of Buckingham, in answer to one the duke had given him of Buckingham House.—WARTON.

FROM POPE.¹

It is not in my power (dear madam) to say what agitation the two or three words I wrote to you the other morning have given me. Indeed, I truly esteem you, and put my trust in you. I can say no more, and I know you would not have me.

I have been kept in town by a violent headache, so that if I might see you any time to-day (except two, three, or four o'clock, when I am engaged to dinner) I should be pleased and happy, more indeed than any other company could make me.

Your most faithful obliged servant.

FROM POPE.

Sunday.

INDEED, dear madam, 'tis not possible to tell you, whether you give me every day I see you, more pleasure or more respect. And, upon my word, whenever I see you after a day or two's absence, it is in just such a view as that you yesterday had of your own writings. I find you still better than I could imagine, and think I was partial before, to your prejudice.

The picture dwells really at my heart, and I have made a perfect passion of preferring your present face to your past. I know and thoroughly esteem yourself of this year: I know no more of Lady Mary Pierrepont, than to admire at what I have heard of her, or be pleased with some fragments of hers as I am with Sappho's. But now—I can't say what I would say of you now.—Only still give me cause to say you are good to me, and allow me as much of your person as Sir Godfrey can help me to. Upon conferring with him yesterday, I find he thinks it absolutely necessary to draw the face first, which he says can never be set right on the figure, if the drapery and posture be finished before. To give you as little trouble as possible, he proposes to draw your face with crayons, and finish it up at your own house in a morning; from whence he will

¹ Indorsed by Mr. Wortley Montagu "Mr. Pope."—T.

transfer it to the canvas, so that you need not go to sit at his house. This, I must observe, is a manner in which they seldom draw any but crowned heads; and I observe it with secret pride and pleasure.

Be so kind as to tell me, if you care he should do this to-morrow at twelve. Though if I am but assured from you of the thing, let the manner and time be what you best like: let every decorum you please, be observed. I should be very unworthy of any favour from your hands, if I desired any at the expense of your quiet, or conveniency, in any degree.

I have just received this pamphlet, which may divert you. I am sincerely

Yours, &c.

FROM POPE.

Thursday, 9 o'clock.

MADAM,—Sir Godfrey, happening to come from London yesterday (as I did myself), will wait upon you this morning at twelve, to take a sketch of you in your dress, if you will give leave. He is really very good to me. I heartily wish you will be so too. But I submit to you in all things; nay, in the manner of all things: your own pleasure, and your own time. Upon my word I will take yours, and understand you as you would be understood, with a real respect and resignation when you deny me any thing, and a hearty gratitude when you grant me any thing. Your will be done! but God send it may be the same with mine!

I am most truly yours.

P.S. I beg a single word in answer, because I am to send to Sir Godfrey accordingly.

FROM POPE.¹

Twitnam,² March 16 [1720].

MADAM,—You received, I suppose, the epistle Sir Godfrey dictated to me, which (abating some few flowers) was word

¹ Indorsed by Mr. Wortley Montagu "Mr. Pope."—T.

² Pope frequently spelt Twickenham in this way.—T.

for word. My own concern, that you should be settled in my neighbourhood, has since put me upon farther enquiries, and I find there is a pretty good house in the town opposite to that which my Lord William Pawlett has taken ; 'tis the same that Lord Coventry lately had. If Mr. Wortley would come and see it, he'll know all the particulars, which I am not able to give an exact account of, having sent you this notice the moment I heard of it. Though still, that which I believe you both would like best is the house in the field I spoke to him about, and which I think the prettiest situated thing imaginable.

Lord Bathurst told me you had given orders that the book of Eclogues should be trusted to my hands to return it to you. I am sensible of the obligation, and had been the faithful ambassador between you, had I not been forced to leave the town the minute he told me of it. I cannot perform impossibilities, therefore will not pretend to tell you the esteem with which I always have been, and am,

Dear Madam,
Your most faithful humble servant.

FROM POPE.¹

Twickenham, Aug. 22 [1720].

MADAM,—I was made acquainted, late last night, that I might depend upon it as a certain gain to buy the South Sea Stock at the present price, which will certainly rise in some weeks, or less. I can be as sure of this as the nature of any such thing will allow, from the first and best hands, and therefore have dispatched the bearer with all speed to you. I am sincerely,²

Dear Madam,
Your most faithful humble servant.

¹ Indorsed by Mr. Wortley Montagu "Mr. Pope."—T.

² The disastrous fall in the South Sea Stock had now commenced. It is an illustration of the infatuation of the times that an observer so shrewd as Pope felt sanguine of its recovery. The stock was at its highest point on the 1st of August (950*l.* with the dividend). It had fallen to 770*l.* on the 1st of September, and on the 1st of November to 210*l.*—T.

FROM POPE.

Cirencester, Sept. 15, 1721.

MADAM,—I write this purely to confess myself ingenuously what I am, a beast; first for writing to you without gilt paper; and secondly, for what I said and did about the harpsichord. For which (and many other natural reasons) I am justly turned as a beast to grass and parks. I deserve no better pillow than a mossy bank, for that head which could be guilty of so much thoughtlessness, as to promise what was not in my power, without considering first whether it was or not. But the truth is, I imagined you would take it merely as an excuse, had I told you I had the instrument under such conditions; and I likewise simply thought I could obtain leave to lend it; which failing on the trial, I suffer now, I find, in your opinion of my veracity, purely from my over-forward desire to have gratified you. The next thing I can do, is to intreat you, since you have not the harpsichord, that you would have that and the gallery together for your concerts; which I sincerely wish you could make use of, and which I take to be mine to lend, unless my mother knows of some conditions against it, to Mr. Vernon.¹

I very much envy you your musical company, which you have a sort of obligation to believe, in return to a man, who singly asserts your fine taste that way, in contradiction to the whole world.

It must be sure from that piece of merit (for I have no other that I know of toward you) that you can think of flattering me at a hundred miles' distance, in the most affecting manner, by a mention of my trees and garden. What an honour is it to my great walk, that the finest woman in this world could not stir from it? That walk extremely well answered the intent of its contriver, when it detained her there. But for this accident, how had I despised and totally forgot my own little *colifichies*, in the daily views of the noble scenes, openings, and avenues, of this immense design at *Cirencester*? No words, nor painting, nor poetry (not even your own), can

¹ Pope's house was held under Mr. or Mrs. Vernon.—BOWLES.

give the least image proportionable to it. And my Lord Bathurst bids me tell you, and the young lady with you, that the description would cost me much more time than it would cost you to come hither; which, if you have any regard, either for my pains or reputation, you will do to save me that trouble, as well as to take to yourself the glory of describing it.

For lodging, you need be under no manner of concern; for he invites hither every woman he sees, and every man; those of a more ærial or musical nature, may lodge upon the trees with the birds; and those of a more earthly or gross tempera-
ture, with the beasts of the field upon the ground.

We exceedingly rejoice that you are in a state of Nuripan; and in that situation can no more help wishing ourselves with you, than if you were my Lady God—— [Godolphin¹] on a couch. Though, indeed, it's to be feared, few men could lie perfectly in that state with you.

I am very sincerely, Madam,
Your Ladyship's most faithful humble servant.

¹ Henrietta, Countess of Godolphin, eldest daughter of the Duke of Marlborough, and afterwards Duchess of Marlborough in her own right.—T.

LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

1721—1727.¹

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1721.]

FROM the tranquil and easy situation in which you left me, dear sister,² I am reduced to that of the highest degree of vexation, which I need not set out to you better than by the plain matter of fact, which I heartily wish I had told you long since; and nothing hindered me but a certain *mauvaise honte* which you are reasonable enough to forgive, as very natural, though not very excusable where there is nothing to be ashamed of; since I can only accuse myself of too much good-nature, or at worst too much credulity, though I believe there never was more pains taken to deceive any body. In short, a person whose name is not necessary,³ because you know it, took all sort of methods, during almost two year [*sic*], to persuade me that there never was so extraordinary an attachment (or what you please to call it) as they had for me. This ended in coming over to make me a visit against my will, and, as was pretended, very much against their interest. I cannot

¹ The first six of these letters, and the eighth, tenth, and eleventh, are printed from the originals in Lady Mary's handwriting. Most of them are addressed "A Madame, Mad^{me} la Comtesse de Mar," and appear to have been forwarded by hand. Of the remaining letters I have found no originals, but they are printed from copies among the papers in an old handwriting.—T.

² Lady Mar left for Paris in January, 1721, and was now residing with her husband in that city.—T.

³ M. Rémond. See Memoir prefixed to this edition.—T.

deny I was very silly in giving the least credit to this stuff. But if people are so silly, you'll own 'tis natural for any body that is good-natured to pity and be glad to serve a person they believe unhappy upon their account. It came into my head, out of a high point of generosity (for which I wish myself hanged), to do this creature all the good I possibly could, since 'twas impossible to make them happy their own way. I advised him very strenuously to sell out of the subscription,¹ and in compliance to my advice he did so; and in less than two days saw he had done very prudently. After a piece of service of this nature, I thought I could more decently press his departure, which his follies made me think necessary for me. He took leave of me with so many tears and grimaces (which I can't imagine how he could counterfeit) as really moved my compassion; and I had much ado to keep to my first resolution of exacting his absence, which he swore would be his death. I told him that there was no other way in the world I would not be glad to serve him in, but that his extravagances made it utterly impossible for me to keep him company. He said that he would put into my hands the money I had won for him, and desired me to improve it, saying that if he had enough to buy a small estate, and retire from the world, 'twas all the happiness he hoped for in it. I represented to him that if he had so little money as he said, 'twas ridiculous to hazard it all. He replied that 'twas too little to be of any value, and he would either have it double or quit. After many objections on my side and replies on his, I was so weak to be overcome by his entreaties, and flattered myself also that I was doing a very heroic action, in trying to make a man's fortune though I did not care for his addresses. He left me with these imaginations, and my first care was to employ his money to the best advantage. I laid it all out in stock, the general discourse and private intelligence then scattered about being of a great rise. You may remember it was two or three days before the fourth subscription,² and you were with me when I

¹ For South Sea Stock.—T.

² August, 1720. See Pope's letter to Lady Mary, dated Aug. 22 [1720].—T.

paid away the money to Mr. Binfield. I thought I had managed prodigious well in selling out the said stock the day after the shutting the books (for a small profit), to Cox and Cleeve, goldsmiths of very good reputation. When the opening of the books came, my men went off, leaving the stock upon my hands, which was already sunk from near nine hundred pounds to four hundred pounds. I immediately writ him word of this misfortune, with the sincere sorrow natural to have upon such an occasion, and asked his opinion as to the selling the stock remaining in. He made me no answer to this part of my letter, but a long eloquent oration of miseries of another nature. I attributed this silence to his disinterested neglect of his money; but, however, resolved to make no more steps in his business without direct orders, after having been so unlucky. This occasioned many letters to no purpose; but the very post after you left London, I received a letter from him, in which he told me that he had discovered all my tricks; that he was convinced I had all his money remaining untouched: and he would have it again, or he would print all my letters to him; which though, God knows, very innocent in the main, yet may admit of ill constructions, besides the monstrousness of being exposed in such a manner. I hear from other people that he is liar enough to publish that I have borrowed the money of him; though I have a note under his hand, by which he desires me to employ it in the funds, and acquits me of being answerable for the losses that may happen. At the same time, I have attestations and witnesses of the bargains I made, so that nothing can be clearer than my integrity in this business; but that does not hinder me from being in the utmost terror for the consequences (as you may easily guess) of his villany; the very story of which appears so monstrous to me, I can hardly believe myself while I write it; though I omit (not to tire you) a thousand aggravating circumstances. I cannot forgive myself the folly of ever regarding one word he said; and I see now that his lies have made me wrong several of my acquaintances, and you among the rest, for having said (as he told me) horrid things against

me to him. 'Tis long since that your behaviour has acquitted you in my opinion ; but I thought I ought not to mention, to hurt him with you, what was perhaps more misunderstanding, or mistake, than a designed lie. But he has very amply explained his character to me. What is very pleasant is, that, but two posts before, I received a letter from him full of higher flights than ever. I beg your pardon (dear sister) for this tedious account ; but you see how necessary 'tis for me to get my letters from this madman. Perhaps the best way is by fair means ; at least, they ought to be first tried. I would have you, then (my dear sister), try to make the wretch sensible of the truth of what I advance, without asking for the letters, which I have already asked for. Perhaps you may make him ashamed of his infamous proceedings by talking of me, without taking notice that you know of his threats, only of my dealings. I take this method to be the most likely to work upon him. I beg you would send me a full and true account of this detestable affair (enclosed to Mrs. Murray¹). If I had not been the most unlucky creature in the world, his letter would have come while you were here, that I might have shewed you both his note and the other people's. I knew he was discontented, but was far from imagining a possibility of this thing. I give you a great deal of trouble, but you see I shall owe you the highest obligation if you can serve me : the very endeavouring of it is a tie upon me to serve you the rest of my life without reserve and with eternal gratitude.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I AM now at Twickenham : 'tis impossible to tell you, dear sister, what agonies I suffer every post-day ; my health really suffers so much from my fears, that I have reason to apprehend the worst consequences. If that monster acted on the least principles of reason, I should have nothing to fear, since 'tis certain that after he has exposed me he will get nothing by

¹ Griselda Baillie, married to Mr., afterwards Sir A. Murray, of Stanhope. See Introductory Anecdotes, *anté*, p. 97 ; also notes later, on Lady Mary's quarrel with her.—T.

it. Mr. Wortley can do nothing for his satisfaction I am not willing to do myself. I desire not the least indulgence of any kind. Let him put his affair into the hands of any lawyer whatever. I am willing to submit to any examination; 'tis impossible to make a fairer offer than this is: whoever he employs may come to me hither on several pretences. I desire nothing from him, but that he would send no letters nor messages to my house at London, where Mr. Wortley now is. I am come hither in hopes of benefit from the air, but I carry my distemper about me in an anguish of mind that visibly decays my body every day. I am too melancholy to talk of any other subject. Let me beg you (dear sister) to take some care of this affair, and think you have it in your power to do more than save the life of a sister that loves you.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I GIVE you many thanks (my dear sister) for the trouble you have given yourself in my affair; but am afraid 'tis not yet effectual. I must beg you to let him know I am now at Twickenham, and that whoever has his procuration may come here on divers pretences, but must by no means go to my house at London. I wonder you can think Lady Stafford¹ has not writ to him: she shewed me a long plain letter to him several months ago; as a demonstration he received it, I saw his answer. 'Tis true she treated him with the contempt he deserved, and told him she would never give herself the trouble of writing again to so despicable a wretch. She is willing to do yet further, and write to the Duke of Villeroi about it, if I think it proper. R. [Rémond] does nothing but lie, and either does not, or will not, understand what is said to him. You will forgive me troubling you so often with this business; the importance of it is the best excuse; in short,

“ ———'tis joy or sorrow, peace or strife,
 'Tis all the colour of remaining life.”

I can foresee nothing else to make me unhappy, and, I believe,

¹ See Introductory Anecdotes, *antié*, p. 115.— T.

shall take care another time not to involve myself in difficulties by an overplus of heroic generosity.

I am, dear sister, ever yours, with the utmost esteem and affection. If I get over this cursed affair, my style may enliven.——

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[June, 1721.]

I HAVE just received your letter of May 30th, and am surprised, since you own the receipt of my letter, that you give me not the least hint concerning the business that I writ so earnestly to you about. Till that is over, I am as little capable of hearing or repeating news, as I should be if my house was on fire. I am sure, a great deal must be in your power; the hurting of me can be in no way his interest. I am ready to assign, or deliver the money for 500*l.* stock, to whoever he will name, if he will send my letters into Lady Stafford's hands; which, were he sincere in his offer of burning them, he would readily do. Instead of that, he has writ a letter to Mr. W. [Wortley] to inform him of the whole affair: luckily for me, the person he has sent it to assures me it shall never be delivered; but I am not the less obliged to his good intentions. For God's sake, do something to set my mind at ease from this business, and then I will not fail to write you regular accounts of all your acquaintance. Mr. Strickland has had a prodigy of good fortune befallen him, which, I suppose, you have heard of.

My little commission is hardly worth speaking of; if you have not already laid out that small sum in St. Cloud ware, I had rather have it in plain lutestring of any colour.

Lady Stafford desires you would buy one suit of minunet for head and ruffles at Boileau's.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I CANNOT enough thank you, dear sister, for the trouble you give yourself in my affairs, though I am still so unhappy to find your care very ineffectual. I have actually in my

present possession a formal letter directed to Mr. W. [Wortley] to acquaint him with the whole business. You may imagine the inevitable eternal misfortunes it would have thrown me into, had it been delivered by the person to whom it was intrusted. I wish you would make him sensible of the infamy of this proceeding, which can no way in the world turn to his advantage. Did I refuse giving the strictest account, or had I not the clearest demonstration in my hands of the truth and sincerity with which I acted, there might be some temptation to this baseness; but all he can expect by informing Mr. W. [Wortley], is to hear him repeat the same things I assert; he will not retrieve one farthing, and I am for ever miserable. I beg no more of him than to direct any person, man or woman, either lawyer, broker, or a person of quality, to examine me; and as soon as he has sent a proper authority to discharge me on enquiry, I am ready to be examined. I think no offer can be fairer from any person whatsoever: his conduct towards me is so infamous, that I am informed I might prosecute him by law if he was here; he demanding the whole sum as a debt from Mr. Wortley, at the same time I have a note under his hand signed to prove the contrary. I beg with the utmost earnestness that you would make him sensible of his error. I believe 'tis very necessary to say something to fright him. I am persuaded, if he was talked to in a style of that kind, he would not dare to attempt to ruin me. I have a great inclination to write seriously to your lord about it, since I desire to determine this affair in the fairest and the clearest manner. I am not at all afraid of making any body acquainted with it; and if I did not fear making Mr. Wortley uneasy (who is the only person from whom I would conceal it), all the transactions should have been long since enrolled in Chancery. I have already taken care to have the broker's depositions taken before a lawyer of reputation and merit. I deny giving him no satisfaction; and after that offer, I think there is no man of honour that would refuse signifying to him that as 'tis all he can desire, so, if he persists in doing me an injury, he may repent it. You know how far 'tis proper to take this method.

I say nothing of the uneasiness I am under, 'tis far beyond any expression ; my obligation would be proportionable to any body that would deliver me from it, and I should not think it paid by all the services of my life.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

DEAR SISTER,—Having this occasion, I would not omit writing, though I have received no answer to my two last. The bearer is well acquainted with my affair, though not from me, till he mentioned it to me first, having heard it from those to whom R. [Rémond] had told it with all the false colours he pleased to lay on. I shewed him the formal commission I had to employ the money, and all the broker's testimonies taken before Delpeeke, with his certificate. Your remonstrances have hitherto had so little effect, that R. [Rémond] will neither send a letter of attorney to examine my accounts, or let me be in peace. I received a letter from him but two posts since, in which he renews his threats except I send him the whole sum, which is as much in my power as it is to send a million. I can easily comprehend that he may be ashamed to send a procuration, which must convince the world of all the lies he has told. For my part, I am so willing to be rid of the plague of hearing from him, I desire no better than to restore him with all expedition the money I have in my hands ; but I will not do it without a general acquittance in due form, not to have fresh demands every time he wants money. If he thinks that he has a larger sum to receive than I offer, why does he not name a procurator to examine me ? If he is content with that sum, I only insist on the acquittance for my own safety. I am ready to send it him, with full license to tell as many lies as he pleases afterwards. I am weary with troubling you with repetitions which cannot be more disagreeable to you than they are to me. I have had, and still have, so much vexation with this execrable affair, 'tis impossible to describe it. I had rather talk to you of any thing else, but it fills my whole head.

I am still at Twicknam, where I pass my time in great indo-

lence and sweetness. Mr. W. [Wortley] is at this present in Yorkshire. My fair companion puts me oft in mind of our Thoresby conversations; we read and walk together, and I am more happy in her than any thing else could make me except your conversation.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[July, 1721.]

I WISH to see you, dear sister, more than ever I did in my life; a thousand things pass before my eyes that would afford me infinite pleasure in your conversation, and that are lost for want of such a friend to talk them over. Lechmere is to be Lord Hungerford;¹ but the most considerable incident that has happened a good while, was the ardent affection that Mrs. Hervey² and her dear spouse took to me. They visited me twice or thrice a day, and were perpetually cooing in my rooms. I was complaisant a great while; but (as you know) my talent has never lain much that way, I grew at last so weary of those birds of paradise, I fled to Twicknam, as much to avoid their persecutions as for my own health, which is still in a declining way. I fancy the Bath would be a good remedy, but my affairs lie so oddly I cannot easily resolve upon it. If you please, dear sister, to buy twenty yards of the lute-string I have bespoke (black), and send it by the first opportunity; I suppose you know we are in mourning for Lady Pierrepont.³ Lady Loudoun and Lady Stair are in my neighbourhood. The first of those ladies is on the brink of Scotland for life. She does not care; to say truth, I see no very lively reasons why she should.

I am affectionately yours.

¹ Lechmere was not created Lord Hungerford, though, that being a family name, such a title might have been contemplated. He was created Lord Lechmere (or Lechemere) on the 25th August, 1721.—T.

² Mary Lepell, who married Mr. Hervey in 1720. She is called "*Mrs. Hervey*" until the death of her husband's elder brother, Carr Lord Hervey, in November, 1723.—T.

³ Lady Mary's aunt, relict of Gervase Lord Pierrepont. She died at Kensington, July 8, 1721.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I SEND you, dear sister, by Lady Lansdowne¹ this letter, accompanied with the only present that ever was sent me by that monster. I beg you to return it immediately. I am told he is preparing to come to London. Let him know that 'tis not at all necessary for receiving his money or examining my accounts; he has nothing to do but to send a letter of attorney to whom he pleases (without exception), and I will readily deliver up what I have in my hands, and his presence will not obtain one farthing more: his design then can only be to expose my letters here. I desire you would assure him that my first step shall be to acquaint my Lord Stair² with all his obligations to him, as soon as I hear he is in London; and if he dares to give me further trouble, I shall take care to have him rewarded in a stronger manner than he expects; there is nothing more true than this; and I solemnly swear, that if all the credit or money that I have in the world can do it, either for friendship or hire, I shall not fail to have him used as he deserves; and since I know his journey can only be designed to expose me, I shall not value what noise is made. Perhaps you may prevent it; I leave you to judge of the most proper method; 'tis certain no time should be lost; fear is his predominant passion, and I believe you may fright him from coming hither, where he will certainly find a reception very disagreeable to him.

Lady Lansdowne does not go till Tuesday; I have left the cup with her, and three guineas to be laid out in plain lute-string.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[August, 1721.]

DEAR SISTER,—I give you ten thousand thanks for the trouble you have given yourself. I hope you will continue to take

¹ The wife of Lord Lansdowne, the poet and early patron of Pope, who was now an exile, residing, like Mar, in Paris. Lady Lansdowne passed frequently between France and England, her journeys being viewed with much distrust by the Jacobite party, who suspected her husband, as they suspected Mar, of treachery.—T.

² Rémond is described by St. Simon as having been the tool of Stair during his embassy in Paris. Lady Mary may have known or suspected that Rémond betrayed Stair's secrets.—T.

some care of my affairs, because I do not hear they are finished, and cannot yet get rid of my fears. You have not told me that you have received what I sent you by Lady Lansdowne, as also three guineas that she took for you; one of which I beg you would lay out in the same narrow minunet that you sent Mrs. Murray; and send it me by the first opportunity, for the use of my daughter, who is very much your humble servant, and grows a little woman. I suppose you know our sister Gower¹ has lain-in in the country of a son. The Duchess of Kingston² is preparing for the Bath. I live in a sort of solitude, that wants very little of being such as I would have it. Lady J. [Jane] Wharton³ is to be married to Mr. Holt, which I am sorry for;—to see a young woman that I really think one of the agreeablest girls upon earth so vilely misplaced—but where are people matched!—I suppose we shall all come right in Heaven; as in a country dance, the hands are strangely given and taken, while they are in motion, at last all meet their partners when the jig is done.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Twickenham, Sept. 6 [1721].

I HAVE just received your letter, dear sister; I am extreme sensible of your goodness, which I beg you to continue. I am very glad to hear of the good health of your family, and should be only more so, to be a witness of it, which I am not without some hopes of. My time is melted away here in almost perpetual concerts. I do not presume to judge, but I'll assure you I am a very hearty as well as humble admirer. I have taken my little thread satin beauty into the house with me; she is allowed by Bononcini⁴ to have the finest voice he ever heard in England. He and Mrs. Robinson⁵ and Sene-

¹ Lady Gower was delivered of a son 26 July, 1721.—T.

² Lady Mary's stepmother.—T.

³ Sister of the profligate duke. The marriage did not take place till two years later.—T.

⁴ The Italian composer. He came to England in 1720, where he resided for some years, and produced several operas at the theatre in the Haymarket.—T.

⁵ Anastasia Robinson, the singer, previously mentioned. See allusions to her affair with Senesino. *post.*—T.

sino lodge in this village, and sup often with me: and this easy indolent life would make me the happiest thing in the world, if I had not this execrable affair still hanging over my head. I have consulted my lawyer, and he says I cannot, with safety to myself, deposit the money I have received into other hands, without the express order of R. [Rémond]; and he is so unreasonable, that he will neither send a procuration to examine my accounts, or any order for me to transfer his stock into another name. I am heartily weary of the trust, which has given me so much trouble, and can never think myself safe till I am quite got rid of it: rather than be plagued any longer with the odious keeping, I am willing to abandon my letters to his discretion. I desire nothing more of him than an order to place his money in other hands, which methinks should not be so hard to obtain, since he is so dissatisfied with my management; but he seems to be bent to torment me, and will not even touch his money, because I beg it of him. I wish you would represent these things to him; for my own part, I live in so much uneasiness about it, that I am sometimes weary of life itself.

Mrs. Stoner¹ will be a good person to send things by. I would have no black silk, having bought here.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I CANNOT forbear (dear sister) accusing you of unkindness that you take so little care of a business of the last consequence to me. R. [Rémond] writ to me some time ago, to say if I would immediately send him 2000*l.* sterling, he would send me an acquittance. As this was sending him several hundreds out of my own pocket, I absolutely refused it; and, in return, I have just received a threatening letter, to print I know not what stuff against me. I am too well acquainted with the world (of which poor Mrs. Murray's affair² is a fatal instance),

¹ Probably the Mrs. Stoner who appears from Ironside's History of Twickenham to have resided at Twickenham about this time.—T.

² Alluding to the affair of Arthur Grey the footman, whose attempt on Mrs. Murray made much noise at this time. The circumstance alluded to took place on

not to know that the most groundless accusation is always of ill consequence to a woman; besides the cruel misfortunes it may bring upon me in my own family. If you have any compassion either for me or my innocent children, I am sure you will try to prevent it. The thing is too serious to be delayed. I think (to say nothing either of blood or affection), that humanity and Christianity are interested in my preservation. I am sure I can answer for my hearty gratitude and everlasting acknowledgment of a service much more important than that of saving my life.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[April or May, 1722.¹]

I HAVE had no answer, dear sister, to a long letter that I writ to you a month ago; but, however, I shall continue letting you know (*de temps en temps*) what passes in this corner of the world 'till you tell me 'tis disagreeable. I shall say little of the death of our great minister, because the newspapers say so much. I suppose the same faithful historians give you regular accounts of the growth and spreading of the inoculation of the small-pox, which is become almost a general practice, attended with great success. I pass my time in a small snug set of dear intimates, and go very little into the *grand monde*, which has always had my hearty contempt. I see sometimes Mr. Congreve, and very seldom Mr. Pope, who continues to embellish his house at Twickenham. He has made a subterranean grotto, which he has furnished with looking-glass, and they tell me it has a very good effect. I

the 1st of October, 1721. See "Select Trials," 12mo, 1742. Grey defended himself by making scandalous assertions as to Mrs. Murray's manner of life, which he afterwards acknowledged to be false. See Introductory Anecdotes.—T.

¹ Mr. Dallaway and Lord Wharncliffe affixed to this letter the date of "Twickenham, 1720." The year was certainly incorrect. Lady Mar did not leave England to reside in Paris till January, 1721. Lady Mary's letters to her for some time afterwards are, as we have seen, entirely upon the Rémond affair. The "great minister," of whose death the papers "say so much," would not apply to Craggs, who died disgraced and unpopular on account of his connexion with the South Sea Bubble. I have no doubt that Lady Mary refers to Sunderland, who died on the 19th of April, 1722. The latter part of the verses was sent by Pope to Judith Cowper on the 5th of November, 1722, in a letter in which he asks, "Would you have me describe my solitude and *grotto* to you?"—T.

here send you some verses addressed to Mr. Gay, who wrote him a congratulatory letter on the finishing his house. I stifled them here, and I beg they may die the same death at Paris, and never go further than your closet :

“ Ah, friend, 'tis true—this truth you lovers know—
In vain my structures rise, my gardens grow,
In vain fair Thames reflects the double scenes
Of hanging mountains, and of sloping greens :
Joy lives not here; to happier seats it flies,
And only dwells where W—— casts her eyes.

What is the gay parterre, the chequer'd shade,
The morning bower, the ev'ning colonnade,
But soft recesses of uneasy minds,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing winds?
So the struck deer in some sequestrate part
Lies down to die, the arrow at his heart;
There, stretch'd unseen in coverts hid from day,
Bleeds drop by drop, and pants his life away.”¹

My paper is done, and I will only put you in mind of my lutestring, which I beg you will send me plain, of what colour you please.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

DEAR SISTER,—I am surprised at your silence, which has been very long, and I am sure is very tedious to me. I have writ three times; one of my letters I know you received long since, for Charles Churchill² told me so at the Opera. At this instant I am at Twickenham; Mr. Wortley has purchased the small habitation where you saw me. We propose to make some small alterations. That and the education of my daughter are my chief amusements. I hope yours is well,

¹ Lady Mary copied these lines into a common-place book, but they are there headed in her handwriting, “Pope to Arbuthnot.” The words appear, from the colour of the ink, to have been written later than the verses. It will be observed that the name in the sixth line is only designated by the initial “W——.” Lady Mary undoubtedly believed the lines referred to her, and it must be so assumed; but it is remarkable that the opening lines could hardly be applied to a lady who, like Lady Mary, was a neighbour of Pope, and spent, as appears by these letters, much of her time at Twickenham.—T.

² Colonel Charles Churchill. He went to Paris in May, 1722, and his return is mentioned in the papers of June 9. The Jacobites maintained that his mission was to concert with Lord Mar and General Dillon for the betrayal of Atterbury. Mar was certainly the cause, and, as Atterbury always asserted, the wilful cause of the bishop's ruin. This letter, at all events, shows that Churchill when in Paris was in communication with Lady Mar. It must have been written between the date of Churchill's return (June) and the coronation of the French king, 14th of October, 1722.—T.

et ne fait que croître et embellir. I beg you would let me hear soon from you; and particularly if the approaching coronation at Paris raises the price of diamonds.¹ I have some to sell, and cannot dispose of them here. I am afraid you have quite forgot my plain lutestring, which I am in great want of; and I can hardly think you can miss of opportunities to send it. At this dead season 'tis impossible to entertain you with news; and yet more impossible (with my dulness) to entertain you without it. The kindest thing I can do is to bring my letter to a speedy conclusion. I wish I had some better way of shewing you how sincerely I am yours. I am sure I never will slip any occasion of convincing you of it.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[About Dec. 25, 1722.]

I HAVE writ to you at least five-and-forty letters, dear sister, without receiving any answer, and resolved not to confide in post-house fidelity any more; being firmly persuaded that they never came to your hands, or you would not refuse one line to let me know how you do, which is and ever will be of great importance to me. The freshest news in town is the fatal accident happened three nights ago to a very pretty young fellow, brother to Lord Finch, who was drinking with a dearly beloved drab, whom you may have heard of by the name of Sally Salisbury.² In a jealous pique she stabbed him to the heart with a knife. He fell down dead immediately, but a surgeon being called for, and the knife drawn out of his body, he opened his eyes, and his first words were to beg her to be friends with him, and kissed her. She has since stayed by his bedside till last night, when he begged her to fly, for he thought he could not live; and she has taken his advice, and

¹ The rise in the price of diamonds was, I suppose, a matter of course on such occasions. Before the coronation of George II., the *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of September 26, 1727, announced in its news from London that "jewels for the ensuing coronation are lent out from two to five per cent."—T.

² Sarah Prettelyn (or Prydden), *alias* Sally Salisbury. This affair, which gave much employment to Grub-street authors, took place on December 22, 1722, at the Three Tun Tavern, in Chandos-street, Covent-garden. Even Hearne, the learned antiquary, appears to have thought her adventures worthy of frequent entries in his *Diary*. She was tried, and sentenced to a fine of 100*l.* and twelve months' imprisonment in Newgate, where she died of consumption and fever before her sentence expired.—T.

perhaps will honour you with her residence at Paris. Adieu, dear sister. I send you along with this letter the Count of Caylus,¹ who if you do not know already, you will thank me for introducing to you; he is a Frenchman, and no fop; which, besides the curiosity of it, is one of the prettiest things in the world.

Since you find it so difficult to send me the lutestring that I asked for, I beg you would lay out my money in a nightgown ready made, there can be no difficulty in sending that by the first person that comes over; I shall like it the better for your having worn it one day, and then it may be answered for that it is not new. If this is also impossible, pray return me my money, deducting for the minunets I have received.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[April, 1723.]

DEAR SISTER,—I am now so far recovered from the dangerous illness which I had when I received your letter, that I hope I may think of being once more a woman of this world. But I know not how to convey this letter to you. I intend to send it to Mrs. Murray. I have a great many reasons to believe the present direction² you have given me a very bad one; especially since you say that you never received one of the number of letters that I really have sent you. I suppose the public prints (if nobody else) have informed you of the sudden death of poor Lady [Dowager] Gower,³ which has made a large addition to Lord Gower's fortune, and utterly ruined Mrs. Proby's,⁴ who is now in very deplorable circumstances. I see Mrs. Murray so seldom I can give little account of her, but I suppose her house is the same place it used to be. Operas flourish more than ever, and I have been in a tract of going every time. The people I live most with are none of your acquaintance; the Duchess of Montagu⁵ excepted, whom

¹ The well-known French writer.—T.

² See note on next letter.—T.

³ She died in March, 1723.—T.

⁴ Mrs. Proby was the wife of John Proby, of Elton Hall, in the county of Huntingdon, Esq., and sister of John Leveson Gower, Lord Gower, the first earl.—W.

⁵ The Duchess of Montagu was the youngest daughter of John Duke of Marlborough.—T.

I continue to see often. Her daughter Belle is at this instant in the paradisaal state of receiving visits every day from a passionate lover, who is her first love; whom she thinks the finest gentleman in Europe, and is, besides that, Duke of Manchester.¹ Her mamma and I often laugh and sigh reflecting on her felicity, the consummation of which will be in a fortnight. In the mean time they are permitted to be alone together every day and all the day. These are lawful matters that one may talk of; but letters are so surely opened,² I dare say nothing to you either of our intrigues or duels, both which would afford great matter of mirth and speculation. Adieu, dear sister. Pray don't forget the nightgown, and let it be what you please.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1723.]

DEAR SISTER,—I have writ to you twice since I received yours in answer to that I sent by Mr. De Caylus, but I believe none of what I send by the post ever come to your hands, nor ever will while they are directed to Mr. Waters, for reasons that you may easily guess.³ I wish you would give me a safer direction; it is very seldom I can have the opportunity of a private messenger, and it is very often that I have a mind to write to my dear sister. If you have not heard of the Duchess of Montagu's intended journey, you will be surprised at your manner of receiving this, since I send it by one of her servants: she does not design to see any body nor any thing at Paris, and talks of going from Montpellier to Italy.⁴ I have a tender esteem for her, and am heartily concerned to lose her con-

¹ William Montagu, Duke of Manchester, married to the Lady Isabella Montagu, eldest daughter of John, Duke of Montagu, April 16, 1723.—W.

² See next note.—T.

³ Waters was a banker and agent for the Pretender and the Jacobites. Lady Mary had good reason for her suspicions: for Mar was at this time deeply distrusted by the Jacobites on account of the Atterbury affair, which was approaching its crisis in the trial of Atterbury; and they, or Waters, whose name figures frequently in the evidence, would naturally be tempted to waylay, in the hopes of information, letters from the Whig sister.—T.

⁴ The London Journal of May 11, 1723, announces that the Duchess of Montagu is "preparing to go in a few days to Montpellier."—T.

versation, yet I cannot condemn her resolution. I am yet in this wicked town, but purpose to leave it as soon as the Parliament¹ rises. Mrs. Murray² and all her satellites have so seldom fallen in my way, I can say little about them. Your old friend Mrs. Lowther is still fair and young, and in pale pink every night in the Parks; but, after being highly in favour, poor I am in utter disgrace, without my being able to guess wherefore, except she fancied me the author or abettor of two vile ballads written on her dying adventure, which I am so innocent of that I never saw [them].³ *A propos* of ballads, a most delightful one is said or sung in most houses about our dear beloved plot,⁴ which has been laid firstly to Pope, and secondly to me, when God knows we have neither of us wit enough to make it. Mrs. Harvey lies-in of a female child.⁵ Lady Rich is happy in dear Sir Robert's absence,⁶ and the polite Mr. Holt's return to his allegiance, who, though in a treaty of marriage with one of the prettiest girls in town (Lady J. [Jane] Wharton), appears better with her than ever. Lady B. [Betty] Manners is on the brink of matrimony with a York-

¹ Parliament rose May 27, 1723.—T.

² See note on quarrel with Mrs. Murray, *post*, p. 482.—T.

³ Mrs. Lowther was a respectable woman, single, and, as it appears by the text, not willing to own herself middle-aged. Another lady happened to be sitting at breakfast with her, when an awkward country lad, new in her service, brought word that "there was one as begged to speak to her." "What is his name?"—"Don't know." "What sort of person? a gentleman?"—"Can't say rightly." "Go and ask him his business." The fellow returned grinning. "Why, madam, he says as how—he says he is——" "Well, what does he say, fool?"—"He says he is one as dies for your ladyship." "Dies for me!" exclaimed the lady, the more incensed from seeing her friend inclined to laugh as well as her footman—"was there ever such a piece of insolence? Turn him out of my house this minute. And hark ye, shut the door in his face." The clown obeyed; but going to work more roughly than John Bull will ever admit of, produced a scuffle that disturbed the neighbours and called in the constable. At last the audacious lover, driven to explain himself, proved nothing worse than an honest tradesman, a dyer, whom her ladyship often employed to refresh her old gowns.—W. In "Additions to Pope's Works," 1776, are verses headed "On a Lady mistaking a Dying Trader for a Dying Lover. By Lady Mary Wortley Montague, on Mrs. Lowther, Lord Lonsdale's sister."—T.

⁴ The Atterbury plot. The ballad was probably that "Upon the Horrid Plot discovered by Harlequin the Bishop of Rochester's French Dog," attributed to Swift.—T.

⁵ Lepel Hervey, born, according to Collins, in January, 1722-3.—T.

⁶ The British Journal of Saturday, April 13, 1723, announces that "Sir Robert Rich, Bart., being made colonel of a regiment of Dragoons in Ireland, set out for that kingdom on Saturday last."—T.

shire Mr. Monckton¹ of 3000*l.* per annum : it is a match of the young duchess's making, and she thinks matter of great triumph over the two coquette beauties, who can get nobody to have and to hold ; they are decayed to a piteous degree,² and so neglected that they are grown constant and particular to the two ugliest fellows in London. Mrs. Pulteney condescends to be publicly kept by the noble Earl of Cadogan ; whether Mr. Pulteney³ has a pad nag deducted out of the profits for his share I cannot tell, but he appears very well satisfied with it. This is, I think, the whole state of love ; as to that of wit, it splits itself into ten thousand branches : poets increase and multiply to that stupendous degree, you see them at every turn, even in embroidered coats and pink-coloured top-knots ; making verses is almost as common as taking snuff, and God can tell what miserable stuff people carry about in their pockets, and offer to all their acquaintances, and you know one cannot refuse reading and taking a pinch. This is a very great grievance, and so particularly shocking to me, that I think our wise law-givers should take it into consideration, and appoint a fast-day to beseech Heaven to put a stop to this epidemical disease, as they did last year⁴ for the plague with great success.

Dear sister, adieu. I have been very free in this letter, because I think I am sure of its going safe. I wish my night-gown may do the same :—I only choose that as most convenient to you ; but if it was equally so, I had rather the money was laid out in plain lutestring, if you could send me eight yards at a time of different colours, designing it for linings ; but if this scheme is impracticable, send me a night-gown *à la mode*.

¹ Afterwards Viscount Galway. By "the young duchess," Lady Mary means the wife of John, then third Duke of Rutland, as distinguished from two dowager-duchesses then living.—T.

² This alludes, I suppose, to Lady Elizabeth Manners's two elder sisters, Catherine and Frances, who were at this time unmarried. Catherine was married in 1726 to the Right Hon. Henry Pelham : Frances, in 1732, to Richard, second son of John, Lord Arundell of Trerice.—T.

³ Daniel Pulteney, Esq., married to Mrs. Tichborne, sister to the Countess of Sunderland, 14th of December, 1717.—W.

⁴ Not strictly correct. The fast-day for "the plague" was the 8th of December, 1721.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1723.]

DEAR SISTER,—I sent you a long letter by the Duchess of Montagu; though I have had no answer, I cannot resolve to leave London without writing another. I go to-morrow to Twickenham, where I am occupied in some alterations of my house and gardens. I believe I have told you we bought it last year, and there is some sort of pleasure in shewing one's own fancy upon one's own ground. If you please to send my nightgown to Mr. Hughes, an English banquier at Paris, directed for Madame Cantillon,¹ it will come safe to my hands; she is a new neighbour of mine, has a very handsome house in the village, and herself eclipses most of our London beauties: you know how fond we are of novelty, besides that she is really very pretty and does not want understanding, and I have a thousand commodities in her acquaintance. Mrs. Davenant² is returned from Genoa, and I have the pleasure of an agreeable intimacy with her: so much for my acquaintance. Lady Byng has inoculated both her children, and is big with child herself; the operation is not yet over, but I believe they will do very well. Since that experiment has not yet had any ill effect, the whole town are doing the same thing, and I am so much pulled about, and solicited to visit people, that I am forced to run into the country to hide myself. There is a ridiculous marriage on the point of conclusion that diverts me much. You know Lady Mary Sanderson: she is making over her discreet person and 1500*l.* a year jointure to the tempting embrace of the noble Earl of Pembroke, aged 73.³

¹ The wife of Cantillon the banker.—T.

² She was the wife of Henry Davenant, son of the political arithmetician. The Postboy of March 7, 1722[-3], announces that "Mr. Davenant, lately his Majesty's envoy at Genoa, is arrived here from thence." See Lady Mary's letters from Genoa, among Letters during the Embassy.—T.

³ The noble earl's matrimonial intentions at this time must have been generally known, though the object of them appears to have been uncertain, for "Mrs. Greville" is mentioned as the lady in the Postboy of March 12, 1722[-3]. Neither this report, nor the statement in the text, however, proved correct. The earl, whose second wife died in 1721, married thirdly, in 1725, Mary, daughter of Scrope, first Viscount Howe, and one of the maids of honour to the Princess of Wales. The marriage gave rise to much pleasantry among the Court ladies. See Lady Hervey to Mrs. Howard, Suffolk Corresp., i. 191.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1723.]

DEAR SISTER,—I have wrote you so many letters which you say you have not received, that I suppose you will not receive this; however, I will acquit myself to my own conscience as a good Christian ought to do. I am sure I can never be really wanting in any expression of affection to you, to whom I can never forget what I owe in many respects. Our mutual acquaintance are exceedingly dispersed, and I am engaged in a new set, whose ways would not be entertaining to you, since you know not the people. Mrs. Murray is still at Castle-Howard: I am at Twickenham, where there is, at this time, more company than at London. Your poor soul Mrs. Johnston is returned into our neighbourhood, and sent to me to carry her to Richmond-court to-morrow, but I begged to be excused: she is still in sad pickle. I think Mr. and Madame Harvey are at Lord Bristol's. *A propos* of that family: the countess is come out a new creature; she has left off the dull occupations of hazard and basset, and is grown young, blooming, coquette, and gallant; and, to shew she is fully sensible of the errors of her past life, and resolved to make up for time mispent, she has two lovers at a time, and is equally wickedly talked of for the gentle Colonel Cotton² and the superfine Mr. Braddocks. Now I think this the greatest compliment in nature to her own lord; since it is plain that when she will be false to him, she is forced to take two men in his stead, and that no one mortal has merit enough to make up for him. Poor Lady Gage³ is parting from her discreet spouse for a

¹ Lord Wharnccliffe dated this letter 1722; but the manuscript has no date, and is indorsed "1723," which is no doubt correct. It could not have been written later than November, 1723, when "Mr. Hervey" became Lord Hervey.—T.

² Colonel Cotton's "bonnes fortunes" are alluded to in a letter from Mrs. Bradshaw to Mrs. Howard, dated "Bath, Aug. 30, 1721." "Here is a Colonel Cotton, who is a good, agreeable man, but the ladies are so fond of him that I believe he must take to his bed soon. If you see a footman in the streets, his errand is to Colonel Cotton: he gives breakfasts, makes balls, plays, and does everything a lady can desire; but then he is but one man, and cannot turn himself to at least ten women that have fastened upon him, from which contests do often arise amongst us."—T.

³ Benedicta Maria, daughter and sole heir of Benedict Hall, of High Meadow, in the county of Gloucester, Esq.—W.

mere trifle. She had a mind to take the air this spring in a new yacht (which Lord Hillsborough¹ built for many good uses, and which has been the scene of much pleasure and pain): she went in company with his Lordship, Fabrice,² Mr. Cook, Lady Litchfield,³ and her sister, as far as Greenwich, and from thence as far as the buoy of the Nore; when to the great surprise of the good company, who thought it impossible the wind should not be as fair to bring them back as it was to carry them thither, they found there was no possibility of returning that night. Lady Gage, in all the concern of a good wife, desired her lord might be informed of her safety, and that she was no way blamable in staying out all night. Fabrice writ a most gallant letter to Lord Gage,⁴ concluding that Mr. Cook presents his humble service to him, and let him know (in case of necessity) his "Lady Margaret was in town:"⁵ but his lordship not liking the change, I suppose, carried the letter straight to the King's Majesty, who not being at leisure to give him an audience, he sent it in open by Mahomet:⁶ though it is hard to guess what sort of redress he intended to petition for—the nature of the thing being such, that had he complained he was no cuckold, his Majesty at least might have prevailed that some of his court might confer that dignity upon him, but if he was, neither king, council, nor the two houses of parliament, could make it null and of none effect. This public rupture is succeeded by a treaty of separation: and here is all the scandal that is

¹ Lord Hillsborough, father of the Lord Hillsborough who was secretary of state under George the Third, and ancestor to the Marquis of Downshire, had the fame, both in England and Ireland, of being the wildest and most scandalous libertine of the age.—W.

² Sometimes written "Fabricius." Riva, the Duke of Modena's minister, speaks of him as "a Hanover gentleman, and in high favour with the king." (Coxe's Walpole, 4to, ii. 512.) Fabrice was with the king when he died on his journey to Hanover.—T.

³ Frances, daughter of Sir John Hales, of Woodchurch, Kent.—D.

⁴ Thomas, first Lord Gage.—W.

⁵ Lady Margaret Tufton, daughter of the Earl of Thanet, was married to Thomas Coke, of Norfolk, Esq., July 2, 1718.—W.

⁶ A servant of George the First. Pope, in his Epistle to Martha Blount, On the Characters of Women, calls him "honest Mahomet;" and adds, in a note, "Servant to the late king, said to be the son of a Turkish Bassa whom he took at the siege of Buda, and constantly kept about his person."—T.

uppermost in my head. Dear sister, I should be glad to contribute any way to your entertainment, and am very sorry you seem to stand in so much need of it. I am ever yours.

I wish you would think of my lutestring, for I am in terrible want of linings.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[July, 1723.]

DEAR SISTER,—I have received by Lady Lansdowne the very pretty nightgown you sent me; I give you many thanks for it; but I should have thought it much more valuable if it had been accompanied with a letter. I can hardly persuade myself you have received all mine, and yet can never spare time from the pleasures of Paris to answer one of them. I am sorry to inform you of the death of our nephew, my sister Gower's son,¹ of the small-pox. I think she has a great deal of reason to regret it, in consideration of the offer I made her, two years together, of taking the child home to my house, where I would have inoculated him with the same care and safety I did my own. I know nobody that has hitherto repented the operation: though it has been very troublesome to some fools, who had rather be sick by the doctor's prescriptions, than in health in rebellion to the college.

I am at present at Twickenham, which is become so fashionable, and the neighbourhood so much enlarged, that 'tis more like Tunbridge or the Bath than a country retreat. Adieu, dear sister. I shall write you longer letters when I am sure you receive them; but it really takes off very much from the pleasure of your correspondence, when I have no assurance of their coming to your hands. Pray let me know if this does, and believe me ever affectionately yours.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[Indorsed "1723."]

I AM heartily sorry to have the pleasure of hearing from you lessened by your complaints of uneasiness, which I wish

¹ John Leveson Gower, her eldest son, died July 15, 1723.—T.

with all my soul I was capable of relieving, either by my letters or any other way. My life passes in a kind of indolence which is now and then awakened by agreeable moments; but pleasures are transitory, and the groundwork of everything in England stupidity, which is certainly owing to the coldness of this vile climate. I envy you the serene air of Paris, as well as many other conveniences: here, what between the things one cannot do, and the things one must not do, the time but dully lingers on, though I make as good a shift as many of my neighbours. To my great grief, some of my best friends have been extremely ill; and, in general, death and sickness have never been more frequent than now. You may imagine poor galantry droops; and, except in the Elysian shades of Richmond, there is no such thing as love or pleasure. It is said there is a fair lady retired for having taken too much of it: for my part they are not at all cooked to my taste; and I have very little share in the diversions there, which, except seasoned with wit, or at least vivacity, will not go down with me, who have not altogether so voracious an appetite as I once had: I intend, however, to shine and be fine on the birth-night, and review the figures there. My poor friend the young Duchess of Marlborough, I am afraid, has exposed herself to a most violent ridicule; she is as much embarrassed with the loss of her big belly, and as much ashamed of it, as ever dairymaid was with the getting one.¹

I desire you would say something very pretty to your daughter in my name: notwithstanding the great gulf that is as present between us, I hope to wait on her to an opera one time or other. I suppose you know our uncle Fielding is dead: I regret him prodigiously.

¹ This passage, with the previous allusion to the approaching "Birth-night" (see note on next letter), would seem to be inconsistent with the year indorsed on this letter; but the allusion to the death of "uncle Fielding," which took place at Epsom on the 22nd of September, 1723, confirms it. The duchess had a daughter born 23rd November, 1723.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

Oct. 31.

I WRITE to you at this time piping hot from the birth-night;¹ my brain warmed with all the agreeable ideas that fine clothes, fine gentlemen, brisk tunes, and lively dances, can raise there. It is to be hoped that my letter will entertain you; at least you will certainly have the freshest account of all passages on that glorious day. First you must know that I led up the ball, which you'll stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there; to say truth, people are grown so extravagantly ugly, that we old beauties are forced to come out on show-days, to keep the court in countenance. I saw Mrs. Murray there, through whose hands this epistle is to be conveyed; I do not know whether she will make the same compliment [complaint?] to you that I do. Mrs. West was with her, who is a great prude, having but two lovers at a time: I think those are Lord Haddington and Mr. Lindsay; the one for use, the other for show.

The world improves in one virtue to a violent degree, I mean plain-dealing. Hypocrisy being, as the Scripture declares, a damnable sin, I hope our publicans and sinners will be saved by the open profession of the contrary virtue. I was told by a very good author, who is deep in the secret, that at this very minute there is a bill cooking-up at a hunting-seat in Norfolk,² to have *not* taken out of the commandments and clapped into the creed, the ensuing session of parliament. This bold attempt for the liberty of the subject is wholly projected by Mr. Walpole, who proposed it to the secret committee in his parlour. William Young³ seconded it, and answered for all his acquaintance voting right to a man: Dodington⁴ very gravely objected, that the obstinacy of human nature was such, that he feared when they had posi-

¹ The birth-night of the Prince of Wales, October 30.—T.

² Houghton; Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Walpole's, then prime minister.—D.

³ Afterwards Sir William Yonge.—T.

⁴ George Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe-Regis, whose Diary has been published.—D.

tive commandments to do [so], perhaps people would not commit adultery and bear false witness against their neighbours with the readiness and cheerfulness they do at present. This objection seemed to sink deep into the minds of the greatest politicians at the board; and I don't know whether the bill won't be dropped, though it is certain it might be carried with great ease, the world being entirely "*revenue du* [sic] *bagatelle*," and honour, virtue, reputation, &c., which we used to hear of in our nursery, is as much laid aside and forgotten as crumpled riband. To speak plainly, I am very sorry for the forlorn state of matrimony, which is as much ridiculed by our young ladies as it used to be by young fellows: in short, both sexes have found the inconveniences of it, and the appellation of rake is as genteel in a woman as a man of quality; it is no scandal to say Miss —, the maid of honour, looks very well now she is up again, and poor Biddy¹ Noel has never been quite well since her last flux. You may imagine we married women look very silly; we have nothing to excuse ourselves, but that it was done a great while ago, and we were very young when we did it. This is the general state of affairs: as to particulars, if you have any curiosity for things of that kind, you have nothing to do but to ask me questions, and they shall be answered to the best of my understanding; my time never being passed more agreeably than when I am doing something obliging to you: this is truth, in spite of all the beaus, wits, and witlings in Great Britain.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[February, 1724.]

I DO verily believe, dear sister, that this is the twelfth if not the thirteenth letter I have written since I had the pleasure of hearing from you; and 'tis an uncomfortable thing to have precious time spent, and one's wit neglected, in this manner. Sometimes I think you are fallen into that utter indifference

¹ Bridget, daughter of the Hon. John Noel, of Walcot House, Northamptonshire, a son of Viscount Campden.—T.

for all things on this side the water, that you have no more curiosity for the affairs of London than for those of Pekin; and if that be the case, 'tis downright impertinent to trouble you with news. But I cannot cast off the affectionate concern I have for you, and consequently must put you in mind of me whenever I have an opportunity. The bearer of this epistle is our cousin,¹—and a consummate puppy, as you will perceive at first sight; his shoulder-knot² last birthday made many a pretty gentleman's heart ache with envy, and his addresses have made Miss Howard the happiest of her highness's honourable virgins;³ besides the glory of thrusting the Earl of Deloraine from the post he held in her affections. But his relations are so ill bred as to be quite insensible of the honour arising from this conquest, and fearing that so much gallantry may conclude in captivity for life, pack him off to you, where 'tis to be hoped there is no such killing fair as Miss Howard. I made a sort of resolution at the beginning of my letter not to trouble [you] with the mention of what passes here, since you receive it with so much coldness. But I find it is impossible to forbear telling the metamorphoses of some of your acquaintance, which appear as wondrous to me as any in Ovid. Could one believe that Lady Holdernessee is a beauty, and in love? and that Mrs. Robinson is at the same time a prude and a kept mistress? and these things in spite of nature and fortune. The first of these ladies is tenderly attached to the polite Mr. Mildmay,⁴ and sunk in all the joys of happy love, notwithstanding she wants the use of her two hands by a rheumatism, and he has an arm that he cannot move. I wish I could send you the particulars of this amour, which seems to

¹ This cousin probably was Lord Fielding.—W.

² The shoulder-knot appears, while it flourished, to have been considered a peculiarly fascinating article of male attire. The *Tatler* says, "Many a lady has fetched a sigh at the top of a wig. . . It is impossible to describe all the execution that was done by the shoulder-knot while that fashion prevailed."—T.

³ Miss Howard was daughter of Colonel Philip Howard, and was married, in 1726, to Henry Scott, Earl of Deloraine, third son of James Duke of Monmouth.—W.

⁴ Benjamin Mildmay, Esq., brother of Charles Mildmay, Lord Fitzwalter [and afterwards Lord Fitzwalter], married to the Lady Frederica Schomberg, eldest daughter of Meynhart, Duke of Schomberg, and widow of Robert D'Arcy, Earl of Holdernessee, 18 June, 1724.—*Historical Register*.—W.

me as curious as that between two oysters, and as well worth the serious enquiry of the naturalists. The second heroine has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear the too near approach of Senesino in the opera; and her condescension in accepting of Lord Peterborough for her champion, who has signalised both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino,¹ like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope,² as dwarf to the said giant, joked of his side, and was challenged for his pains. Lord Delawar was Lord Peterborough's second; my lady miscarried—the whole town divided into parties on this important point. Innumerable have been the disorders between the two sexes on so great an account, besides half the house of peers being put under arrest. By the providence of Heaven, and the wise cares of his Majesty, no bloodshed ensued. However, things are now tolerably accommodated; and the fair lady rides through the town in triumph, in the shining berlin of her hero, not to reckon the essential advantage of 100*l.* a month, which 'tis said he allows her.³

In general, gallantry never was in so elevated a figure as it

¹ Senesino was a man of large stature; but his cowardice was proverbial. "The Bee," a periodical, for February, 1733, quoting from Fog's Journal, says that, singing in the opera of Julius Cæsar, he had arrived at the words "*Cesare non seppa mai che sia timore*," when some of the machinery fell on the stage from the roof of the theatre; and that "the poor creature, forgetting the part he was acting, was so frightened at this accident, that he lost his voice, fell a crying, and was unable to go on."—T.

² The celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, Lord Stanhope 1713—Lord Chesterfield 1726.—W.

³ Anastasia Robinson, the singer, according to manuscript notes of Lord Oxford, was "daughter to Mr. Robinson, a painter, who was blind;" and he adds, that "her mother was a Lane, descended from the Lanes that took care of King Charles the Second." (Harleian MSS., No. 7654.) The affair with Senesino probably took place early in 1724, as "An Epistle from S—o to A—a R—n" is advertised as "this day published" in the Daily Journal of February 27, 1723-4. There were no doubt other squibs written on the subject; for among Aaron Hill's Works is an "Answer to a scurrilous obscene Poem, entitled An Epistle from Mrs. Robinson to Senesino." Peterborough married Anastasia Robinson publicly in 1735, shortly before his death; but according to his statement to Pope, he had married her privately some time before. See Pope's letter to Martha Blount, dated Aug. 23, 1735.—T.

is at present. Twenty very pretty fellows (the Duke of Wharton being president and chief director) have formed themselves into a committee of gallantry. They call themselves *Schemers*; and meet regularly three times a week, to consult on gallant schemes for the advantage and advancement of that branch of happiness. . . . I consider the duty of a true Englishwoman is to do what honour she can to her native country; and that it would be a sin against the pious love I bear the land of my nativity, to confine the renown due to the *Schemers* within the small extent of this little island, which ought to be spread wherever men can sigh, or women wish. 'Tis true they have the envy and curses of the old and ugly of both sexes, and a general persecution from all old women; but this is no more than all reformations must expect in their beginning. . . .

The enclosed, as you will very well perceive, was writ to be sent by Mr. Vane, but he was posted off a day sooner than I expected, and it was left upon my hands: since which time the *Schemers* got hold of it amongst them, and I had much ado to get it from them. I have also had a delightful letter from you, to let me know you are coming over;¹ and I am advised not to write; but you having not named the time (which is expected with the utmost impatience by me and many more), I am determined to send my epistle; but trouble you with no further account, though you will find here a thousand new and consequently amusing scenes.

Among our acquaintance things strangely are carry'd—
Lord Tenham is shot,² Mrs. Strickland is marry'd,

and ——— [*sic*] with child, and her husband is dying.

¹ It appears from letters of Lord Mar and Bishop Atterbury among the Stuart Papers (1847), that Lady Mar came to England in May, 1724. Lord Mar's forfeited estate was appointed to be sold the beginning of June, and Mar, who still maintained a correspondence with the Pretender, wrote to the latter that one of the objects of her journey was "to see if any methods can be fallen on for getting the estate bought for my son." A contemporary authority states that the estate was bought by Lord Grange (Mar's brother) for 36,000*l.*—no doubt for Mar—for there is good reason to believe that the hostility of the English government to Mar was at this time feigned. Lady Mar probably remained with her sister some time, as there appears here to be a gap in the correspondence.—T.

² Henry Roper, Lord Teynham, shot himself at his house in the Haymarket, 16th May, 1723.—W.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, without any affectation, for any uneasiness that you suffer, let the cause be what it will, and wish it were in my power to give you some more essential mark of it than unavailing pity; but I am not so fortunate; and till a fit occasion of disposing of some superfluous diamonds, I shall remain in this sinful seacoal town; and all that remains for me to do, to shew my willingness at least to divert you, is to send you faithful accounts of what passes among your acquaintance in this part of the world. Madame de Broglie¹ makes a great noise. . . . My Lord Clare² attracts the eyes of all the ladies, and gains all the hearts of those who have no other way of disposing of them but through their eyes. I have dined with him twice, and had he been dumb, I believe I should have been in the number of his admirers; but he lessened his beauty every time he spoke, till he left himself as few charms as Mr. Vane; though I confess his outside very like Mr. Duncombe, but that the lovely lines are softer there, with wit and spirit, and improved by learning.

The Duke of Wharton has brought his duchess to town,³ and is fond of her to distraction; in order to break the hearts

¹ The Duc de Broglie came to England as ambassador from the French king early in 1724.—T.

² Charles O'Brien, Viscount Clare, subsequently better known as Marshal Thomond. His family had been living in France since the Revolution, when the third Viscount fled with King James the Second. The Lord Clare mentioned in the text was, therefore, no doubt well known to Lady Mar. He was born in 1699. When Lady Mary's stepmother, the Duchess of Kingston, then a widow, went to Paris, shortly before her death, the newspapers announced that she had married "the Lord Viscount Clare, a colonel in one of the Irish regiments in the French service" (Country Journal, Feb. 17, 1727-8); but the report was no doubt incorrect.—T.

³ Philip, son of the Marquis of Wharton, married in March, 1714-15, and when in his sixteenth year only, the eldest daughter of Major-General Holmes. The marriage was performed by a Fleet parson, and was the first of the long series of escapades for which the young nobleman became afterwards so notorious. The young wife was said to be a person of "extraordinary education," and she appears to have preserved through all her troubles a blameless character. Her husband deserted her shortly after their marriage, partly, it is believed, at the instigation of his father, who disapproved of the match, so much that it is said to have hastened his death, which certainly occurred soon afterwards. After his father's death, and while yet a boy, Philip was created an English duke: his influence, and the talents

of all the other women that have any claim upon his. . . . He has public devotions twice a day, and assists at them in person with exemplary devotion; and there is nothing pleasanter than the remarks of some pious ladies on the conversion of so great a sinner. For my own part, I have some coteries where wit and pleasure reign, and I should not fail to amuse myself tolerably enough, but for the d—d d—d quality of growing older and older every day, and my present joys are made imperfect by fears of the future.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[January, 1725.]

DEAR SISTER,—I am extremely sorry for your indisposition, and did not wait for a letter to write to you, but my Lord Clare has been going every day this five weeks, and I intended to charge him with a packet. Nobody ever had such ineffectual charms as his lordship; beauty and money are equally ill bestowed, when a fool has the keeping of them; they

he had already displayed, no less than his avowed Jacobite tendencies, having probably made him an object of uneasiness to the new government. The young duke squandered his large fortune in the wildest profligacy; but he appears soon to have repented of his abandonment of the duchess, and to have been afterwards guilty of no worse neglect than keeping her in seclusion in the country. The celebrated writer of scandalous stories, Mrs. Haywood, in the first volume of her *Memoirs of the Kingdom of Utopia*, published about twelve months after the presumed date of this letter, says: "After some years of continued extravagance, the duke, either through the natural inconstancy of his temper, or the reflection how much he had been drawn in by his unworthy companions to embezzle his estate . . . began to think there were comforts in retirement; and falling into the conversation of the sober part of mankind, more than he had done, was persuaded by them to take home his duchess. . . . He brought her to his house; but love had no part in his resolution. He lived with her indeed, but she is with him as a housekeeper, as a nurse." The duke, who had at last openly espoused the Jacobite cause, fled to the Continent, was created by the Pretender Duke of Northumberland, and continued, to the disgust of his new friends, to indulge in those eccentricities which rendered him notorious throughout Europe. The duchess died "at her house in Gerrard-street" soon after his flight, and the duke married immediately at Madrid the daughter of an Irish officer in the Spanish service, with whom he wandered about Europe for some time in a state almost of destitution. He died in France in May, 1731. Some poems and satirical ballads are attributed to him. Two volumes of his "Works," chiefly consisting of the essay papers entitled "The True Briton," were published soon after his death; but it is doubtful whether he was really their author. Prefixed to these is a memoir of the duke, drawn up with some ability, and which was, I suspect, written by the poet Young. Lady Mary's father, the Duke of Kingston, was one of the guardians of Wharton under his father's will. Pope's allusions to his career and fate will be remembered by many readers.—T.

are incapable of happiness, and every blessing turns useless in their hands. You advise a change of taste, which I confess I have no notion of; I may, with time, change my pursuit, for the same reason that I may feed upon butcher's meat when I am not able to purchase greater delicacies, but I am sure I shall never forget the flavour of *gibier*. In the mean time I divert myself passably enough, and take care to improve as much as possible that stock of vanity and credulity that Heaven in its mercy has furnished me with; being sensible that to those two qualities, simple as they appear, all the pleasures of life are owing. My sister Gower is in town, on the point of lying-in.¹ I see every body, but converse with nobody but *des amies choisies*; in the first rank of these are Lady Stafford, and dear Molly Skerrett,² both of which have now the additional merit of being old acquaintances, and never having given me any reason to complain of either of 'em. I pass some days with the Duchess of Montagu, who might be a reigning beauty if she pleased.³ I see the whole town every Sunday, and select a few that I retain to supper; in short, if life could be always what it is, I believe I have so much humility in my temper I could be contented without anything better than this two or three hundred years: but, alas!

Dulness, and wrinkles, and disease, must come,
And age, and death's irrevocable doom.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[February, 1725.]

I BELIEVE you have by this time, dear sister, received my letter from the hand of that thing my Lord Clare; however, I love you well enough to write again, in hopes you will answer my letters one time or other. All our acquaintances are run mad; they do such things! such monstrous and stupendous things! Lady Hervey and Lady Bristol have quar-

¹ Lady Gower was delivered of a daughter January 27, 1725.—T.

² Maria Skerrett, afterwards second wife of Sir Robert Walpole. See Introductory Anecdotes.—T.

³ There is probably a slight exaggeration in this, to express Lady Mary's estimate of the younger beauties of the time. The duchess had a daughter married.—T.

relled in such a polite manner, that they have given one another all the titles so liberally bestowed amongst the ladies at Billingsgate.¹ Sophia² and I have been quite reconciled, and are now quite broke, and I believe not likely to piece up again. Ned Thompson³ is as happy as the money and charms of Belle Dunch can make him, and a miserable dog for all that. Public places flourish more than ever: we have assemblies for every day in the week, besides court, operas, and masquerades; with youth and money, 'tis certainly possible to be very well diverted in spite of malice and ill-nature, though they are more and more powerful every day. For my part, as it is my established opinion that this globe of ours is no better than a Holland cheese, and the walkers about in it mites, I possess my mind in patience, let what will happen; and should feel tolerably easy, though a great rat came and ate half of it up. My sister Gower has got a sixth daughter by the grace of God, and is as merry as if nothing had happened. My poor love Mr. Cook⁴ has fought and been disarmed by J. Stapleton on a national quarrel; in short, he was born to conquer nothing in England, that's certain, and has good luck neither with our ladies nor gentlemen. B. [Bridget] Noel is come out Lady Milsington,⁵ to the encouragement and consolation of all the coquettes about town; and they make haste to be as infamous as possible, in order to make their fortunes. I have this moment received from Mrs. Peling a very pretty cap for my girl; I give you many thanks for the trouble you have had in sending it, and desire you would be so good to send the other things when you have opportunity. I have

¹ Mr. Croker doubted this. See his note on letter of Lady Hervey in the *Suffolk Corresp.*, i. 193. Lady Hervey was certainly not on good terms with her mother-in-law, but Lady Mary appears to have somewhat improved the story in the fashion of most writers of amusing letters.—T.

² See note, *post*, p. 484.—T.

³ Edward Thompson, of Marsden, in the county of York, Esq., married 6th February, 1725, to Mrs. Arabella Dunch, daughter of Edmund Dunch, of Wittenham, in the county of Berks, Esq.—*Historical Register*.—W.

⁴ He is described in the newspapers of the time as "M. Cooke, a captain of dragoons in the service of France, who came over with the French Embassy." He was wounded in the body and in the sword-arm. The duel took place about the 5th February, 1725.—T.

⁵ This marriage took place 30th November, 1724. Lord Milsington was eldest son of David Collier, Earl of Portmore.—W.

another favour to ask, that you would make my compliments to our English ambassador¹ when you see him. I have a constancy in my nature that makes me always remember my old friends.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

DEAR SISTER,—My eyes are very bad to-day, from having been such a beast² to sit up late last night; however, I will write to enquire after your health, though at the expense of my own. I forgot whether I told you Lord Dorchester³ and our sister⁴ Caroline have been inoculated, and are perfectly well after it. I saw her grace the Duchess of Kingston yesterday, who told me that she heard from you last post, and that you have been ill, but are recovered. My father is going to the Bath, Sir William Wyndham is dying of a fistula,⁵ Lady Darlington⁶ and Lady Mohun are packing up for the next world, and the rest of our acquaintance playing the fool in this à l'ordinaire. Among the rest a very odd whim has entered the little head of Mrs. Murray: do you know she won't visit me this winter? I, according to the usual integrity of my heart, and simplicity of my manners, with great *naïveté* desired to explain with her on the subject, and she answered that she was convinced that I had made the ballad upon her, and was resolved never to speak to me again.⁷ I answered (which was

¹ Horatio Walpole, uncle of Horace the letter-writer.—T.

² Lady Mary probably translates the French expression "bête."—T.

³ Lady Mary's nephew, Evelyn, afterwards Duke of Kingston.—T.

⁴ Half-sister; being the daughter of the Duke of Kingston by his second wife.—T.

⁵ Sir William Wyndham lived many years after the date of this letter.—T.

⁶ Countess Platen, Madame Kilmansegg by marriage, was one of the German favourites of George I., and created by him Countess of Darlington: Lady Howe, her daughter by the king, decorously called her niece, was lady of the bedchamber to Augusta, Princess of Wales; and the Prince used constantly to call her *aunt*. The three successive Lords Howe, whose names will remain in history, were the sons of this Lady Howe.—W. The Weekly Journal of the 27th February, 1725, says: "The Countess of Darlington lies dangerously ill at St. James's, wherefore the beating of the drums and the playing of the musick are suspended at Court." She died 20th April, 1725. Lady Mohun died at Kensington on the 16th May in the same year.—T.

⁷ This refers not to the Epistle of Arthur Grey included among the poems of Lady Mary, but to a witty though indelicate ballad on the same subject, entitled "Virtue in Danger," which may well have provoked Mrs. Murray's indignation against Lady Mary if she believed her to have been its author. A copy may be seen in "Additions to Pope's Works," 1776. It will be observed that Lady Mary

true), that I utterly defied her to have any one single proof of my making it, without being able to get any thing from her, but repetitions that she knew it. I cannot suppose that any thing you have said should occasion this rupture, and the reputation of a quarrel is always so ridiculous on both sides, that you would oblige me in mentioning it to her, for 'tis now at that pretty pass, she won't curtsy to me whenever she meets me, which is superlatively silly (if she really knew it), after a suspension of resentment for two years together. To turn the discourse on something more amusing, we had a masquerade last night, where I did not fail to trifle away a few hours agreeably enough, and fell into company with a quite new man, that has a great deal of wit, joined to a diabolical person: 'tis my Lord Irwin,¹ whom 'tis impossible to love, and impossible not to be entertained with; that species are the most innocent part of the creation, *et ne laisse pas de faire plaisir*. I wish all mankind were of that class.—Dear sister, I would give the world to converse with you; *mais, hélas!* the sea is between us.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

I CANNOT help being very sorry, for your sake, to hear that you persist in your design of retiring;² though as to my own part, I have no view of conversing with you where you now are, and ninety leagues are but a small addition to the distance between us. London was never more gay than it is at present; but I don't know how, I would fain be ten years younger; I love flattery so well, I would fain have some circumstances of probability added to it, that I might swallow it with comfort. The reigning Duchess of Marlborough has

in this letter does not deny the authorship, and seems to hint that her sister was in the secret. See Introductory Anecdotes.—T.

¹ Arthur, sixth Viscount Irwin, succeeded to the title in 1721.—W. He succeeded his brother Edward, who was the husband of Lady Mary's early friend, Lady Anne Howard, elsewhere alluded to in the letters as Lady Irwin.—T.

² Atterbury wrote from Paris to the Pretender, March 26, 1725: "The Duke of Mar talks every day of leaving his place, and makes great enquiries after a house in some distant part of France," but from a subsequent letter Mar appears to have removed with the Countess to a house near Fontainebleau for the summer.—T.

entertained the town with concerts of Bononcini's composition very often: but she and I are not in that degree of friendship to have *me* often invited: we continue to see one another like two people who are resolved to hate with civility. Sophia¹ is going to Aix la Chapelle, and from thence to Paris. I dare swear she'll endeavour to get acquainted with you. We are broke to an irremediable degree. Various are the persecutions I have endured from him² this winter, in all which I remain neuter, and shall certainly go to heaven from the passive meekness of my temper. Lady Lansdowne is in that sort of figure here, nobody cares to appear with her. Madame Villette³ has been the favourite of the town, and by a natural transition is become the aversion: she has now nobody attached to her suite but the vivacious Lord Bathurst,⁴ with whom I have been well and ill ten times within these two months: we now hardly speak to one another.—I wish you would lay out part of my money in a made-up mantua and petticoat of Rat de St. Maur. It will be no trouble to you to send a thing of that nature by the first travelling lady. I give you many thanks for the good offices you promise me with regard to Mrs. Murray, and I shall think myself sincerely obliged to you, as I already am on many accounts. 'Tis very

¹ The names in all these letters in the original have been struck out, and signs substituted, apparently that they might be copied, and the copies read by means of a key. To this name, wherever it occurs, the letters "W. A." are affixed, which are elsewhere invariably used to designate the Duke of Wharton. The duke was at that time a dangerous man to be acquainted with, being a ruined and desperate spendthrift, and notoriously in communication with the Jacobite party; and the opening of letters being almost a universal practice, it is not impossible that in writing to Lady Mar, herself the wife of a Jacobite and an exile, Lady Mary may have used a name agreed upon between them to designate him. Such elaborate cyphers were then in common use with Lord Mar and his friends: and appear to have been generally well known. See a letter of Lady Mary to Mr. Wortley Montagu, dated Lovre, Oct. 10, N.S. [1753].—T.

² It is some confirmation of the speculation above, that in the old manuscript copy from which this is printed this stood originally "her;" the word is struck out, and "him" substituted.—T.

³ The Marquise de Villette, niece of Madame de Maintenon, and second wife of Lord Bolingbroke. Like the wives of other Jacobites who had privately "treated" with King George's government, she passed frequently between France and England on political errands. Lord Lansdowne, writing to the Chevalier, July 10, 1724, says: "She has not the luck to please at Court. *Elle parle trop et sans respect* was the character given her by the master of the house [the king]. You can tell, sir, whether this is a just character. She is your old acquaintance."—T.

⁴ Allen, Lord Bathurst, the well-known friend and patron of Pope, Swift, and Gay.—D.

disagreeable in her to go about behaving and talking as she does, and very silly into the bargain.

I am ever affectionately yours.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[March or April, 1725.]

DEAR SISTER,—Having a few momentary spirits, I take pen in hand, though 'tis impossible to have tenderness for you, without having spleen upon reading your letter, which will, I hope, be received as a lawful excuse for the dulness of the following lines; and I plead (as I believe has been done on different occasions), I should please you better if I loved you less. My Lord Carleton¹ has left this transitory world, and disposed of his estate as he did of his time, between Lady Clarendon and the Duchess of Queensberry.² Jewels to a great value he has given, as he did his affections, first to the mother, and then to the daughter. He was taken ill in my company at a concert at the Duchess of Marlborough's, and died two days after, holding the fair Duchess by the hand, and being fed at the same time with a fine fat chicken; thus dying as he had lived, indulging his pleasures. Your friend Lady A. [Anne] Bateman (every body being acquainted with her affair) is grown discreet; and nobody talks of it now but his family, who are violently piqued at his refusing a great fortune. Lady Gainsborough has stolen poor Lord Shaftesbury, aged fourteen,³ and chained him for life to her daughter, upon pretence of having been in love with her several years. But Lady Hervey makes the top figure in town, and is so good to show twice a week at the drawing-room, and twice more at the opera, for the entertainment of the public. As for myself, having nothing to say, I say nothing. I insensibly dwindle into a spectatress, and lead

¹ Lord Carleton's death "on Sunday last," at "his house in Pall-mall," is announced in the Weekly Journal of Saturday, 20th March, 1725. He was a younger son of the Earl of Orrery, and had been secretary of state to Queen Anne.—T.

² The patroness of Gay, and the daughter of Lady Clarendon, wife of Henry Hyde, fourth Earl of Clarendon. Other references to the Duchess, Lady Clarendon, and Lord Carleton, will be found in letters to the Countess of Bute.—T.

³ The statement as to the age of the young bridegroom appears, from the peerages, to have been literally true. The marriage took place about 12th March, 1725.—T.

a kind of — [sic] as it were.—I wish you here every day; and see, in the mean time, Lady Stafford, the D. [Duchess] of Montagu, and Miss Skerritt, and really speak to almost nobody else, though I walk about everywhere. Adieu, dear sister; if my letters could be any consolation to you, I should think my time best spent in writing.

When you buy the trifles that I desired of you, I fancy Mr. Walpole¹ will be so good to give you opportunity of sending them without trouble, if you make it your request and tell him they are for me.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

I AM now at the same distance from London that you are from Paris, and could fall into solitary amusements with a good deal of taste; but I resist it, as a temptation of Satan, and rather turn my endeavours to make the world as agreeable to me as I can, which is the true philosophy; that of despising it is of no use but to hasten wrinkles. I ride a good deal, and have got a horse superior to any two-legged animal, he being without a fault. I work like an angel. I receive visits upon idle days, and I shade my life as I do my tent-stitch, that is, make as easy transitions as I can from business to pleasure; the one would be too flaring and gaudy without some dark shades of t'other; and if I worked altogether in the grave colours, you know 'twould be quite dismal. Miss Skerritt is in the house with me, and Lady Stafford has taken a lodging at Richmond: as their ages are different, and both agreeable in their kind, I laugh with the one, or reason with the other, as I happen to be in a gay or serious humour; and I manage my friends with such a strong yet with a gentle hand, that they are both willing to do whatever I have a mind to.

My daughter presents her duty to you, and service to Lady Frances,² who is growing to womanhood apace: I long to see her and you, and am not destitute of wandering designs to that purpose.

¹ Horatio Walpole, before mentioned.—T.

² Lady Frances Erskine, daughter of Lady Mar.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

DEAR SISTER,—I take this occasion of writing to you, though I have received no answer to my last ; but 'tis always most agreeable to me to write when I have the conveniency of a private hand to convey my letter, though I have no dispositions to politics, but I have such a complication of things both in my head and heart that I do not very well know what I do, and if I can't settle my brains, your next news of me will be, that I am locked up by my relations : in the mean time I lock myself up, and keep my distraction as private as possible. The most facetious part of the history is, that my distemper is of such a nature I know not whether to laugh or cry at it ; I am glad and sorry, and smiling and sad ;—but this is too long an account of so whimsical a being. I give myself sometimes admirable advice, but I am incapable of taking it. Mr. Bailly,¹ you know, is dismissed the Treasury, and consoled with a pension of equal value. Your acquaintance, D. Rodrigue, has had a small accident befallen him. Mr. Annesley found him in bed with his wife, prosecuted, and brought a bill of divorce into Parliament. Those things grow more fashionable every day, and in a little time won't be at all scandalous. The best expedient for the public, and to prevent the expense of private families, would be a general act of divorcing all the people of England. You know those that pleased might marry again ; and it would save the reputations of several ladies that are now in peril of being exposed every day. I saw Horace the other day, who is a good creature ; he returns soon to France,² and I will engage him to take care of any packet that you design for me.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[September, 1725.]

I HAVE already writ you so many letters, dear sister, that if I thought you had silently received them all, I don't know whether I should trouble you with any more ; but I flatter

¹ George Baillie, Esq., the father of Mrs. Murray. The event referred to occurred in May, 1725.—T.

² Walpole left London on his return to Paris in July, 1725, as appears by a paragraph in the Daily Courant of July 31.—T.

myself that they have most of them miscarried: I had rather have my labours lost, than accuse you of unkindness. I send this by Lady Lansdowne,¹ who I hope will have no curiosity to open my letter, since she will find in it, that I never saw any thing so miserably altered in my life: I really did not know her:

So must the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown;
So sinks the pride of the parterre,
When something over-blown.²

My daughter makes such a noise in the room, 'tis impossible to go on in this heroic style. I hope yours is in great bloom of beauty. I fancy to myself we shall have the pleasure of seeing them co-toasts of the next age. I don't at all doubt but they will outshine all the little Auroras of this, for there never was such a parcel of ugly girls as reign at present. In recompense, they are very kind, and the men very merciful, and content, in this dearth of charms, with the poorest stuff in the world. This you'd believe, had I but time to tell you the tender loves of Lady Romney and Lord Carmichael;³ they are so fond, it does one's heart good to see them. There are some other pieces of scandal not unentertaining, particularly the Earl of Stair and Lady M. [Mary] Howard,⁴ who being your acquaintance, I thought would be some comfort to you. The town improves daily, all people seem to make the best of the talent God has given 'em.

The race of Roxbourghs, Thanets, and Suffolks,⁵ are utterly extinct; and every thing appears with that edifying plain dealing, that I may say, in the words of the Psalmist, "there is no sin in Israel."

I have already thanked you for my nightgown, but 'tis so pretty it will bear being twice thanked for.

¹ Lady Lansdowne returned to France, after a short visit to England, in September, 1725. Her arrival at Calais, whither her husband came to meet her, is mentioned in *Mist's Weekly Journal* of September 25.—T.

² This is a parody of a stanza in Mallet's ballad of William and Margaret.—T.

³ Lady Romney was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. Her first husband, Lord Romney, died on the 28th of November, 1724. She married secondly Lord Carmichael, then Lord Hyndford, in 1732, the lady being at that time forty years of age, the husband nearly ten years younger.—T.

⁴ Youngest daughter of the Earl of Carlisle.—T.

⁵ Roxbourghs, Thanets, and Suffolks—elderly ladies distinguished for prudery and stateliness. The Roxana of Lady M. Wortley's *Town-Eclogue* was meant for the Duchess of Roxbourgh.—W.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

DEAR SISTER,—I think this is the first time in my life that a letter of yours has lain by me two posts unanswered. You'll wonder to hear that short silence is occasioned by not having a moment unemployed at Twickenham; but I pass many hours on horseback, and, I'll assure you, ride stag-hunting, which I know you'll stare to hear of. I have arrived to vast courage and skill that way, and am as well pleased with it as with the acquisition of a new sense: his Royal Highness hunts in Richmond Park, and I make one of the *beau monde* in his train. I desire you after this account not to name the word old woman to me any more: I approach to fifteen nearer than I did ten years ago, and am in hopes to improve every year in health and vivacity. Lord Bolingbroke is returned to England,¹ and is to do the honours at an assembly at Lord Berkeley's the ensuing winter. But the most surprising news is Lord Bathurst's assiduous court to their Royal Highnesses, which fills the coffee-houses with profound speculations. But I, who smell a rat at a considerable distance, do believe in private that Mrs. Howard and his lordship have a friendship that borders upon "the tender;"²

And though in histories, learned ignorance
 Attributes all to cunning or to chance,
 Love in that grave disguise does often smile,
 Knowing the cause was kindness all the while.

I am in hopes your King of France behaves better than our Duke of Bedford;³ who, by the care of a pious mother, certainly preserved his virginity to his marriage-bed, where he

¹ Lord Bolingbroke was in England in June, 1725. The Weekly Journal of June 5 mentions his having "kissed the king's hand."—T.

² Mr. Croker doubts the correctness of this piece of scandal. See note to Suffolk Corresp., i. 178. *Mist's Weekly Journal* of Aug. 14, 1725, says: "Lord Bathurst has been lately to pay his court to his Royal Highness at Richmond," and that "he was received with particular marks of esteem." There is a letter of Bathurst to Pope on the back of a portion of Pope's manuscript of the *Odyssey* in the British Museum, probably translated in the summer of 1725, and in this Lord Bathurst says: "I will not fail to attend Mrs. Howard upon Marble Hill next Tuesday, but Lady Bathurst is not able to come at this time."—T.

³ The marriage of the King of France (Louis XV.) took place on Aug. 25, 1725. He was in his sixteenth year. The young Duke of Bedford married 22 April, 1725, Anne, daughter of Scroop, Duke of Bridgewater.—T.

was so much disappointed in his fair bride, who (though his own inclinations¹) could not bestow on him those expressless raptures he had figured to himself, that he already pukes at the very name of her, and determines to let his estate go to his brother, rather than go through the filthy drudgery of getting an heir to it.

N.B. This is true history, and I think the most extraordinary has happened in this last age. This comes of living till sixteen without a competent knowledge either of practical or speculative anatomy, and literally thinking fine ladies composed of lilies and roses. *A propos* of the best red and white to be had for money; Lady Hervey is more delightful than ever, and such a politician, that if people were not blind to merit, she would govern the nation. Mrs. Murray has got a new lover of the most accomplished—Mr. Dodington. So far for the progress of love. That of wit has taken a very odd course, and is making the tour of Ireland, from whence we have packets of ballads, songs, petitions, panegyrics, &c.: so powerful is the influence of Lord Carteret's wit, and my lady's beauty, the Irish rhyme that never rhymed before.

Adieu, dear sister, I take a sincere part in all that relates to you, and am ever yours. I beg, as the last favour, that you would make some small enquiry, and let me know the minute Lord Finch² is at Paris.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

I WROTE to you very lately, my dear sister; but ridiculous things happening, I cannot help (as far as in me lies) sharing all my pleasures with you. I own I enjoy vast delight in the folly of mankind; and, God be praised, that is an inexhaustible source of entertainment. You may remember I mentioned in my last some suspicions of my own in relation to Lord Bathurst, which I really never mentioned, for fifty reasons, to any one whatever; but, as there is never smoke without some fire, there is very rarely fire without some smoke. These

¹ His own inclinations, *his own choice*.—W.

² Afterwards Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.—D.

smothered flames, though admirably covered with whole heaps of politics laid over them, were at length seen, felt, heard, and understood; and the fair lady given to understand by her commanding officer,¹ that if she shewed under other colours, she must expect to have her pay retrenched. Upon which the good lord was dismissed, and has not attended in the drawing-room since. You know one cannot help laughing, when one sees him next, and I own I long for that pleasurable moment.

I am sorry for another of our acquaintance, whose follies (for it is not possible to avoid that word) are not of a kind to give mirth to those who wish her well. The discreet and sober Lady Lechmere² has lost such furious sums at the Bath, that 'tis questioned, whether all the sweetness that the waters can put into my lord's blood, can make him endure it, particularly 700*l.* at one sitting, which is aggravated with many astonishing circumstances. This is as odd to me as my Lord Teynham's shooting himself; and another demonstration of the latent fire that lies under cold countenances. We wild girls always make your prudent wives and mothers.

I hear some near relations of ours are at Paris, whom I think you are not acquainted with. I mean Lord Denbigh and his Dutch lady,³ who, I am very certain, is the produce of some French valet de chambre. She is entertaining enough,

—extremely gay,
Loves music, company, and play—

I suppose you will see her.

¹ The Prince of Wales, afterwards George II.—T.

² Lady Lechmere was one of the daughters of the Earl of Carlisle, the early friends of Lady Mary and her sister. The arrival of Lord Lechmere at Bath is announced in *Mist's Weekly Journal* of Aug. 28, 1725.—T.

³ Isabella, daughter of Peter de Yong, of Utrecht, in Holland, and sister of the Marchioness of Blandford.—D. The Dutch or "Belgian" dame is thus alluded to among the "Toasts of the Rumpsteak Club" in "*A New Miscellany for the Year 1734*:"

"W. [Walpole] this charge to noble Denbigh gave,
Or quit your pension, peer, or be a slave.
Dare to be poor, replied the Belgian dame,
And take what monarchs cannot give thee, fame.
* * * * *

To Denbigh's heroine let the bowl flow round,
With Belgian, Spartan, Roman virtue crowned."—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

It is very true, dear sister, that if I writ to you a full account of all that passes, my letters would be both frequent and voluminous. This sinful town is very populous, and my own affairs very much in a hurry; but the same things that afford me much matter, give me very little time, and I am hardly at leisure to make observations, much less to write them down. But the melancholy catastrophe of poor Lady Lechmere is too extraordinary not [to] attract the attention of every body. After having played away her reputation and fortune, she has poisoned herself. This is the effect of prudence!¹ All discreet people live and flourish. Mrs. Murray has retrieved his Grace,² and being reconciled to the temporal has renounced the spiritual. Her friend Lady Hervey, by aiming too high, has fallen very low; and is reduced to trying to persuade folks she has an intrigue, and gets nobody to believe her; the man in question taking a great deal of pains to clear himself of the scandal. Her Chelsea Grace of Rutland is married to an attorney,³—there's prudence for you!

¹ The date of this letter has been the subject of discussion between editors and critics. The story of Lady Lechmere's poisoning appears to be the sequel to the account of her gambling at Bath, in the preceding letter. Lady Lechmere did not *die* till 1739—certainly long after the date of the latest letter in this section: but that she did attempt to poison herself, or was popularly believed to have done so, is probable; for Lord Hailes, in a letter to Edmund Malone, written more than sixty years later upon the persons referred to in Pope's Epistle to Martha Blount on the Characters of Women, says: "Rosamond's Bowl, I think, respects Lady Lechmere of the Carlisle family, of whom you will see enough on a marble tablet in the Westminster Abbey."—T.

² Arthur Grey, the footman, by way of defence, accused Mrs. Murray of an intrigue with a person whose name is suppressed in the report of the trial, a blank being substituted; this appears to have been the same person here alluded to, for in the ballad which Mrs. Murray attributed to Lady Mary, there is also an allusion to "his Grace"—

"While this poor lady nothing dreamt;
Or dreamt it was his Grace."—T.

³ There were living at this time a Duchess of Rutland and two Dowager-Duchesses, hence Lady Mary's attempt to distinguish the one referred to by her place of residence. By "her Chelsea Grace," Lady Mary means Lucy, the widow of the second Duke. She resided at Beaufort House, Chelsea. This story of her marriage was doubtless a mistake. Neither the peerages nor the newspapers of the period make any mention of the fact; and I have examined her will, made many years later, which does not contain any indication of a second marriage.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1725.]

I AM heartily sorry, dear sister, for all that displeases you, and for this time admit of your excuses for silence; but I give you warning, *c'est pour la dernière fois*: to say truth, they don't seem very reasonable; whatever keeps one at home naturally inclines one to write, especially when you can give a friend so much pleasure as your letters always do me. Miss Skerritt staid all the remainder of the summer with me, and we are now come to town, where [a] variety of things happen every day. Sophia¹ and I have an immortal quarrel; which though I resolve never to forgive, I can hardly forbear laughing at. An acquaintance of mine is married, whom I wish very well to: Sophia has been pleased, on this occasion, to write the most infamous ballad that ever was written; where both the bride and bridegroom are intolerably mauled, especially the last, who is complimented with the hopes of cuckoldom, and forty other things equally obliging, and Sophia has distributed this ballad in such a manner as to make it pass for mine, on purpose to pique the poor innocent soul of the new-married man, whom I should be the last of creatures to abuse. I know not how to clear myself of this vile imputation, without a train of consequences I have no mind to fall into. In the mean time, Sophia enjoys the pleasure of heartily plaguing both me and that person.

Now the money is so high at Paris, I wish you would be good [enough] to enquire for what I could sell a diamond clean and thick, Indian cut, weighing thirty-nine grains strong. Your quick answer to this would be very kind. If it is as I like, perhaps I may pass the Christmas holidays at Paris.² Adieu, dear sister. The new opera is execrable.

¹ The Duke of Wharton. See note, *anté*, p. 484.—T.

² It does not appear that Lady Mary did visit Paris as intended.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

March 7, O.S., 1726.

DEAR SISTER,—This letter will be in a very different style from that which I hope you received last post. I have now to tell you the surprising death of my father,¹ and a great deal of surprising management of the people about him, which I leave informing you till another time, being now under some hurry of spirit myself. I am unfeignedly sorry that I cannot send you word of a considerable legacy for yourself. I suppose the trustees will send you, as soon as possible, a copy of the will. If you would have an abstract of it, Mr. Wortley will take care to get it for you.

I am affectionately yours.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

London, April 15, 1726.

DEAR SISTER,—I would have writ you some time ago, but Lord Erskine² told me you had been ill. So my Lord M—r [Mar] has not acquainted you with my poor father's death. To be sure, the shock must be very great to you whenever you heard it; as indeed it was to us all here, being so sudden. It is to no purpose now to relate particulars, but only renewing our grief. I can't forbear telling you the Duchess³ has behaved very oddly in endeavouring to get the guardianship of the young Duke and his sister, contrary to her husband's will; but the boy, when he was fourteen, confirmed the trustees his grandfather left; so that ended all disputes; and Lady Fanny⁴ is to live with my aunt Cheyne. There is a vast number of things that have happened, and some people's behaviour so extraordinary in this melancholy business, that it would be great ease of mind if I could tell it you; but I must not venture to speak too freely in a letter. Pray let me hear from you soon, for I long to know how you do. I am but in

¹ The Duke of Kingston died March 5, 1726, of the cholic, at his house in Arlington-street, Piccadilly.—T.

² Thomas, Lord Erskine, Lady Mar's stepson.—T.

³ The Duchess of Kingston, Lady Mary's stepmother.—T.

⁴ Lady Mary's niece, Lady Frances Pierrepont. Her father, Lord Kingston, died 1713; her mother, 1722.—T.

an uneasy way myself; for I have been confined this fourteen-night to one floor, after my usual manner. I can send you no news, for I see very few people, and have hardly been any where since I came to town. Adieu.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[April, 1726.]

I RECEIVED yours, dear sister, this minute, and am very sorry both for your past illness and affliction; though, *au bout du compte*, I don't know why filial piety should exceed fatherly fondness. So much by way of consolation. As to the management at that time—I do verily believe, if my good aunt and sister had been less fools, and my dear mother-in-law less mercenary, things might have had a turn more to your advantage and mine too; when we meet, I will tell you many circumstances which would be tedious in a letter. I could not get my sister Gower to join to act with me, and mamma and I were in an actual scold when my poor father expired; she has shewn a hardness of heart upon this occasion that would appear incredible to any body not capable of it themselves. The addition to her jointure is, one way or other, 2000*l.* per annum; so her good Grace remains a passable rich widow,¹ and is already presented by the town with variety of young husbands; but I believe her constitution is not good enough to let her amorous inclinations get the better of her covetous.

Mrs. Murray is in open wars [*sic*] with me in such a manner as makes her very ridiculous without doing me much harm; my moderation having a very bright pretence of shewing itself. Firstly, she was pleased to attack me in very Billingsgate at a masquerade,² where she was as visible as ever she was in her

¹ She was much younger than her late husband the Duke, being at this time in her thirtieth year.—T.

² The celebrated Heydegger, mentioned in Pope's Dunciad, had brought masquerades into great fashion at this time. They were held during the season at "the King's Theatre, in the Haymarket," the site of the present Opera-house. Tickets were generally delivered, to subscribers only, at White's Chocolate House in St. James's-street, and great efforts were made to keep the company exclusive. "Persons of quality" were publicly requested not to lend their names to obtain tickets for others, or if they had tickets to spare to send them to

own clothes. I had the temper not only to keep silence myself, but enjoined it to the person with me; who would have been very glad to have shewn his great skill, in sousing upon that occasion. She endeavoured to sweeten him by very exorbitant praises of his person, which might even have been mistaken for making love from a woman of less celebrated virtue; and concluded her oration with pious warnings to him, to avoid the conversation of one so unworthy his regard as myself, who to her certain knowledge loved another man. This last article, I own, piqued me more than all her preceding civilities. The gentleman she addressed herself to had a very slight acquaintance with me, and might possibly go away in the opinion that she had been confidante in some very notorious affair of mine. However, I made her no answer at the time, but you may imagine I laid up these things in my heart; and the first assembly I had the honour to meet her at, with a meek tone of voice, asked her how I had deserved so much abuse at her hands, which I assured her I would never return. She denied it in the spirit of lying; and in the spirit of folly owned it at length. I contented myself with telling

the office in the Haymarket, where the money they cost would be returned, "to prevent their falling into bad hands." Heydegger always advertised that "a sufficient guard" was "appointed, wit'in and without the house, to prevent all disorders and indecencies," and that "strict orders" were "given not to deliver any bottles and glasses from the sideboards, and to shut them up early." Notwithstanding this, however, the utmost licence and disorder prevailed among the fashionable company. Quarrels and duels were frequent. Bishops preached sermons warning the public against them; poets satirised their vices and follies; and the grand jury presented the masquerades at the King's Theatre, "conceiving the same to be a wicked and unlawful design to carry on gaming, chances by way of lottery, and other impious and illegal practices." For all this, however, masquerades and Mr. Heydegger continued to flourish; and Lady Mary, in excuse for her conduct, could certainly plead the example of others in even a higher station. The nobility were Mr. Heydegger's chief supporters. Lord Chesterfield wrote to Mrs. Howard: "18 May, N.S. [1728]. I considered you particularly last Tuesday, suffering the heat and disorders of the masquerade, supported by the Duchess of Richmond of one side, and Miss Fitzwilliam of the other."—*Suffolk Correspond.*, i. 290. Even royalty joined in this defiance of bishop, satirist, and grand jury. The *Edinburgh Evening Courant* of February 20, 1727, quotes from a London paper the announcement that "the King and the Prince were last night at the masquerade;" nor was Mr. Heydegger personally out of royal favour, for the same paper for August 24 of that year again informs us, under date of "London, August 19," that "last evening the king and queen went to Baron [Barnes] Elms, and stayed till ten that night, at the house of Mr. Hilegar, master of the Opera, during which time the house and gardens were illuminated after the Italian manner."—*T.*

her she was very ill advised, and thus we parted. But two days ago, when Sir G. K.'s¹ pictures were to be sold, she went to my sister Gower, and very civilly asked if she intended to bid for your picture; assuring her that, if she did, she would not offer at purchasing it. You know crimp and quadrille incapacitate that poor soul from ever buying any thing; but she told me this circumstance; and I expected the same civility from Mrs. Murray, having no way provoked her to the contrary. But she not only came to the auction, but with all possible spite bid up the picture, though I told her that, if you pleased to have it, I would gladly part with it to you, though to no other person. This had no effect upon her, nor her malice any more on me than the loss of ten guineas extraordinary, which I paid upon her account. The picture is in my possession, and at your service if you please to have it. She went to the masquerade a few nights afterwards, and had the good sense to tell people there that she was very unhappy in not meeting me,² being come there on purpose to abuse me. What profit or pleasure she has in these ways I cannot find out. This I know, that revenge has so few joys for me, I shall never lose so much time as to undertake it.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1726.]

ALL that I had to say to you, was that my F. [father] really expressed a great deal of kindness to me at last, and

¹ Sir Godfrey Kneller. He died October 19, 1723. Lady Kneller advertised in the newspapers, early in 1726, desiring all persons to fetch away pictures ordered of her late husband, and to pay for them "according to their agreement with the said Sir Godfrey, or in proportion to the number of times they sat." I suppose Lady Mar had sat for her portrait when in England, and was one of those who took no heed of Lady Kneller's notice. "The remaining pictures" were sold at "Mr. Murray's, in the Great Piazza, Covent Garden," on April 18, 1726, and several following days. Lounging at auctions was one of the fashionable pastimes among the ladies of the time. The Duchess of Marlborough says of Sir Robert Walpole's second wife, Miss Skertritt, "I never saw her in my life but at auctions;" and Pope is believed to allude to Miss Skertritt in the lines:

"Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise."—T.

² It does not appear how Mrs. Murray could have expected to meet Lady Mary at a masquerade so soon after her father's death.—T.

even a desire of talking to me, which my Lady Duchess would not permit; nor my aunt and sister shew any thing but a servile complaisance to her. This is the abstract of what you desire to know, and is now quite useless. 'Tis over and better to be forgot than remembered. The Duke of Kingston has hitherto had so ill an education, 'tis hard to make any judgment of him; he has spirit, but I fear will never have his father's good sense.¹ As young noblemen go, 'tis possible he may make a good figure amongst them. Wars and rumours of wars make all the conversation at present.² The tumbling of the stocks, one way or other, influences most people's affairs. For my own part, I have no concern there or any where, but hearty prayers that what relates to myself may ever be exactly what it is now. Mutability of sublunary things is the only melancholy reflection I have to make on my own account. I am in perfect health, and hear it said I look better than ever I did in my life, which is one of those lies one is always glad to hear. However, in this dear minute, in this golden now, I am tenderly touched at your misfortune, and can never call myself quite happy till you are so.

My daughter makes her compliments to yours, but has not yet received the letter Lord Erskine said he had for her. Adieu, dear sister.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[June, 1726.]

DEAR SISTER, I cannot positively fix a time for my waiting on you at Paris; but I do verily believe I shall make a trip thither, sooner or later. This town improves in gaiety every day; the young people are younger than they used to be, and all the old are grown young. Nothing is talked of but entertainments of gallantry by land and water, and we insensibly begin to taste all the joys of arbitrary power.

¹ Lady Mary was not mistaken in this estimate of her nephew. He was afterwards notorious chiefly for his profligacy. The Duke's marriage to Miss Chudleigh and her trial by the House of Peers for bigamy are well known. He was the last of the Dukes of Kingston, and died in 1773.—T.

² War with Spain was considered imminent, when in April, 1726, Admiral Hosier sailed for Portobello.—T.

Politics are no more ; nobody pretends to wince or kick under their burthens ; but we go on cheerfully with our bells at our ears, ornamented with ribands, and highly contented with our present condition : so much for the general state of the nation. The last pleasure that fell in my way was Madame Sévigné's letters ;¹ very pretty they are, but I assert, without the least vanity, that mine will be full as entertaining forty years hence. I advise you, therefore, to put none of them to the use of waste paper. You say nothing to me of the change of your ministry ;² I thank you for your silence on that subject ; I don't remember myself ever child enough to be concerned who reigned in any part of the earth. I am more touched at the death of poor Miss Chiswell, who is carried off by the small-pox. I am so oddly made, that I never forget the tenderness contracted in my infancy ; and I think of any past playfellow with a concern that few people feel for their present favourites.³ After giving you melancholy by this tragedy, 'tis but reasonable I should conclude with a farce, that I may not leave you in ill humour. I have so good an opinion of your taste, to believe Harlequin in person will never make you laugh so much as the Earl of Stair's furious passion for Lady Walpole⁴ (aged fourteen and some months). Mrs. Murray undertook to bring the business to bear, and provided the opportunity (a great ingredient you'll say) ; but the young lady proved skittish. She did not only turn this heroic flame into present ridicule, but exposed all his generous sentiments, to divert her husband and father-in-law.⁵ His lordship is gone to Scotland ;⁶ and if there was anybody wicked enough to write upon it, there is a subject worthy the pen of the best ballad-maker in Grub-street.

¹ First published, according to Querard, at La Haye and Rouen, in 1726. They are advertised among "Books just imported," in Daily Courant of June 1.—T.

² Alluding to the fall of the Duc de Bourbon, who was disgraced and exiled about June 11, 1726, and succeeded by the Cardinal de Fleury.—T.

³ See Memoir, *anté*, p. 21.—T.

⁴ Margaret, daughter and heir of Samuel Rolle, Esq., of Haynton, co. Devon, married to Robert Lord Walpole, March 26, 1724.—D. There are frequent allusions to her in Lady Mary's letters from Florence.—T.

⁵ Sir Robert Walpole.—T.

⁶ The Earl of Stair's departure "for his seat in Scotland" is announced in the London Journal of June 4, 1726.—T.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[1726.]

DEAR SISTER,—I writ to you some time ago a long letter, which I perceive never came to your hands : very provoking ; it was certainly a *chef d'œuvre* of a letter, and worth any of the Sévigné's, or Grignan's, crammed with news. And I can't find in my heart to say much in this, because I believe there is some fault in the direction : as soon as I hear you have received this, you shall have a full and true account of the affairs of this island ; my own are in the utmost prosperity :

"Add but eternity, you make it heaven."

I shall come to Paris this summer without fail, and endeavour to pull you out of your melancholies.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[July, 1726.]

DEAR SISTER,—I am very glad to hear you mention meeting in London. We are much mistaken here as to our ideas of Paris :—to hear gallantry has deserted it, sounds as extraordinary to me as a want of ice in Greenland. We have nothing but ugly faces in this country, but more lovers than ever. There are but three pretty men in England, and they are all in love with me, at this present writing. This will amaze you extremely ; but if you were to see the reigning girls at present, I will assure you, there is very little difference between them and old women.—I have been *embourbée* in family affairs for this last fortnight. Lady F. [Frances] Pierrepont having four hundred pounds per annum for her maintenance, has awakened the consciences of half her relations to take care of her education ; and (excepting myself) they have all been squabbling about her ; and squabble to this day. My sister Gower carries her off to-morrow morning to Staffordshire.¹ The lies, twattles, and contrivances about this affair, are innumerable. I should pity the poor girl, if I saw she pitied herself. The Duke of Kingston is in France,² but is

¹ Trentham, in Staffordshire, the seat of Lord Gower.—T.

² "Yesterday the Duke of Kingston went for Dover in order to embark for France, to begin his travels in foreign parts."—*Daily Post*, July 5, 1726.—T.

not to go to your capital; so much for that branch of your family. My blessed offspring has already made a great noise in the world. That young rake, my son,¹ took to his heels t'other day and transported his person to Oxford; being in his own opinion thoroughly qualified for the University. After a good deal of search we found and reduced him, much against his will, to the humble condition of a schoolboy. It happens very luckily that the sobriety and discretion is of my daughter's side; I am sorry the ugliness is so too, for my son grows extremely handsome.

I don't hear much of Mrs. Murray's despair on the death of poor Gibby, and I saw her dance at a ball where I was two days before his death. I have a vast many pleasantries to tell you, and some that will make your hair stand on an end with wonder. Adieu, dear sister: "*conservez-moi l'honneur de votre amitié, et croyez que je suis toute à vous.*"

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[Nov. 1726.]

I AM very sorry, dear sister, for your ill health, but hope it is so entirely past, that you have by this time forgot it. I never was better in my life, nor ever past my hours more agreeably; I ride between London and Twickenham perpetually, and have little societies quite to my taste, and that is saying every thing. I leave the great world to girls that know no better, and do not think one bit the worse of myself for having out-lived a certain giddiness, which is sometimes excusable but never pleasing. Depend upon it, 'tis only the spleen that gives you those ideas; you may have many delightful days to come, and there is nothing more silly than to be too wise to be happy:

If to be sad is to be wise,
I do most heartily despise
Whatever Socrates has said,
Or Tully writ, or Montaigne read.

So much for philosophy.—What do you say to P. [Peg]

¹ Edward Wortley Montagu, now thirteen years of age. He absconded again in the following year. See notes on subsequent letters.—T.

Pelham's¹ marriage? There's flame! there's constancy! If I could not employ my time better, I would write the history of their loves, in twelve tomes: Lord Hervey should die in her arms like the poor King of Assyria; she should be sometimes carried off by troops of Masques, and at other times blocked up in the strong castles of the Bagnio; but her honour should always remain inviolate by the strength of her own virtue, and the friendship of the enchantress Mrs. Murray, till her happy nuptials with her faithful Cyrus: 'tis a thousand pities I have not time for these vivacities. Here is a book come out,² that all our people of taste run mad about: 'tis no less than the united work of a dignified clergyman, an eminent physician, and the first poet of the age;³ and very wonderful it is, God knows!—great eloquence have they employed to prove themselves beasts, and shew such a veneration for horses, that, since the Essex Quaker,⁴ nobody has appeared so passionately devoted to that species; and to say truth, they talk of a stable with so much warmth and affection, I cannot help suspecting some very powerful motive at the bottom of it.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[March, 1727.]

I AM very sorry, dear sister, that you are in so melancholy a way, but I hope a return to Paris will revive your spirits; I had much rather have said London, but I do not presume upon so much happiness. I was last night at the play *en famille*, in the most literal sense; my sister Gower dragged me thither in company of all our children, with Lady F. [Frances] Pierrepont at their head. My third niece Leveson, Jenny by name,⁵ will come out an arrant beauty; she is really like the Duchess of Queensberry.

¹ The Hon. Margaret Pelham was married about the 16th March, 1727, to Sir John Shelley, Bart., of Maresfield Park, Sussex. Sir John had been a widower less than six months, his first wife having been killed by a fall from a horse in September, 1726.—T.

² The first two volumes of the *Travels of Gulliver* were advertised as "this day published," in the *Daily Post* of Oct. 28, 1726.—T.

³ Swift, Arbuthnot, and Pope.—D.

⁴ Alluding to a poem by Sir John Denham, entitled "News from Colchester, or a Proper new Ballad," &c.—T.

⁵ Hon. Jane Leveson Gower, died unmarried in May, 1737.—D.

As for news, the last wedding is that of Peg Pelham, and I think I have never seen so comfortable a prospect of happiness; according to all appearance she cannot fail of being a widow in six weeks at farthest, and accordingly she has been so good a housewife to line her wedding-clothes with black.¹ Assemblies rage in this part of the world; there is not a street in town free from them, and some spirited ladies go to seven in a night. You need not question but love and play flourish under these encouragements: I now and then peep upon these things with the same coldness I would do on a moving picture; I laugh at some of the motions, wonder at others, &c., and then retire to the elected few, that have ears and hear, but mouths have they and speak not. One of these chosen, to my great sorrow, will soon be at Paris; I mean Lady Stafford, who talks of removing next April: she promises to return, but I had rather she did not go.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[April, 1727.]

My Lady Stafford set out towards France this morning, and has carried half the pleasures of my life along with her; I am more stupid than I can describe, and am as full of moral reflections as either Cambray or Pascal. I think of nothing but the nothingness of the good things of this world, the transitoriness of its joys, the pungency of its sorrows, and many discoveries that have been made these three thousand years, and committed to print ever since the first presses. I advise you, as the best thing you can do that day, let it happen as it will, to visit Lady Stafford: she has the goodness to carry with her a true-born Englishwoman, who is neither good nor bad, nor capable of being either,—Lady Phil Pratt by name, of the Hamilton family, and who will be glad of your acquaintance, and you can never be sorry for hers.²

¹ The Lady's husband lived, in spite of Lady Mary's prediction, nearly half a century after the date of this letter. He died in 1771.—T.

² Lady Philippa Hamilton, daughter of James Earl of Abercorn, and wife of Dr. Pratt, Dean of Downe.—D. Lady Stafford quarrelled with her companion, of whom she thus speaks, in a letter to Lady Mary, written soon afterwards, among the Worley papers: "Outre qu'elle est sotté comme vous le savez, elle est

Peace or war, cross or pile, makes all the conversation.¹ The town never was fuller, and, God be praised, some people *brille* in it who *brilled* twenty years ago. My cousin Buller is of that number, who is just what she was in all respects when she inhabited Bond-street. The sprouts of this age are such green withered things, 'tis a great comfort to us grown up people: I except my own daughter, who is to be the ornament of the ensuing court. I beg you will exact from Lady Stafford a particular of her perfections, which would sound suspected from my hand; at the same time I must do justice to a little twig belonging to my sister Gower. Miss Jenny is like the Duchess of Queensberry both in face and spirit. *A propos* of family affairs: I had almost forgot our dear and amiable cousin Lady Denbigh, who has blazed out all this winter: she has brought with her from Paris² cart-loads of riband, surprising fashions, and collection [complexion?] of the last edition, which naturally attracts all the she and he fools in London; and accordingly she is surrounded with a little court of both, and keeps a Sunday assembly to shew she has learned to play at cards on that day. Lady F. [Frances] Fielding³ is really the prettiest woman in town, and has sense enough to make one's heart ache to see her surrounded with such fools as her relations are. The man in England that gives the greatest pleasure, and the greatest pain, is a youth of royal blood, with all his grandmother's beauty, wit, and good qualities.⁴ In short, he is Nell Gwyn in person, with the sex altered, and occasions such fracas amongst the ladies of

fausse et le contrepied de la raison en toute chose. Je vous garde le détail de sa conduite et de ses raisonnements. Cela vous divertira."—T.

¹ So says Swift, writing to Sheridan from London, May 18, 1727: "The dispute about a war or no war still continues."—T.

² Lady Denbigh's being in Paris is mentioned in a previous letter, which I have conjecturally dated, on what appear good grounds, 1725; but she was certainly in Paris in 1726, for Mr. Robinson, in a letter in the State Paper Office, dated June 5, 1726, N.S., says, "I was yesterday shewing Lady Denbigh over Versailles."—T.

³ Youngest daughter of Basil, fourth Earl of Denbigh; [afterwards] married to Daniel, seventh Earl of Winchelsea.—W.

⁴ Lord Sidney Beauchamp, son of the first Duke of St. Albans. He was born February 27, 1702.—T.

gallantry that it passes [description]. You'll stare to hear of her Grace of Cleveland at the head of them.¹ If I was poetical, I would tell you—

1.

The god of love, enraged to see
The nymph despise his flame,
At dice and cards misspend her nights,
And slight a nobler game;

2.

For the neglect of offers past
And pride in days of yore,
He kindles up a fire at last,
That burns her at threescore.

3.

A polish'd white is smoothly spread
Where whilome wrinkles lay;
And, glowing with an artful red,
She ogles at the play.

4.

Along the Mall she softly sails,
In white and silver drest;
Her neck exposed to Eastern gales,
And jewels on her breast.

5.

Her children banish'd, age forgot,
Lord Sidney is her care;
And, what is much a happier lot,
Has hopes to be her *heir*.

This is all true history, though it is doggrel rhyme: in good earnest she has turned Lady Grace² and family out of doors to make room for him, and there he lies like leaf-gold upon a pill; there never was so violent and so indiscreet a passion. Lady Stafford says nothing was ever like it, since Phædra and Hippolitus.—“Lord ha' mercy upon us! See what we may all come to!”

¹ Anne, daughter of Sir W. Pulteney, of Misterton, in the county of Stafford.—D. She was the second wife of Charles, first Duke of Cleveland, the natural son of Charles the Second.—T.

² Lady Grace Fitzroy, third daughter of Charles Duke of Cleveland; married, in 1725, to [the Hon. Henry Vane, afterwards] Henry, first Earl of Darlington.—W.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[May or June, 1727. ?]

DEAR SISTER,—I was very glad to hear from you, though there was something in your letters very monstrous and shocking. I wonder with what conscience you can talk to me of your being an old woman ; I beg I may hear no more on't. For my part I pretend to be as young as ever, and really am as young as needs to be, to all intents and purposes. I attribute all this to your living so long at Chatton,² and fancy a week at Paris will correct such wild imaginations, and set things in a better light. My cure for lowness of spirit is not drinking nasty water, but galloping all day, and a moderate glass of champagne at night in good company ; and I believe this regimen, closely followed, is one of the most wholesome that can be prescribed, and may save one a world of filthy doses, and more filthy doctor's fees at the year's end. I rode to Twickenham last night, and, after so long a stay in town, am not sorry to find myself in my garden ; our neighbourhood is something improved by the removal of some old maids, and the arrival of some fine gentlemen, amongst whom are Lord Middleton³ and Sir J. Gifford, who are, perhaps, your acquaintances : they live with their aunt, Lady Westmoreland,⁴ and we endeavour to make the country agreeable to one another.

Doctor Swift and Johnny Gay are at Pope's, and their conjunction has produced a ballad,⁵ which, if nobody else has sent you, I will, being never better pleased than when I am endeavouring to amuse my dear sister, and ever yours.

¹ This letter must have been written in 1726 or 1727, the years in which Swift visited England. I incline to 1727, because Lady Mary's father died about the time of Swift's arrival, in 1726, and her letters for some time after have all allusions to his death, or changes consequent upon it. Swift arrived in April, 1727. Lady Mary's sister, Lady Gower, died June 27. If written subsequently to this, the letter would probably have indicated it.—T.

² Some of Mar's letters in the State Paper Office, near this time, are dated from Chatton.—T.

³ Son of Charles, Earl of Middleton, Secretary of State for Scotland in the reign of King James II., with whom he fled to France.—T.

⁴ Dorothy, widow of Charles, third Earl of Westmoreland.—T.

⁵ It has been suggested that the ballad here referred to was Swift's *Capon's Tale*. But that poem being offensive to Lady Mary, she would hardly have alluded to it so complacently. Whether written in 1726 or 1727, the ballad would most probably have been inserted in the volume of Swift's and Pope's *Miscellanies*,

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[June, 1727.]

I HAD writ you a long letter, dear sister, and only wanted sealing it, when I was interrupted by a summons to my sister Gower's¹ whom I never left since. She lasted from Friday to Tuesday, and died about eight o'clock, in such a manner as has made an impression on me not easily shaken off. We are now but two in the world, and it ought to endear us to one another. I am sure whatever I can serve my poor nieces and nephews in, shall not be wanting on my part. I won't trouble you with melancholy circumstances; you may easily imagine the affliction of Lord Gower and Lady Cheyne. I hope you will not let melancholy hurt your own health, which is truly dear to your affectionate sister.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[July, 1727.]

YOU see, dear sister, that I answer your letters as soon as I receive them, and if mine can give you any consolation or amusement, you need never want 'em. I desire you would not continue grieving yourself. Of all sorrows, those we pay to the dead are most vain; and, as I have no good opinion of sorrow in general, I think no sort of it worth cherishing. I suppose you have heard how good Lady Lansdowne has passed her time here;² she has lived publicly with Lord Dunmore, famed for their loves. You'll wonder perhaps to hear Lord Gower is a topping courtier, and that there is not one Tory left in England.³ There is something extremely risible in these affairs, but not so proper to be communicated by letter; and so I will, in an humble way, return to my domestics. I

which contained poems (3rd vol.), and which was published in March, 1728. There are but four poems in that collection which are called "Ballads," and of these the one entitled "A Ballad on Quadrille" seems most likely to be the one referred to.—T.

¹ Lady Gower died June 27, 1727.—W. She had had a daughter born about 28th of May preceding.—T.

² It appears from dates of letters in the Suffolk Correspondence, that Lady Lansdowne was in England on the 8th of April, 1727, and that she had returned to Paris some time before the 20th of August.—T.

³ Alluding probably to the alacrity displayed by many of the Tory Lords on paying court to King George II. News of George I.'s death arrived about June 14.—T.

hear your daughter is a very fine young lady, and I wish you joy of it, as one of the greatest blessings of life. My girl gives me great prospect of satisfaction, but my young rogue of a son is the most ungovernable little rake that ever played truant. If I were inclined to lay worldly matters to heart, I could write a quire of complaints about it. You see no one is quite happy, though 'tis pretty much in my nature to console upon all occasions. I advise you to do the same, as the only remedy against the vexations of life; which in my conscience I think affords disagreeable things to the highest ranks, and comforts to the very lowest; so that, upon the whole, things are more equally disposed among the sons of Adam, than they are generally thought to be. You see my philosophy is not so *lugubre* as yours. I am so far from avoiding company, that I seek it on all occasions; and, when I am no longer an actor upon this stage (by the way, I talk of twenty years hence at the soonest), as a spectator I shall laugh at the farcical actions which may then be represented, nature being exceedingly bountiful in all ages in providing coxcombs, who are the greatest preservatives against the spleen that I ever could find out. I say all these things for your edification, and shall conclude my consolatory epistle with one rule that I have found very conducing to health of body and mind. As soon as you wake in the morning, lift up your eyes and consider seriously what will best divert you that day. Your imagination being then refreshed by sleep, will certainly put in your mind some party of pleasure, which, if you execute with prudence, will disperse those melancholy vapours which are the foundation of all distempers.

I am your affectionate sister.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

I AM always pleased to hear from you, dear sister, particularly when you tell me you are well. I believe you will find upon the whole my sense is right; that air, exercise, and company are the best medicines, and physic and retirement good for nothing but to break hearts and spoil constitutions. I was

glad to hear Mr. Rémond's¹ history from you, though the newspapers had given it me *en gros*, and my Lady Stafford in detail, some time before. I will tell you in return as well as I can what happens amongst our acquaintance here. To begin with family affairs; the Duchess of Kingston grunts on as usual, and I fear will put us in black bombazine soon, which is a real grief to me. My aunt Cheyne makes all the money she can of Lady Frances, and I fear will carry on those politics to the last point; though the girl is such a fool² 'tis no great matter: I am going within this half-hour to call her to court. Our poor cousins, the Fieldings, are grown yet poorer by the loss of all the money they had, which in their infinite wisdom they put into the hands of a roguish broker, who has fairly walked off with it.

The most diverting story about town at present is in relation to Edgcombe; though your not knowing the people concerned so well as I do, will, I fear hinder you from being so much entertained by it. I can't tell whether you know a tall, musical, silly, ugly thing, niece to Lady Essex Roberts, who is called Miss Leigh.³ She went a few days ago to visit Mrs. Betty Tichborne, Lady Sunderland's sister, who lives in the house with her, and was denied at the door; but, with the true manners of a great fool, told the porter that if his lady was at home she was very positive she would be very glad to see her. Upon which she was shewed up stairs to Miss Tichborne, who was ready to drop down at the sight of her, and could not help asking her in a grave way how she got in, being denied to every mortal, intending to pass the evening in

¹ This is the "R—" referred to earlier in the correspondence, but I have unfortunately searched in vain in the files of newspapers and other contemporary records preserved in the British Museum, and in the Bibliothèque Impériale, in Paris, for any trace of the particular fact in "Mr. Rémond's history" here referred to.—T.

² Lady Bute, when reading this letter after her mother's death, said warmly, "No, Lady Frances was not a fool. She had very good sense, without pretension; but she was meek, gentle, and so uncommonly timid, that, when the least fluttered or overawed, she lost all power of expressing herself. My mother was too apt to set down people of this character for fools." Lady Bute herself had a sister's affection for her cousin Lady Frances.—W.

³ Miss Leigh (or "Legh") and her musical propensity are frequently referred to in the Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany. See vol. i. p. 80.—T.

devout preparation. Miss Leigh said she had sent away her chair and servants, with intent of staying till nine o'clock. There was then no remedy, and she was asked to sit down; but had not been there a quarter of an hour when she heard a violent rap at the door, and somebody vehemently run up stairs. Miss Tichborne seemed much surprised, and said she believed it was Mr. Edgcombe, and was quite amazed how he took it into his head to visit her. During these excuses enter Edgcombe, who appeared frightened at the sight of a third person. Miss Tichborne told him almost at his entrance that the lady he saw there was perfect mistress of music, and as he passionately loved it, she thought she could not oblige him more than by desiring her to play. Miss Leigh very willingly sat to the harpsichord; upon which her audience decamped to the adjoining room, and left her to play over three or four lessons to herself. They returned, and made what excuses they could, but said very frankly they had not heard her performance, and begged her to begin again; which she complied with, and gave them the opportunity of a second retirement. Miss Leigh was by this time all fire and flame to see her heavenly harmony thus slighted; and when they returned, told them she did not understand playing to an empty room. Mr. Edgcombe begged ten thousand pardons, and said, if she would play *Godi*, it was a tune he died to hear, and it would be an obligation he should never forget. She made answer she would do him a much greater favour by her absence, which she supposed was all that was necessary at that time; and ran down stairs in a great fury to publish as fast as she could; and was so indefatigable in this pious design, that in four-and-twenty hours all the people in town had heard the story. My Lady Sunderland could not avoid hearing this story, and three days after, invited Miss Leigh to dinner, where, in the presence of her sister and all the servants, she told her she was very sorry she had been so rudely treated in her house; that it was very true Mr. Edgcombe had been a perpetual companion of her sister's these two years,¹ and she

¹ Mr. Edgcombe's visits appear to have given rise to a mistake as to their object, for the British Journal of June 6, 1724, mentions a report that "a marriage is treating between the Hon. Richard Edgcombe, Esq., Joint Vice Treasurer of Ire-

thought it high time he should explain himself, and she expected her sister should act in this matter as discreetly as Lady K. [Katherine] Pelham had done in the like case;¹ who had given Mr. Pelham four months to resolve in, and after that he was either to marry her or to lose her for ever. Sir Robert Sutton interrupted her by saying, that he never doubted the honour of Mr. Edgcombe, and was persuaded he could have no ill design in his family. The affair stands thus, and Mr. Edgcombe has four months to provide himself elsewhere; during which time he has free egress and regress; and 'tis seriously the opinion of many that a wedding will in good earnest be brought about by this admirable conduct.

I send you a novel instead of a letter, but, as it is in your power to shorten it when you please, by reading no farther than you like, I will make no excuses for the length of it.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[About August, 1727.]

MY cousin is going to Paris, and I will not let her go without a letter for you, my dear sister, though I never was in a worse humour for writing. I am vexed to the blood by my young rogue of a son; who has contrived at his age to make himself the talk of the whole nation. He is gone knight-erranting, God knows where;² and hitherto 'tis impossible to find him. You may judge of my uneasiness by what your own would be if dear Lady Fanny was lost. Nothing that ever happened to me has troubled me so much; I can hardly speak or write of it with tolerable temper, and I own it has changed mine to that degree I have a mind to cross the water, to try what effect a new heaven and a new earth will have

land, and the Right Honourable Judith Countess Dowager of Sunderland." So Mrs. Pendarves, in a letter to Anne Granville of 28 March, 1724, says: "Mr. Edcombe [*sic*] lays close siege to Betty Tichborne, but the town will have it that it is for the sake of the widow."—(*Autobiography and Correspondence of Mrs. Delany*.) The Countess married Sir Robert Sutton on the 9th of December in that year. Edgcombe, who was a widower, certainly did not marry Miss Tichborne. He was afterwards created Lord Edgcombe of Mount Edgcombe.—T.

¹ Lady Katherine Manners was married to Mr. Pelham, Oct. 17, 1726.—T.

² An advertisement offering twenty pounds for his discovery appears in the Daily Journal of Aug. 18, 1727. He was discovered at Gibraltar in December following.—T.

upon my spirit. If I take this resolution, you shall hear in a few posts. There can be no situation in life in which the conversation of my dear sister will not administer some comfort to me.

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[September, 1727.]

THIS is a vile world, dear sister, and I can easily comprehend, that whether one is at Paris or London, one is stifled with a certain mixture of fool and knave, that most people are composed of. I would have patience with a parcel of polite rogues, or your downright honest fools; but father Adam shines through his whole progeny. So much for our inside,—then our outward is so liable to ugliness and distempers, that we are perpetually plagued with feeling our own decays and seeing those of other people. Yet, sixpennyworth of common sense, divided among a whole nation, would make our lives roll away glibly enough; but then we make laws, and we follow customs. By the first we cut off our own pleasures, and by the second we are answerable for the faults and extravagances of others. All these things, and five hundred more, convince me (as I have the most profound veneration for the Author of Nature) that we are here in an actual state of punishment; I am satisfied I have been one of *the* condemned ever since I was born; and, in submission to the divine justice, I don't at all doubt but I deserved it in some pre-existent state. I will still hope that I am only in purgatory; and that after whining and grunting a certain number of years, I shall be translated to some more happy sphere, where virtue will be natural, and custom reasonable; that is, in short, where common sense will reign. I grow very devout, as you see, and place all my hopes in the next life, being totally persuaded of the nothingness of this. Don't you remember how miserable we were in the little parlour at Thoresby? we then thought marrying would put us at once into possession of all we wanted. Then came being with child, &c., and you see what comes of being with child. Though, after all, I

am still of opinion that it is extremely silly to submit to ill-fortune. One should pluck up a spirit, and live upon cordials when one can have no other nourishment. These are my present endeavours, and I run about, though I have five thousand pins and needles running into my heart. I try to console myself with a small damsel, who is at present every thing I like—but, alas! she is yet in a white frock. At fourteen, she may run away with the butler:¹—there's one of the blessed consequences of great disappointments; you are not only hurt by the thing present, but it cuts off all future hopes, and makes your very expectations melancholy. *Quelle vie!!!*

TO THE COUNTESS OF MAR.

[October, 1727.]

I CANNOT deny, but that I was very well diverted on the Coronation day.² I saw the procession much at my ease, in a house which I filled with my own company, and then got into Westminster Hall without trouble, where it was very entertaining to observe the variety of airs that all meant the same thing. The business of every walker there was to conceal vanity and gain admiration. For these purposes some languished and others strutted; but a visible satisfaction was diffused over every countenance, as soon as the coronet was clapped on the head. But she that drew the greatest number of eyes, was indisputably Lady Orkney.³ She exposed behind, a mixture of fat and wrinkles; and before, a very considerable protuberance which preceded her. Add to this, the inimitable roll of her eyes, and her grey hairs, which by good fortune stood directly upright, and 'tis impossible to imagine a more delightful spectacle. She had embellished all this with considerable magnificence, which made her look as big again

¹ Alluding, probably, to her son's flight and concealment. The advertisement already referred to described him as "about fourteen."—T.

² October 11, 1727.—T.

³ Lady Orkney, whom Swift calls the wisest woman he ever knew, must have been pretty old at the time of George II.'s coronation, since, in spite of her ugliness, also commemorated by Swift, she was King William's declared mistress after the death of Queen Mary. Mrs. Villiers originally, she married Lord Orkney, one of the sons of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton.—W.

as usual; and I should have thought her one of the largest things of God's making if my Lady St. John had not displayed all her charms in honour of the day. The poor Duchess of Montrose crept along with a dozen of black snakes playing round her face; and my Lady Portland¹ (who is fallen away since her dismissal from court) represented very finely an Egyptian mummy embroidered over with hieroglyphics. In general, I could not perceive but that the old were as well pleased as the young; and I, who dread growing wise more than any thing in the world, was overjoyed to find that one can never outlive one's vanity. I have never received the long letter you talk of, and am afraid that you only fancied that you wrote it. Adieu, dear sister; I am affectionately yours.²

¹ A Temple by birth, widow of Lord Berkeley of Stratton, and secondly of the Earl of Portland. She was his second wife, and had by him two sons, who settled in Holland, and from whom descends the Dutch branch of the Bentincks. George I. appointed her governess of his grandchildren, when he took them away from their parents, upon coming to an open breach with his son. The Prince and Princess one day going to visit them, and the latter desiring to see her daughters alone, Lady Portland, with many expressions of respect, lamented that she could not permit it, having his Majesty's strict orders to the contrary. Upon this, the Prince flew into such a rage that he would literally have kicked her out of the room, if the Princess had not thrown herself between them. Of course he made haste to dismiss her as soon as he came to the crown.—W.

² This was probably the last letter written by Lady Mary to her sister in Paris. Lady Mar's mental disorder, hints of which may be observed in the correspondence, appears to have reached its height soon after this time. Atterbury writing from Paris to his daughter, Mrs. Morice, under date of November 17-28, 1727, says, "Lady Mar is extremely out of order; and it is apprehended that her life itself may be in some danger." She was brought to England in March following (as appears by a paragraph in *Mist's Weekly Journal* of March 16, 1727-8) and remained in her sister's custody for some years. She was finally transferred to the care of her daughter, Lady Frances Erskine, a short time before Lady Mary left England for her long sojourn abroad.—T.

